



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



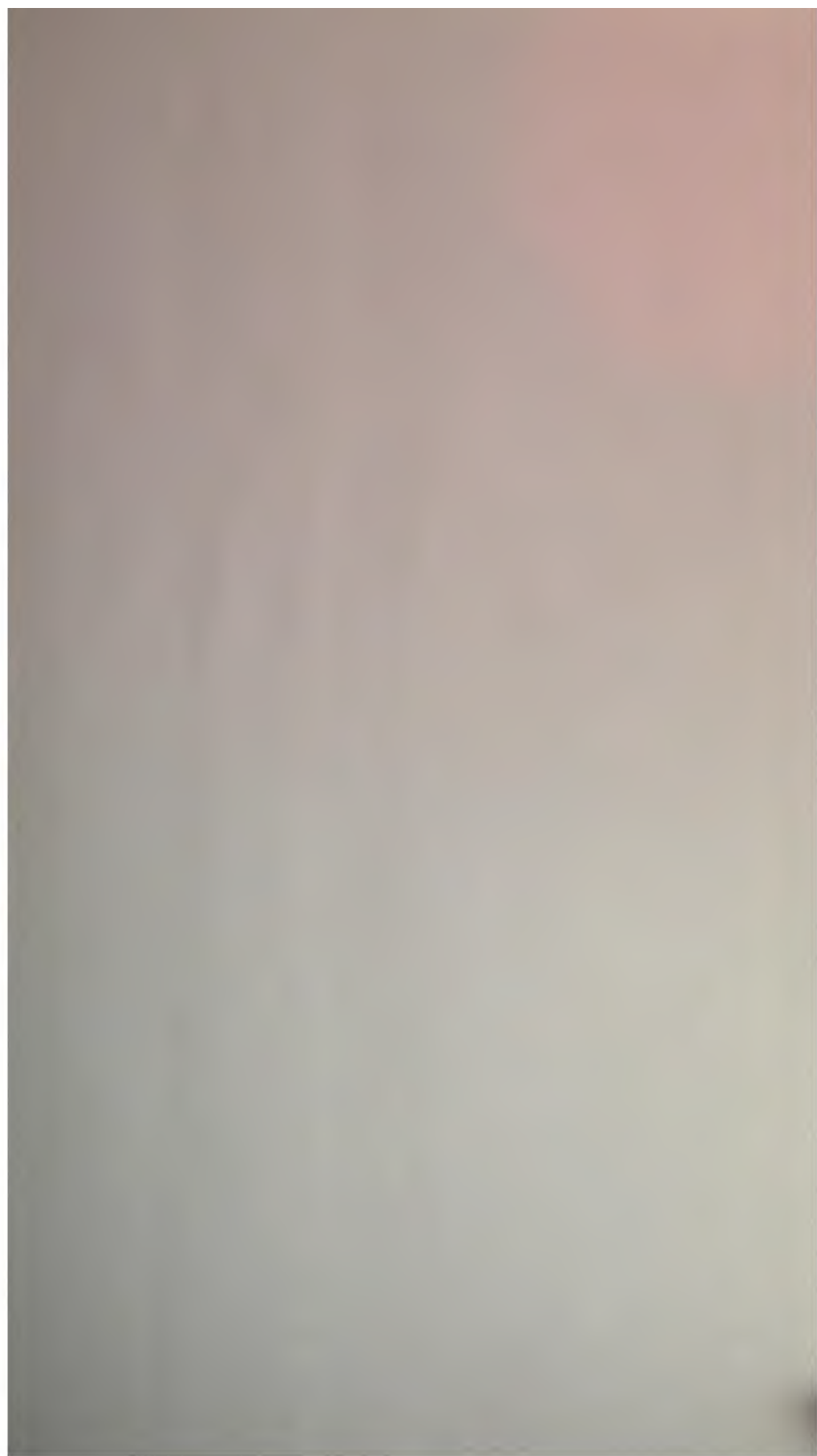
Gift of

Mrs. Alice N. Park

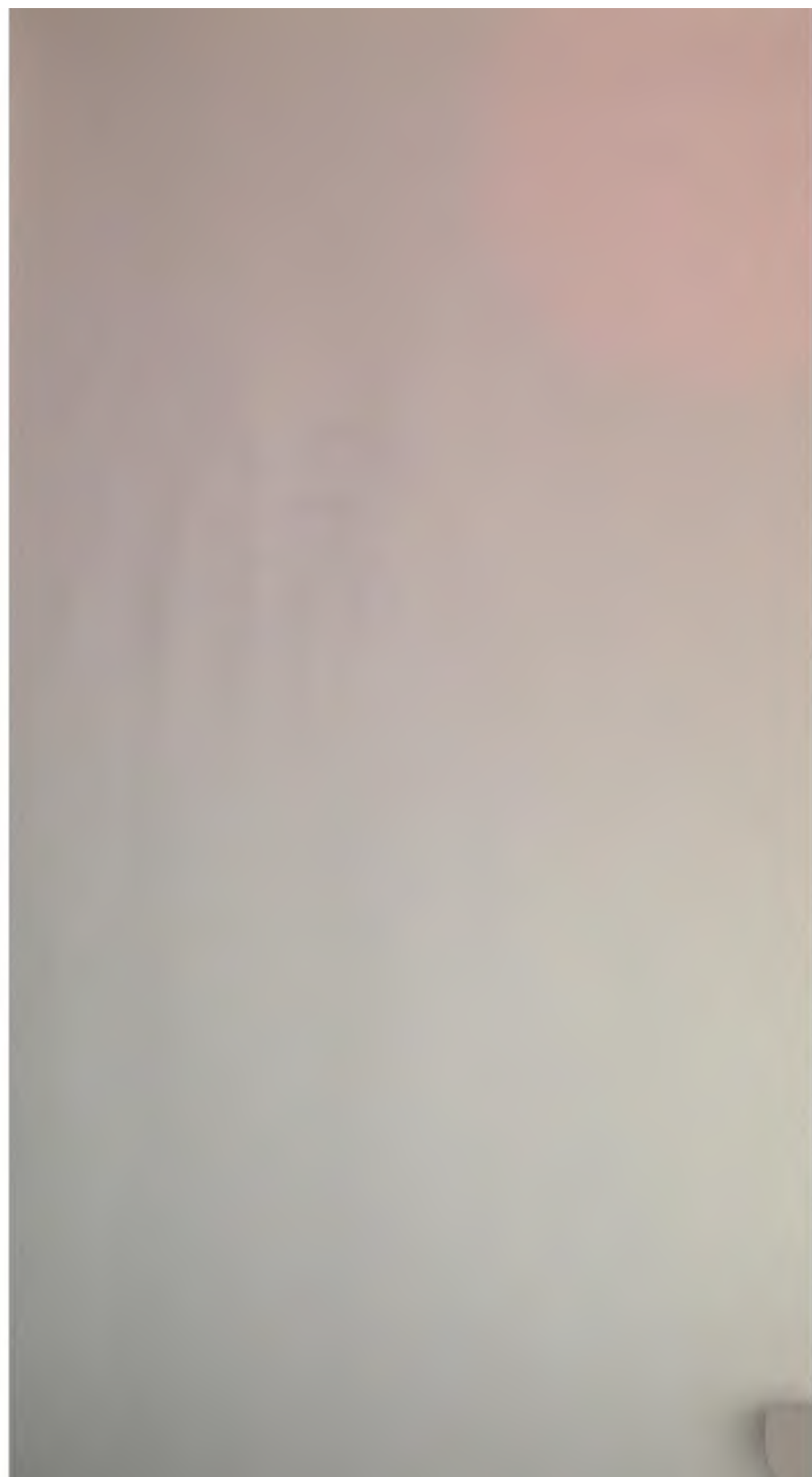


**STANFORD
UNIVERSITY
LIBRARIES**











THE
HUMANE REVIEW

missing

v. 8

nos. 30-32

Jul., Oct. 1907

Jan. 1908

THE
SACRED TRINITY

CHURCH
OF
THE
SACRED TRINITY
1015 N. 10th St.
Minneapolis, Minn.

THE HUMANE REVIEW

THE HUMANE REVIEW

‘NO GREATER SHAME TO MAN THAN INHUMANITIE.’—Spenser

THE HUMANE REVIEW

VOLUME VII.

APRIL, 1906, to JANUARY, 1907

LONDON
ERNEST BELL, YORK HOUSE
PORTUGAL STREET, W.C.

1907

CONTENTS

| | PAGE |
|--|----------|
| THE ETON COLLEGE HARE-HUNT. <i>By Etonensis</i> | 1 |
| THE ETHICS OF CORPORAL PUNISHMENT. <i>By Henry S. Salt</i> | 14 |
| THE EXTINCTION OF CRIMINALS. <i>By H. J. B. Montgomery</i> | 27 |
| "FIFTY YEARS AMONG SAVAGES" | 37 |
| THE CRUELTY OF FIELD SPORTS: TWO PRIZE ESSAYS | 45 |
| THE TRANSFORMATION OF YOUNG CRIMINALS IN HUNGARY. | |
| <i>By W. H. Shrubsole</i> | 54 |
| PASTEURISM IN INDIA. <i>By Sir J. H. Thornton, K.C.B.</i> | 65 |
| BLAKE AS HUMANITARIAN. <i>By Carl Heath</i> | 73 |
| MR. CHESTERTON'S MOUNTAIN | 80 |
| FLOGGING IN GAOL. <i>By H. J. B. Montgomery</i> | 81 |
| SOME THOUGHTS ON WAR. <i>By Nemo</i> | 93 |
| IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT. <i>By Joseph Collinson</i> | 103 |
| THE JEWISH METHOD OF SLAUGHTER. <i>By Ernest Bell</i> | 105 |
| REVIEWS, ETC. | 113, 241 |
| CRUELITIES OF THE CATTLE TRADE | 125 |
| WHY DO ANIMALS EXIST? <i>By Ernest Bell</i> | 129 |
| HUMANE EDUCATION. <i>By Rev. A. M. Mitchell</i> | 145 |
| A NOTE ON LEIGH HUNT | 159 |
| GAMBLING. <i>By Nemo</i> | 165 |
| THE SPORTSMAN AT BAY. <i>By Henry S. Salt</i> | 179 |
| CORRESPONDENCE | 191 |
| THOUGHTS IN A MEAT-MARKET. <i>By George Forester</i> | 193 |
| THOREAU AND THE SIMPLE LIFE. <i>By Henry S. Salt</i> | 202 |
| TAKING THE NAME OF HOWARD IN VAIN. <i>By H. J. B. Montgomery</i> | 209 |
| SNAKE-FEEDING AT THE "ZOO" | 226 |
| DECLINE OF VEGETARIANISM IN CEYLON. <i>By A. K. Coomaraswamy, D.Sc.</i> | 233 |
| INDEX | 241 |

THE HUMANE REVIEW

APRIL, 1906.

Stanford Library
MAY 12 1930

CONTENTS.

THE ETON COLLEGE HARE-
HUNT. Etonensis.

THE ETHICS OF CORPORAL
PUNISHMENT.

Henry S. Salt.

THE EXTINCTION OF CRIM-
INALS.

H. J. B. Montgomery.

"FIFTY YEARS AMONG
SAVAGES."

THE CRUELTY OF FIELD
SPORTS.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF
YOUNG CRIMINALS IN
HUNGARY.

W. H. Shrubsole.

London: Ernest Bell, York House,
Portugal Street, Lincoln's Inn,

Published Quarterly, 1/-. Post free, for One Year, 4/-.

CONTENTS

| | PAGE |
|--|------|
| THE ETON COLLEGE HARE-HUNT. <i>By Etonensis</i> | 1 |
| THE ETHICS OF CORPORAL PUNISHMENT. <i>By Henry S. Salt</i> | 14 |
| THE EXTINCTION OF CRIMINALS. <i>By H. J. B. Montgomery</i> | 27 |
| "FIFTY YEARS AMONG SAVAGES" - - - - - | 37 |
| THE CRUELTY OF FIELD SPORTS. Two Prize Essays. <i>By "Live and Let Live" and Colonel W. L. B. Coulson</i> | 45 |
| THE TRANSFORMATION OF YOUNG CRIMINALS IN HUNGARY. <i>By W. H. Shrubsole</i> - - - - - | 54 |

ANTI-BEARING-REIN ASSOCIATION.

Vice-Presidents:

Prof. W. PRITCHARD, F.C.S., M.R.C.V.S.
A. FLOWER, C.C., Stratford-on-Avon.

Hon. Secretary:

ERNEST BELL, York House, Portugal Street, London.

NO RENT, NO OFFICE EXPENSES, NO SALARIES.

All Subscriptions devoted to Printing and Circulating
Information.

SEND FOR THE NEW REPORT.

*Funds are needed for Street Posters, the most
effective means of drawing attention to the
subject.*

THE HUMANITARIAN LEAGUE.

Hon. Secretary: MR. HENRY S. SALT.

Hon. Treasurer and Chairman: MR. ERNEST BELL.

AIMS AND OBJECTS.

THE Humanitarian League has been established to enforce the principle that *it is iniquitous to inflict avoidable suffering on any sentient being*. This principle the League will apply and emphasise in those cases where it appears to be most flagrantly overlooked, and will protest not only against the cruelties inflicted by men on men, in the name of law, authority, and conventional usage, but also, in accordance with the same sentiment of humanity, against the wanton ill-treatment of the lower animals.

Among the reforms advocated by the Humanitarian League the following are prominent:

A thorough revision and more humane administration of the Criminal Law and Prison System, with a view to the institution of a Court of Criminal Appeal, the discontinuance of the death penalty and corporal punishment, and an acceptance of the principle of reclamation instead of revenge in the treatment of offenders.

The establishment of public hospitals, under municipal control, where experimentation on patients shall be impossible. The complete abandonment of the medical tyranny which would enforce vaccination by fines or imprisonment.

The extension of the principle of International Arbitration, and the gradual reduction of armaments.

A more considerate treatment of subject races in our Colonies.

A more vigorous application of the existing laws for the prevention of cruelty to animals, and an extension of these laws for the protection of wild animals as well as domestic.

Prohibition of the torture of animals by Vivisection in the alleged interests of science.

Insistence on the immorality of all so-called "sports" which seek amusement in the death or suffering of animals. Legislative action in the case of the most degraded of such sports.

The prevention, by the encouragement of a humaner diet, of the sufferings to which animals are subjected in cattle-ships and slaughter-houses; and, as an initial measure, the substitution of well-inspected public abattoirs for the present system of private butchery.

An exposure of the many cruelties inflicted, at the dictates of Fashion, in the fur and feather trade.

Recognition of the urgent need of humaner education, to impress on the young the duty of thoughtfulness and fellow feeling for all sentient beings.

In brief, the distinctive purpose of the Humanitarian League is to consolidate and give consistent expression to the principle of humaneness, and to show that Humanitarianism is not merely a kindly sentiment, a product of the heart rather than of the brain, but an essential portion of any intelligible system of ethics or social science.

N.B.—The condition of Membership is the acceptance of the general principle (not necessarily of the complete programme) set forth above. The minimum annual subscription is half a crown, entitling the subscriber to receive THE HUMANITARIAN monthly.

Communications to be addressed to—

53, CHANCERY LANE, LONDON, W.C.

HUMANITARIAN LEAGUE.

CRIMINAL LAW AND PRISON REFORM DEPARTMENT.

Offices : 53 CHANCERY LANE, LONDON, W.C.

General Committee:

LORD JUSTICE MATHEW.

THE LORD BISHOP OF HEREFORD.

REV. JOHN CLIFFORD, D.D.

HENRY BROADHURST, M.P.

MRS. COBDEN SANDERSON.

JOHN DILLON, M.P.

FRED BROCKLEHURST.

MICHAEL DAVITT.

G. W. FOOTE.

E. H. PICKERSGILL, M.P.

J. H. LEVY.

A. E. FLETCHER.

LORD COLERIDGE, K.C.

T. BATY, D.C.L.

REV. J. PAGE HOPPS.

EDWARD CARPENTER.

W. H. S. MONCK, Registrar in
Bankruptcy.

H. W. MASSINGHAM.

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.

LADY HENRY SOMERSET.

J. M. ROBERTSON, M.P.

MRS. FREDERICK PENNINGTON.

C. A. V. CONYBEARE.

WALTER CRANE.

Executive Committee:

ERNEST BELL (*Hon. Treasurer*).

ALFRED BINNS.

MRS. BRADLAUGH BONNER.

HERBERT BURROWS.

JOSEPH COLLINSON (*Hon. Secretary*).

EDMUND HARVEY.

REV. W. DOUGLAS MORRISON, LL.D.

HENRY S. SALT.

HOWARD WILLIAMS, M.A.

LLEWELLYN W. WILLIAMS, B.Sc.

OBJECT:

A thorough revision and more humane administration of the Criminal Law and Prison System, with a view to the institution of a Court of Criminal Appeal, the discontinuance of the death penalty and corporal punishment, and an acceptance of the principle of reclamation instead of revenge in the treatment of offenders.

SUBSCRIPTIONS and DONATIONS are earnestly requested, and should be made payable to the *Hon. Treasurer*, Mr. Ernest Bell. For Pamphlets, Leaflets, and all information apply to

JOSEPH COLLINSON, *Hon. Secretary*.

340 pages. Price 4/6 net.

THE UNIVERSAL KINSHIP;

In Three Sections, dealing with the Physical,
Psychical, and Ethical Kinships.

By J. HOWARD MOORE,

INSTRUCTOR IN ZOOLOGY, CRANE MANUAL TRAINING HIGH SCHOOL, CHICAGO.

PRESS OPINIONS.

"He has brought together a mass of scientific information, anecdotes and descriptions of the ways of different animals, and seeks to establish in his readers a sense of their kinship with all things that live—kinship of a triple character—physical, psychical, and ethical. . . . The book is written in a clear and interesting fashion."—*Daily Telegraph*.

"Mr. Moore's book has the admirable quality of provoking thought. None who study it can fail to be interested in the point of view. . . . It deserves to be read by every lover of animals."—*Evening Standard*.

"An inspiring book, giving much interesting information about animals, besides pleading for their kind treatment. . . . As Mr. Moore points out in his eloquent plea for the kinship of all the inhabitants of this planet, there are certain of these alleged lower animals which have qualities quite as lovable as any to be found in man."—*Clarion*.

" . . . His somewhat unconventional views, expressed with considerable power, are repeated with varying degrees of eloquence; for Mr. Moore, we readily allow, has a pretty literary gift, and we cannot but admire the courage as well as the skill with which he combats the egoistic delusion of the world at large."—*Standard*.

"In most ingenious manner and in a fascinating style, the author proceeds to develop his thesis that all living creatures are socially, morally, ethically, mentally related to one another. It is the humanization of Darwinism, and as such will be an attractive book for all interested in these high yet fairylike studies of humanity."—*Reynolds' Newspaper*.

LONDON: GEORGE BELL & SONS,
YORK HOUSE, PORTUGAL STREET, LINCOLN'S INN, W.C.

The Vegetarian Society Health Food Stores,

257, DEANSGATE, MANCHESTER.

Depot for PURE FOOD SPECIALITIES.

Shelled Nuts—i.e., Pine Kernels, Hazel Nuts, Roasted Peanuts, Walnut Halves, Blanched Almonds. Pure finely-ground Whole-wheat Meal. Bruised Whole-wheat for porridge. Wholesome Biscuits. Vegetable Butters. Fruit and Nut Cakes. Macaronis, Fancy Shapes. Tea and Coffee substitutes.

PRICE LIST ON APPLICATION.

BROTHERHOOD : A Quarterly Magazine.

Designed to help, through the spread of purer, truer thought, the reconstruction of souls and bodies, and the peaceful evolution of a juster and happier social order.

Edited by J. BRUCE WALLACE.

Post free 1s. 6d. a year. A Sample Copy sent post free to any inquirer on receipt of post-card.

27, PATERNOSTER SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.

PERSONAL RIGHTS ASSOCIATION.

32, CHARING CROSS, LONDON, S.W.

FOUNDED 14th MARCH, 1871.

If you wish to join in our work—the defence of freedom and justice—send a subscription, not less than 2s. 6d. per annum, and not more than you can afford, to me at the above address; and *The Individualist* and a copy of each of the pamphlets and leaflets issued by the Association will be sent to you, by post, each month.

Cheques and Postal Orders should be crossed Parr's Bank, Charing Cross Branch.

J. H. LEVY, *Manager*.

— International — Arbitration and Peace Association.

OFFICES: 40, OUTER TEMPLE, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

President: HODGSON PRATT. *Chairman of Committee:* FELIX MOSCHELES.

Among the objects of the Association are the following:

- 1.—To create, educate, and organize public opinion throughout the civilized world in favour of the substitution of ARBITRATION FOR WAR.
- 2.—To promote a better understanding and more friendly feeling between the citizens of different nations.
- 3.—To correct erroneous statements in the public press or in Parliament on International questions.

CONCORD, the monthly journal of the Association, edited by G. H. FERRIS, may be had at the Office, price 1d.; Annual Subscription, 1s. 6d., including postage.

Subscriptions and Donations should be forwarded to

J. FREDK. GREEN, *Secretary*.

GENERAL BOOK BINDING CO.

QUALITY CONTROL MARK

THE HUMANE REVIEW

THE ETON COLLEGE HARE-HUNT

"I have told the Master of the Beagles that he must not do anything which is unlawful. I am sure he would not do anything cruel willingly. But until the common-sense of the nation expresses itself in the shape of a law forbidding the hunting of wild animals, I cannot interfere with the Beagles, which are here an old institution."

SUCH were the terms in which some six or seven years ago Dr. Warre, then Headmaster of Eton, expressed his refusal—his first of many refusals—to substitute a drag-hunt for the hare-hunt now in favour at Eton College; and his argument has since been the subject of much humanitarian agitation, and of not a few memorials to the Governing Body. But there is one point concerning Dr. Warre's remarks which seems to have almost escaped attention—that the Eton Beagles are not, after all, so old an "institution" as his words would imply, in the sense of being recognised and encouraged by the school authorities, for, as a matter of fact, they have only been openly permitted since about fifty or sixty years ago, and they were not actually legalised until 1871. In the old Eton Statutes of Henry VI. it was ordained under the head of "Discipline" that "no one shall keep in the college any hounds, nets, ferrets, hawks, or falcons for sport," and for this reason the authorities long refused to give official recognition to the Beagles. In the reign of Dr. Keate the hunt, according to Mr. Wasey Sterry's book on Eton, was "unlawful though winked at," and this state of affairs continued until about the middle of the past century, when the Beagles began to be regarded as on a par with

cricket and football. At last, under the revised Statutes framed by the new Governing Body, which was called into being by the Public Schools Act of 1868, all earlier regulations were repealed, and the Beagles became legalised, having thus passed through the three successive stages of being prohibited, winked at, and recognised as "an old Eton institution."

It may seem strange that the sporting propensity of schoolboys should have thus defied and survived the ban placed upon it by the pious Founder; but the history of Eton shows it to have been always the home of cruel sports. We are told by Mr. Maxwell Lyte, the historian of the school, that "sports which would now be considered reprehensible were tolerated and even encouraged at Eton in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries." "No work," he says, "was done on Shrove Tuesday after 8 a.m., and at Eton, as elsewhere on this day, the practice prevailed of torturing some live bird. The college cook carried off a crow from its nest, and, fastening it to a pancake, hung it up on the school door, doubtless to serve as a target." Then, again, there was the once famous and popular ram-hunt. "The college butcher had to provide a ram annually at election-tide, to be hunted and killed by the scholars," the unfortunate animal being hamstrung and beaten to death in Weston's Yard; while even in the nineteenth century such sports as bull-baiting, badger-baits, dog-fights, and cat and duck hunts, were "organised for the special edification of the Eton boys."

It is from these good old times that the present hare-hunt is a survival, and though it is now conducted, as Dr. Warre has stated, in a legal and sportsmanlike manner, this certainly was not the case at a period no more remote than the headmastership of Dr. Balston (1857-1864), as we learn from Mr. Brinsley Richards' well-known book, "Seven Years at Eton," from which the following passage is quoted:

"It is not pleasant to have to write that the Beagles were often made to hunt a miserable trapped fox which had lost one of its pads. Those who bought maimed foxes, as more convenient for beagles to hunt than strong, sound foxes, should have reflected that they might thereby tempt their purveyors to mutilate these animals. How could it be ascertained whether the fox supplied by a Brocas 'cad' had been maimed by accident or design? It was an exciting thing for jumping parties of Lower Boys, when out in the fields they saw the beagle-hunt pass them in full cry—first the fox, lollopping along as best he could, but contriving somehow to keep ahead of his pursuers; then the pack of about ten couples of short, long-eared, piebald or liver-streaked hounds, all yelping; then the Master of the Hunt, with his short copper horn; the Whips, who cracked their hunting-crops and bawled admonition to the dogs with perhaps unnecessary vehemence; and lastly the Field of about fifty."

It is specially worthy of note, as bearing upon a later controversy, that Mr. Brinsley Richards states that "runs were far better when a man was sent out with a drag." The drag is thus proved to have been in successful use at Eton almost as long ago as when the Beagles were first openly tolerated.

The prohibition once being cancelled, the popularity of the hare-hunt grew apace, until it reached its zenith in the recent reign of Dr. Warre, when the doings of the hunt were regularly reported—in choice sporting jargon—in the *Eton College Chronicle*, so that the whole school, even to the youngest boys, was made aware of them. A reference to old numbers of the *Chronicle* will show numbers of instances. Here are one or two extracts taken almost at random from these records of the chase:

"*March 20, 1897.*—A hare was soon put up in the first wheat-field, and, running back through two small spinneys in the field she was found in, went away towards Ditton Park. Hounds ran very fast over the Bath Road and straight away into Turner's gardens. After being hustled about for fifteen minutes in the gardens, our hare went away at the far end. Turning left-handed, our hare was viewed running parallel with the road and into some brickfields. . . . After we had been casting round for some time without success among the rows of bricks, hounds were taken back into a small hut. Hardly had they got inside before old Varlet pulled her out from under a rafter, absolutely stiff."

"February 23, 1899.—Time, one hour, fifty minutes. A very good hunt, since scent was only fair, and we were especially unlucky to lose this hare, which was beat when she got back to Salt Hill. On the next day we heard that our hare had crawled up the High Street to Burnham, and entered a public-house so done that it could not stand, and was caught by some boys, who came to tell us half an hour afterwards, but we had just gone home. Too bad luck for words!"

And so on, with repeated references to "breaking her up," and hounds "thoroughly deserving blood."

Here, again, is the published testimony of a gentleman who witnessed one of these successful runs :

"On February 4, 1899, being in the vicinity of Eton, I had an opportunity of seeing one of these hare-hunts, and I will give a short and exact description of what took place.

"At 3 o'clock some 180 boys, many of them quite young, sallied forth for an afternoon's sport with eight couples of the College Beagles. A hare was found at 3.15 near the main road leading to Slough. It was chased through the churchyard and workhouse grounds at this town into a domain dotted with villas, called Upton Park. Escaping from this spot, it ran towards Eton, but soon doubled back to Upton Park, the numerous onlookers in the Slough Road lustily shouting at the dazed creature all the time. These circular chases were thrice repeated, the hare always getting back to Upton Park.

"Twice did the animal come within a few paces of where I was standing, and its condition of terror and exhaustion was painful to behold. The boys, running after the hounds, were thoroughly enjoying the thing, and two masters of the College, I was told, were amongst them. Now for the final scene, at which a friend of mine was present.

"The hare, which had been hunted for two hours, having got into a corner at Upton Park which was bounded with wire-netting, was seized by the hounds and torn. The master of the pack then ran up, got hold of her, and broke her neck. The carcase was handed to one of the dog-keepers, who cut off the head and feet, which trophies were divided among the followers. The keeper with his knife then opened the body, and the master, taking it in his hands and holding it high above the hounds, rallied them with cries, and finally threw it into their midst, as they had, in the language of the *Eton College Chronicle*, 'thoroughly deserved blood.'

"I make no comments upon these doings ; I only say that I think the British public ought to know how boys are being trained at our foremost school in respect to the cultivation of compassionate instincts towards the beings beneath us."

Well might a humanitarian parodist suggest that a famous stanza of Gray's "Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College" should be reconstructed as follows, and that the new reading should be adopted in the Eton *Gray* :

Say, Father Thames, for thou hast seen
 Full many a sprightly race,
 Blood-sporting on thy margent green,
 The paths of Beagling trace ;
 Who foremost now, with glad halloo,
 The dragged quarry loves to view
 Dead-beat and circling vainly round ?
 Who most, for boyish pastime's sake,
 Delights the mangled hare to break,
 And blood the ravening hound ?

It is not surprising that the Humanitarian League should have addressed remonstrances to Dr. Warre on the subject of the Beagles ; one wonders rather that this old Eton institution should have so long remained unchallenged by societies which profess to protect animals from injury, and to teach humanity to the young, especially as Dr. Warre was himself a member of the committee of the Windsor and Eton Branch of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and Etonian subscriptions go yearly to provide a fund for prosecuting carters and drovers who ill-use the animals under their charge !

To all these protests Dr. Warre had practically but one answer—that hare-hunting not being *illegal*, he could not interfere with the liberty of the boys in the matter, many of whom, he stated, are in the habit of hunting "when at home in the holidays, and with the approval of their parents." But this plea is at once invalidated by the fact that many things are prohibited to schoolboys which may (or may not) be permitted to them at home, and which are not in themselves illegal. Some of the elder boys, for example, smoke when at home in the holidays, and with the approval of their parents ; yet if these young

gentlemen, relying on Dr. Warre's argument, had started a smoking-club at Eton, he would not have hesitated to interfere very promptly with their freedom. Why, then, should an excuse which is not nearly good enough to justify a smoking-club be seriously put forward by the headmaster of a great public school when a cruelty-club is in question?

On one point only would Dr. Warre make any concession—viz., with regard to the reports that appeared in the *Eton College Chronicle* of the "breaking up" of hares and the "blooding" of hounds. "The phrases in question," he said, "are among those current in sporting papers, and I regret that they should have found their way into the pages of the *Eton College Chronicle*, being objectionable in sound, and liable to misinterpretation. I understand, however, that these phrases do not imply anything more than that the dead hare is devoured by the hounds." This led to a pertinent inquiry in the press, whether the Eton boys were in the habit of hunting "a dead hare." The cruelty of the sport obviously consists less in the actual killing of the hunted animal than in the prolonged torture of the hunt that precedes the death—the "bustling" which, as we have seen in the extracts from the *Eton College Chronicle*, often renders the panic-stricken little animal "dead beat," "absolutely stiff," "so done that it cannot stand." And, really, if the boys are encouraged to *do* this thing, it is a somewhat dubious morality which is content with forbidding them to *spea*k of it! "Objectionable in sound" such practices are, beyond question; but are they not also somewhat objectionable in fact?

Even the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, though most unwilling to make official reference to Dr. Warre's disregard for its principles, was fain to issue the following statement in its journal (*The Animal World*, March, 1902):

"We desire to endorse the words of a letter recently sent by the Humanitarian League to the Chairman of the Governing Body of Eton, to the effect that the countenance given to Eton boys to indulge in the sport of hare-hunting, and the publication of a record of the breaking-up of hares and the bleeding of hounds in the Eton school journal, is to be deplored, and is contrary to the principles of the parent society."

Thus, while, on the one side, Dr. Warre hardened his heart, and would not lay a sacrilegious finger on the time-honoured institution which had been forbidden in the Statutes of the Founder, humanitarian feeling, on the other side, became more and more aroused, and memorial after memorial was presented to the Eton authorities, suggesting that, "as there is now an increasing tendency among teachers to inculcate a more sympathetic regard for animals, it is desirable that Eton College should no longer stand aloof from this humane spirit." It is significant of the growth of public opinion on this subject that, whereas a few years ago the very existence of the Eton Hunt was unknown to many except Etonians, we now find among the signatures appended to these memorials such diverse names as those of Mr. Herbert Spencer, Archbishop Temple, the present Bishops of Durham, Ely, and Newcastle, Dr. Clifford, Mr. Thomas Hardy, Mr. William Watson, Mr. Frederic Harrison, Sir A. Conan Doyle, Sir John Gorst, Sir Frederick Treves, and Lord Wolseley, also a number of heads of colleges at Oxford and Cambridge, the headmasters of numerous grammar schools and training colleges, officials of the branches of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and many distinguished clergy and laymen, representative of almost every shade of opinion. It has been truly said that this protest "calls together from all the ends of literature and thought a number of exceedingly well-known and well-respected names."

When it was known that Canon Lyttelton was to be Dr. Warre's successor in the headmastership of Eton, it

was thought probable that his notorious humanitarian sympathies would lead him to the desired reform ; but these expectations have for the present proved to be too sanguine. The immense stability of an "old institution," in so conservative a stronghold as Eton, is a fact that must be reckoned with ; for Eton is not like Rugby, where a reforming headmaster might venture, as Dr. Arnold did, to sweep away at a stroke an ancient sporting custom which had nothing but its age to recommend it. We all know the passage in "Tom Brown's Schooldays"—the speech of "old Brooke"—where Arnold's abolition of the Rugby Beagles is incidentally referred to :

"A lot of you think and say, for I've heard you, 'There's this new doctor hasn't been here so long as some of us, and he's changing all the old customs. . . .' But come, now, any of you, name a custom that he has put down.

"'The hounds,' calls out a fifth-form boy, clad in a green cutaway, with brass buttons, and cord trousers, the leader of the sporting interest.

"Well, we had six or seven mangy harriers and beagles, I'll allow, and had had them for years, and the doctor put them down. But what good ever came of them? Only rows with all the keepers for ten miles round ; and big-side Hare and Hounds is better fun ten times over."

If we compare this passage with the report of Canon Lyttelton's address to the Eton boys at the commencement of his headmastership, in which he frankly avowed his own "strong opinions" on the subject of the hare-hunt, but added that he did not hold these views in his boyhood, and did not see why he should force them on the boys, we see the difference, not so much between an Arnold and a Lyttelton, as between a Rugby and an Eton. It is doubtful if even an Arnold could have safely flouted Etonian susceptibilities in this matter of worrying hares with hounds. The reason given by Canon Lyttelton for allowing the hare-hunt to continue is that all legislation which outstrips "public opinion" is injurious and

unwise, by which he presumably means the "public opinion" of Eton itself—for it is certain enough that public opinion outside Eton would bear the disappearance of the hare-hunt with equanimity—and undoubtedly Eton opinion, to those who dwell under the shadow of the "antique towers," is a matter of serious consideration, however medieval it may be. It is a curious fact that the large majority of Etonians, though nowadays a bit ashamed of the ram-hunt and other sporting pleasantries of a bygone period, do not in the least suspect that their beloved hare-hunt belongs in effect to the same category of amusement. Thus, Mr. Maxwell Lyte, in his history of the school, referring to the earlier barbarities, remarks that "it is evident that in the time of Elizabeth cruelty to animals was not counted among the sins for which penitents require to be shriven." But what, it may be asked, of the time of Edward VII.? When the Bishop of Oxford holds the annual Confirmation at Eton, at the end of the Lent school-time, does it ever occur to him that many of the boys who offer themselves as candidates have spent their half-holidays during the term in the sport of "breaking up" the most timid and defenceless of animals—a strange sort of preparation for a religious rite? It is entertaining to find the *Eton College Chronicle* itself referring to the ram-hunt of the eighteenth century as a "brutal custom," and remarking that Etonians were "once so barbarous." Once!

The value of the moral instruction given at Eton under Dr. Warre, as far as the duties of mankind towards the lower races are concerned, may be estimated from the following sentiment of an Eton boy, quoted from a letter of dignified remonstrance addressed to the interfering humanitarians: "A hare is a useless animal, you must own, and the only use to be made of it is for the exercise of human beings." It will be seen that Etonian philosophy is still decidedly in the anthropocentric stage. It is not easy, even for the most progressively-minded headmaster,

to make any immediate impression on such dense and colossal prejudice.

But let us at least take courage from the fact that the ram-hunt is no more, that the college cook no longer hangs up a live crow to be pelted to death on Shrove Tuesday, and that the Eton boys are not now invited to indulge in the manly sports of bull-baiting, dog-fighting, and cat-hunts. These recreations have gone, never to return, and it is equally certain that, sooner or later, the hare-hunt will also have to go. It is not to be supposed that Canon Lyttelton, who is keenly alive to the best and most humane tendencies of the age, and whose courage is reputed to be not inferior to his refinement, is insensible to the discredit which Eton incurs by thus prolonging into the twentieth century a piece of savagery which Rugby, Harrow, and the other great public schools have long outgrown and abandoned; or that he does not feel the sting of Mr. W. J. Stillman's remark that "the permission given to the boys of Eton to begin their education in brutality, when they ought to be learning to say their prayers, is the crowning disgrace of all the educational abuses of a nation which instituted the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals."

To those, of course, who regard blood sports as not only a proper pastime for men, but a desirable recreation for schoolboys, and a fit form of training for military service, the whole protest against the Eton hare-hunt must needs seem ridiculous; but even these thorough-going sportsmen will have to admit that the trend of public opinion is against them, else why does Eton now stand alone among public schools in this matter? If the reasoning of the Etonian apologists be sound, the *absence* of Beagles at Rugby, Harrow, and the other great schools, is a glaring defect in their system which ought speedily to be remedied; yet we have not heard that any enthusiast has gone so far as to suggest that the schools which have long since abandoned hare-hunting should now make a return to it,

and short of this complete approval of the sport the excuses put forward on its behalf are about as feeble as could be imagined.

It cannot, for instance, be seriously argued that boys whose studies are notoriously endangered by the very numerous athletic exercises — cricket, rowing, football, fives, racquets, running, etc.—in which they are able to indulge, are in need of yet another pastime in the form of hunting hares. Granted that it would be inadvisable for the school authorities to preach advanced humanitarian doctrines to boys whose family traditions and prejudices they are bound to consider, still, it is not necessary to go to the other extreme of encouraging them in familiarity with sights and scenes which must tend to deaden the sense of compassion. From the moral standpoint, blood sports cannot be regarded in quite the same light as athletic exercises; and there are many persons nowadays who, without raising the question of the morality of field sports for adults, think that the license given to young boys to spend their half-holidays in the “breaking up” of hares is as great a stain on the English public-school system as any of the admitted “immoralities” by which that system is undermined.

For to contend that these pastimes have no injurious influence on the minds of the lads who practise them seems about as rational as to assert that effect does not follow cause. It is frequently urged in defence of such sport that the pleasure is found, not in the killing of the animal, but in the excitement of the chase. That may be true in a sense. What humanitarians assert is not that the Eton boys derive pleasure from the *mere* infliction of pain, but that it is the tendency of the sport to seek excitement without regard to the pain inflicted, and that this is apt to breed in some cases a positive love of killing. Take, for example, the following editorial note in the *Eton College Chronicle*: “At the time we are writing, the Beagles have killed but twice, though by the time the

Chronicle appears they may have increased this number by one." Here it will be seen what the boys' journal dwells on is not the hunting, but the killing—surely a significant sidelight on the influence of the sport. There is no escaping the question, Why, if the painful pursuit of the hare be not an essential part of the amusement, is the drag refused as a substitute? And if the drag be rejected as not sufficiently exciting, how can the inference be avoided that the zest of the pastime is enhanced by the peril of the hunted hare?

There is, in the opinion of many persons, a grave inconsistency between the inculcation by preachers and teachers of the duty of kindness and consideration, and the sanction accorded by the Eton authorities to practices the very reverse of these. Unconsciously, perhaps, but none the less surely, the youthful minds which are trained under such influences are affected in their turn, and learn to conform superficially to maxims of piety and honour, while practically in their own lives they are setting those virtues at defiance.

There is a further consideration which bears specially on the management of the Eton College Beagles—that, owing to the beagling being carried on only in the short term between Christmas and Easter, it is customary to hunt to a late date in March, a practice which the best sportsmen deprecate. "It is no kind of sport," says the *County Gentleman*, with reference to the Eton Beagles, "to run heavy hares, and a heavy hare chopped in March means so many good hares lost to the next season. Seasons vary, of course, but it must happen more often than not that a pack hunting late into March manages—on one day, at least—to chop a heavy hare. That is a point on which the Humanitarian League might have tested public opinion with some kind of valuable result."

Were it not for the *non possumus* attitude on the part of Etonian opinion, an easy way out of the controversy might be found by the adoption of the drag-hunt, which would

preserve all that is valuable in the boys' sport in the way of manly exercise, while getting rid of one thing only—the cruelty to the tortured animal. In face of the fact that the drag, as recorded by Mr. Brinsley Richards, was successfully used at Eton half a century ago, it is absurd to pretend that it could not be used there again; but if further testimony be needed, it is, fortunately, available in the following letter, which I am permitted to publish, from Mr. A. G. Grenfell, Headmaster of Mostyn House School, Parkgate, Cheshire. It will be seen that the idea, very commonly held, that the drag-hunt is suitable only for those following on horseback, and that it would too severely tax the energies of boys running on foot, is absolutely erroneous.

"December 16, 1903.

"On the subject of Beagle Drag-Hunting at Schools, I think you will be pleased to know that we have owned and run a pack of beagles at this school for the last ten years on the lines that you suggest, and with the greatest success. The drag affords any amount of healthy and interesting exercise without cruelty. Ours is just an ordinary preparatory school, with ten masters and ninety boys. Our hounds are twenty-three or twenty-four in number. The sport of following them is very popular with all of us, and it would be hard to devise an easier or better form of school variant to the everlasting football. Not only does drag-hunting keep boys from tiring of the regulation game, but it is to the wind and endurance these runs give us that we owe the fact that we seldom, if ever, lose a match against boys of our own size and weight. The beauty of the drag-hunt is that you can pick your course, you can choose your jumps, you can regulate your checks and keep your field all together, and you can insure the maximum of sport and exercise."

It is obvious, then, that the Eton hare-hunt could easily be turned into a drag-hunt without any loss of physical advantage, and with great moral gain. All that the authorities are asked to discontinue is the *cruelty* of their sport, not the sport itself. Surely this demand is not an unreasonable one.

ETONENSIS.

THE ETHICS OF CORPORAL PUNISHMENT

THE subject of corporal punishment is one which, though often discussed, is usually discussed in vain, for its real issue lies too deep for purposes of controversy. The mere utility of flogging as a deterrent from evil-doing may, indeed, be matter for argument, and its advocates may be rashly content to take their stand on its efficacy; but to its opponents this method of reasoning can never be fully conclusive, for, however clearly they may grasp the proofs that history gives of the uselessness of flogging, they must feel that, even if it *were* effective, there are other and higher reasons for condemning it; whatever its success might be, its cost would be deemed too great. In so far, then, as the practical failure of corporal punishment is urged by humanitarians, as in Mr. Collinson's recently published treatise on "Facts about Flogging," such argument is merely auxiliary to the main one; it is fatal to the claims of corporal punishment if it be established, but the counter-argument is not fatal to the humanitarian view. I would therefore briefly refer the reader to Mr. Collinson's pamphlet for the most thorough exposure of the futility of flogging that has ever been written, and pass on to the proper subject of this article—the immorality of flogging as a means of punishing offenders.

In all civilised or, to speak more correctly, semi-civilised races like our own, a question arises as to the continuance or discontinuance of certain ancient customs that have

descended from a barbarous past, and are repellent to the more refined modern feeling. Corporal punishment is one of these immemorial customs, once widely practised and accepted as a matter of course, now the subject of very acute controversy in several departments of life, and regarded with the strongest detestation and abhorrence by an increasing number of social reformers. What is the origin of this intense dislike of a practice which is still lauded in some quarters as wholesome and irreproachable, and what can account for so marked a diversity of opinion?

Doubtless, the hatred of corporal punishment is, in its origin, instinctive. We feel that there is something of a degradation in its infliction—degrading alike to those who inflict it and to those who suffer—and this sentiment is confirmed, on further reflection, by the teachings of history and experience; for flogging, when we give careful thought to it, is seen to be the very sum and substance of personal tyranny—the quintessence of all that is opposed to the growth of human freedom. It is an epitome of that love of dominion, mental and physical, which is the mortal foe of the natural movement; and we find accordingly that the protest against the lash, like the protest against slavery, has grown up, step by step, with the modern enfranchisement of thought. This aspect of corporal punishment was well expressed, more than a century ago, in that once overrated, but now much underrated work, the “Political Justice” of William Godwin:

“Corporal punishment is an expeditious mode of proceeding, which has been invented in order to compress the effect of much reasoning and long confinement, that might otherwise have been necessary, into a very short compass. In another view it is difficult to express the abhorrence it ought to create. The genuine propensity of man is to venerate mind in his fellow-man. With what delight do we contemplate the progress of intellect, its effort for the discovery of truth, the harvest of virtue that springs up under the genial influence of instruction, the wisdom that is generated through the medium of unrestricted communication! How completely do violence and corporal infliction reverse the scene! From this moment all the wholesome avenues of

the mind are closed, and on every side we see them guarded with a train of disgraceful passions, hatred, revenge, despotism, cruelty, hypocrisy, conspiracy, and cowardice. With what feelings must an enlightened observer contemplate the furrow of a lash imprinted upon the body of a man !"

In this, as in so many other matters, Godwin was a true pioneer of modern ideas; but if his judgment be suspected as that of a revolutionary doctrinaire, let me refer the reader to the similar opinion of that high old Tory, De Quincey, who certainly cannot be charged with any lack of respect for constitutional authority.

"All corporal punishments whatsoever," says De Quincey, "and upon whomsoever inflicted, are hateful and an indignity to our common nature, which (with or without our consent) is enshrined in the person of the sufferer. Degrading *him*, they degrade *us*. . . . Thanks be to God—in this point, at least, for the dignity of human nature—that, amongst the many, many cases of reform destined eventually to turn out chimerical, this one, at least, never can be defeated, injured, or eclipsed. As man grows more intellectual, the power of managing him by his intellect and his moral nature, in utter contempt of all appeals to his mere animal instincts of pain, must go on *pari passu*."

Here, then, I think, is the true ethical objection to corporal punishment; it is the supreme negation of free thinking—the symbol of the slavery of the mind. I do not, of course, mean to say that it is equally detestable in all its forms; for in practice there is, no doubt, a vast difference between its degrees, and the sense of proportion which Horace long ago advocated in the infliction of the lash,

Ne scuticâ dignum horribili sectere flagello,

must equally be observed by humanitarians in their denunciation of corporal punishment itself. But the principle is the same throughout, from the flogging of Russian "intellectuals" by brainless Cossacks and police agents, to the flogging of ignorant children, and even of the lower animals, by those who are their guardians and keepers. Whatever the authority that prescribes the act,

legitimate or illegitimate, established or usurped, the act itself is always repugnant to a refined moral sense—is always apprehended as being of itself an evil, and only to be justified as “the lesser of two evils” under the faulty social conditions in which we live.

What, then, is the origin of this widespread repugnance, and of the passionate detestation in which the practice of corporal punishment is held by not a few men and women who are no more liable than their fellows to the charge of “sentimentality”? It were hard to say; but in this connection the psychopathic, as well as the ethical, side of the question must not be wholly overlooked, for there is no doubt that there is such a mental disease as “flagellomania,” and police court records have frequently shown that the cry for flagellation has its vicious as well as its cruel aspect. It is not, of course, to be supposed that the well-meaning persons who clamour in the press for “more flogging” are conscious of this fact; but the fact remains, and has to be faced. Nor is it merely fanciful to suggest that the hatred of flogging in every shape and form may be partly due to a recoil from such sensual craving for the infliction of pain on others. There are well-known instances of suicide, or attempted suicide, on the part of those whose self-respect has been outraged by the lash; and De Quincey has pointed out that as many women have rightly preferred to die than to be dishonoured, so in the case of the other sex, where corporal punishment “is its peculiar and sexual degradation,” there is nothing blameworthy in such self-vindication. At any rate, the term “morbid,” so often applied to those who act or think in defiance of the vulgar opinion in this matter, is an absurd misnomer, for the morbid tendency is altogether on the other side.

But why, it will be asked, if there is this disreputable element in flogging, is the practice approved and advocated by so many healthy-minded persons? The answer is to be found in the fact that the prevalence of corporal

punishment in English schools is responsible for a tone of mind, at once tyrannical and servile, which prompts our public-school men to applaud the infliction on others of what they have themselves undergone. It is the old story of the fox who has lost his tail. How unreasonable it is of the lower orders, so runs the complaint of the well-educated pro-flogger, to object to *their* children being birched by a burly policeman or schoolmaster, when *his* sons are "swished" at Eton and do not feel it to be a disgrace; and he often goes on to state with the utmost complacency that he himself—whose present condition, mental and moral, can obviously leave nothing to be desired—was several times birched in his youth! The conclusion is irresistible. The country is going to ruin, morally and intellectually, for want of a more general application of the birch!

And what is the precise nature of this sound and ennobling discipline? In one of the standard books about the greatest of English public schools, Mr. Brinsley Richards's "Seven Years at Eton," there is a graphic account of the flogging system by one who had personal experience of it, and whose evidence cannot be ignored as that of a mere faddist and "outsider." Here is an extract which may, perhaps, serve to explain why so many good people can see nothing indecent in a practice into which they were themselves initiated as boys:

"When I first came to the school, and was told how culprits were dealt with, I fancied I was being hoaxed. I never quite believed the stories I heard until I actually saw a boy flogged, and I can never forget the impression which the sight produced upon me. . . . Several dozens of fellows clambered upon forms and desks to see N. corrected, and I got a front place, my heart thumping and seeming to make great leaps within me. Next moment, when he knelt on the step of the block, and when the Lower Master inflicted upon his person six cuts that sounded like the splashings of so many buckets of water, I turned almost faint. I felt as I have never felt but once since, and that was when seeing a man hanged. It is true that the eyes and nerves soon get accustomed to cruel sights. I gradually came to witness the executions in the Lower School not only with indifference, but with amusement."

Let us further quote a sentence in which Mr. Brinsley Richards describes his own state of mind when he, too, had been to the block: "I rose from my knees completely hardened as to any sense of shame either in the punishment I had undergone, or in others of the same kind which I might have to suffer thereafter."

It is not surprising that men who have themselves been "hardened" in this way, or who live in a society which accepts and extols such "discipline," should be untrustworthy judges of the morality of subjecting other persons to such punishments; for just as tattooed savages are eager to induce every stranger to submit himself to their rites, so it is with these well-bred brethren of the birch, on whose minds a belief in the necessity of flagellation has been stamped by schoolboy tradition. What else could account for the revelations that take place from time to time of the "ragging" scandals in the army and navy, where, except in the rarest cases, young English officers have tamely submitted to humiliations which any foreign officer would have died rather than endure? Naturally these flagellated gentlemen do not see anything indecent in corporal punishment, for the very sense of decency (in that particular relation) has been birched out of them in their youth.

In this matter, as in not a few others, the instinct of the English working classes, which regards corporal punishment as a personal disgrace, is far truer and less morbid than that of their so-called superiors. Working men have, at least, never submitted their *minds* to these gross indignities, but have rightly regarded such punishments as forcibly imposed on them and their children by alien laws which they had no share in making. The poor lads, in the Royal Navy and elsewhere, who have attempted suicide rather than undergo such outrage, have proved themselves to be possessed of far more dignity and self-respect than the young aristocrats of the Guards. To acquiesce in such things is a sign, not of manliness, but

of callousness—of a lower, not higher, state of moral development.

I lay stress on this question of the corporal punishment of the young, not only because it seems to furnish a clue to a right understanding of the ethics of corporal punishment as a whole, but also because I would protest against the common assumption that while the flogging of men is at least a grave responsibility, and the flogging of women is an abomination, the flogging of children, the weakest and most helpless class of all, is a wholesome and meritorious practice, which needs no more serious justification than to quote—and quote incorrectly—a dubious saying attributed to Solomon many ages ago. Humanitarians maintain that *all* flogging is an abomination, whether its victim be a man, a woman, or a child; but that it is, perhaps, most injurious in the case of a child, because at that age the ethical sense is more liable to be permanently confused and distorted by a lesson in personal violence as a substitute for moral persuasion. To beat the feeble and defenceless is an act which, in every other relation, is seen at once to be unspeakably cowardly and mean; it is also extremely likely to implant in the mind of the child who suffers it a tendency to act in a similar manner when the conditions are reversed, and when the slave is grown into the tyrant. Who shall say how much of the cruelty of adult life is due to the object lessons of childhood?

It is an unpleasant fact that, in spite of the general and gradual decrease of corporal punishment in England, there has been a reactionary attempt in several quarters during the past few years to increase the flogging of the young. For example, the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children made the deplorable mistake in 1900 of promoting a Bill (fortunately defeated) for the wholesale whipping of juvenile offenders at the discretion of magistrates; and the National Union of Teachers has made every effort to retain for its members the privilege—for it is regarded a privilege rather than a disgrace—of

being empowered to thrash the ill-fed children in Board-Schools. In schools, in reformatories, in police courts, in the Royal Navy—everywhere there is the same craze for rod and cane as heaven-sent implements of education, and the same complete forgetfulness of those wise words of Sir Benjamin Richardson, which every teacher should know by heart :

“To me, as a physician, nothing is more tainted with injurious iniquity than the corporal punishment of children, which proceeds to teach what is believed to be wrong by the instant infliction of physical pain. To the punished and punisher alike the system is as mischievous as it is barbarous. On the punished it brands hate, or servility, or palpitating fear. On the punisher it brands coward, tyrant, hasty adjudicator of rights and wrongs ; while it so perverts the judgment that he who would scorn himself if he struck a woman will think the act right if a child be the object of its infliction.”

When we turn to the case of adult offenders against the law, we find the same insensate cry for a recourse to bodily pain, regardless of the fact that such punishments have been “tried” *ad nauseam* in the past, and have merely succeeded in brutalising the people who imposed them, without deterring the criminals against whom they were aimed. During recent years the correspondence columns of the “yellow” press have teemed with letters demanding the lash as the sole adequate penalty for hooligans, wife-beaters, dynamiters, train-wreckers, burglars, ill-users of children or of animals, and various other types ; and the latent or open ferocity which many of the writers betray is quite as hideous and appalling as the crimes which they seek to avenge. Take, for example, the plea deliberately made by Mr. Raymond Blathwayt for the punishment of certain violent forms of crime—“that when a powerful brute beat a poor, inoffensive woman whom he had never seen before, and beat her in such a way that she sank dead at his feet, such a man should himself be officially flogged to death.” It is undoubtedly a terrible blot on our civilisation that violent crimes should be perpetrated

by brutal and unthinking ruffians ; but is it a less sinister fact that a man of culture and education should desire to repay violence with torture ? I purposely use the word "torture," because it is absurd to pretend that torture has been abolished in a society which defends itself with the cat-o'-nine-tails, which is in the most literal sense as much an engine of torture as the rack, or the boot, or the thumb-screw. Witness the following description, taken from the *Sydney Bulletin*, of a flogging with the "cat" :

"As they bared the prisoner's back, the officials spoke in half-whispers ; but as soon as the subject was strapped to the frame, with arms and feet spread wide, one called out with startling loudness, 'Fifteen lashes !' Immediately the flagellator stepped forward, whirled the knotted thongs once around his head, and brought them whistling down across the white shoulders. The stroke was dealt with the precision of long practice, and the victim, taken by surprise, caught his breath with a gasp and strained desperately at the unreleasing bonds, the muscles of his shoulders and arms quivering convulsively in the effort to free his limbs and get one solacing writhe under the sudden, unavoidable, tormenting sting. Failing this, the wretch threw back his head, and screeched forth the pent and raging resentment of his body with an intonation hideous, heart-piercing, and unforgettable. The sound was comparable to nothing else in nature ; it expressed all that is meant by despair and mortal agony.

"The other strokes followed in orderly mechanical sequence, and I watched them every one. At each stripe the tortured wretch howled anew, but above his screams could be heard the shouts of the man whose duty it was to count the strokes and, between, the vicious 'sing' of the lash and its gruesome 'splash' upon the wealed flesh. At the ninth stroke the doctor ordered the hangman to vary the direction of his blows. He did so, after staying to run his fingers through the clotted lashes, and to flick the gouted blood from them upon the floor. The five last strokes were punctuated only by deep, rhythmic sobs from the victim, who now seemed to be numbed and stupefied by pain.

"When it was finished, they covered up his face and body, and took him quickly away to the hospital."

Less inhuman, no doubt, than the cat-o'-nine-tails, but perhaps even more degrading in its effects, is the prison birch, which some English judges have of late shown a

tendency to prescribe for the punishment of adults, especially of those convicted of being "rogues and vagabonds" under the infamous Vagrancy Acts, once nearly obsolete, but now revived again in this enlightened age. It is difficult to imagine anything more loathsome or insulting to our common manhood, even in the case of a criminal tramp, than this abominable judicial practice of inflicting the birch on men.

But it is said that we cannot degrade these scoundrels who are already so deeply degraded in crime. The statement itself is untrue, and even if it were true the argument founded on it would be false. There is no living being who is so sunk as to be beyond the reach of human sympathy and aid—not even the gentlemen who think and speak so vilely of their fellows; but even if it were so—if there were a criminal who had reached the lowest conceivable depth of bestial shame—it would none the less be a bestial act to subject him to the lash, because of the insult thereby offered to the general dignity or mankind. Here again the words of De Quincey are full of significance :

"Corporal punishment is usually argued with a single reference to the case of him who suffers it, and *so* argued, God knows that it is worthy of all abhorrence; but the weightiest argument against it is the foul indignity which is offered to our common nature lodged in the person of him on whom it is inflicted. *His* nature is our nature; and supposing it possible that *he* were so far degraded as to be unsusceptible of any influences but those which address him through the brutal part of his nature, yet for the sake of ourselves—no, not merely for ourselves, or for the human race now existing, but for the sake of human nature, which transcends all existing participators of that nature—we should remember that the evil of corporal punishment is not to be measured by the poor transitory criminal whose memory and offence are soon to perish. These, in the sum of things, are as nothing; the injury which can be done him, and the injury which he can do, have so momentary an existence that they may be safely neglected. But the abiding injury is to the most august interest which for the mind of man can have any existence—viz., to his own nature—to raise and dignify which, I am persuaded, is the first, last, and holiest command which the conscience imposes on the philosophic moralist."

It is amusing, in so far as anything can be amusing in so painful a subject, to observe the various futile arguments that are again and again put forward in defence of the brutalities of the lash. One of the silliest of these fallacies is to charge the opponents of corporal punishment with being more concerned to protect the criminal than the victim of the crime, and to ask them whether *they* would not desire the wrong-doer to be flogged if they themselves had been the sufferers by his deed. Yet, presumably, the reason why civilised societies have abandoned the use of the rack is not that they sympathise unduly with the criminal, but that they have come to regard the rack as an improper form of punishment; and so in like manner it will be with the use of the lash—it will be abolished, not from mere pity for the offender, but because it is a vicious method of correcting him. And what could be more comical than the assertion made by the advocates of flogging hooligans to death, that the relatives of the hooligan's victim would readily say "Yea" to such a course? "You can only treat a brute as a brute," says Mr. Raymond Blathwayt, "and I am quite sure that the husband, brother, or father of a woman so murdered, whether he were a peer from Mayfair or an artisan from Battersea, would heartily agree with me in so arguing." Perhaps so. But it is also possible that the relatives of the murdered woman would agree as heartily to the use of boiling oil or melted lead for the "brute's" extinction, though in that case Mr. Raymond Blathwayt, curiously enough, would be grievously shocked! The theory that the nature of the punishment to be inflicted on a criminal should be fixed to gratify the exasperation of his victims is one that will hardly commend itself to modern jurisprudence. We see how that system works in some of the Southern States of America, where, under lynch law, offending negroes are tied to a tree, drenched in paraffin, and burned alive.

But of the many sophisms urged in favour of corporal

punishment, the most plausible (and the most impudent) is that which contrasts the undoubted evils of imprisonment with the pretended beneficence of the lash, and then assumes that flogging is the more humane alternative. "What else are we to do with him?" asks the philanthropic flagellant, who, unable to bear the thought of sending a law-breaker to prison, is eager to score his back with the rod. Now, in the first place, imprisonment, even in the present state of our prisons, is less barbarous than flogging; it does not so utterly break a man's spirit and destroy his self-respect. And, secondly, it is the very persons who oppose corporal punishment who have been foremost also in working for the amelioration of the prison system, so that they, at any rate, are not responsible for what barbarity it may still retain. It is the obvious duty of the State to turn its prisons into reformatories, instead of drawing from their present unsatisfactory condition disingenuous excuses for inflicting yet another form of torture on those who are convicted of crime. The true alternative lies not between the lash and the cell, but between the brutal old methods, of which the pro-floggers are the champions, and the newer, more rational, methods to which humanitarians appeal.

There is one thing, and one only, that can be truly said in favour of flogging. It "saves time"—that is, it saves time at the beginning to lose it at the end. It is a "short cut," and, like many other short cuts, it aptly illustrates the proverb, "More haste, less speed." For a society which will not spend labour on reclaiming and reforming its offenders, it is, no doubt, "economical" to flog them; but the economy is of the penny-wise, pound-foolish order, which re-creates the evil it would destroy. It *may*, under present faulty conditions, and in certain rare cases, be the lesser evil to flog some man or boy who has offended (and why not equally some woman or girl?) in the absence of any more rational plan of procedure; but it will probably not deter that particular offender, and it will certainly not

deter other offenders, from repeating the offence. The lash is, in fact, a mere fictitious makeshift for genuine correction; it attempts by the hasty, slipshod method of bodily pain-giving what can only be effected by mature reason and thought.

To conclude, then, corporal punishment, as the very antithesis of moral suasion and the compact embodiment of brute force, is an outrage on what should, above all things, be held sacred—the supremacy of the human mind and the dignity of the human body. It would be quixotic to hope that all use of physical violence, odious though it is, could be at present dispensed with in a society which is but half emerged from barbarism; but *this* form of it—at least, the most barbarous, because the grossest and most sensual—must be uprooted and abandoned before any true measure of civilisation can be attained.

HENRY S. SALT.

THE EXTINCTION OF CRIMINALS

THERE are always to be found in this world a number of people who cannot go slow. They love heroic measures, drastic remedies to apply to those diseases which mankind has rightly or wrongly determined it is impossible to eradicate, and has directed all its efforts to diminish. Mankind in this matter has, if we are to credit the contention of some latter-day critics, always been wrong. Desperate diseases, they assert, need desperate remedies, and, whatever we may think of the diseases, it must be admitted that the proposed remedies are decidedly desperate. This parrot cry—because it is a parrot cry—has been uttered incessantly of recent years in regard to one particular disease—that of crime. The advocates of the desperate remedy for this malady have put forward their panacea in season and out of season, but although their clamour has been loud and prolonged they have failed to create any deep or lasting impression. They have made the mistake of promising too much, and they have suggested the progress to a new era when professional crime shall be a thing of the past by paths, not only slippery but dirty, which did not commend themselves to the minds and consciences of the community at large. For some time past, having figured in this matter as *voces clamantes in deserto*, the advocates of drastic measures for extinguishing the criminal have preserved a discreet silence, and it was hoped they had seen the error of their ways and had, metaphorically, mounted a

stool of repentance. Apparently, however, such is not the case. The trial of two or three notorious scoundrels on a forgery charge at the Old Bailey, in November last, gave occasion for the reappearance of one of these advocates, and Sir Robert Anderson, undaunted by many previous failures in his suggestions for a short way with criminals, once again permitted his sentiments to be voiced in print.

Originally, if I recollect aright, Sir Robert Anderson's suggestion was that a professional criminal was a beast of prey, a danger and a terror to the community in whose interests he should be exterminated. When tackled subsequently with having proposed that professional criminals should be put out of existence, the charge was indignantly denied. It is unfortunate that when Sir Robert Anderson again ventilated his views respecting the method of dealing with criminals, the article should have been headed: "High-Class Criminals: Scheme of Extinction." The man who only reads head-lines—and there are many such in these high-pressure days—might be excused if he deduced from this that Sir Robert was still urging a dogs' home lethal-chamber policy in regard to the professional criminal. I say still urging, advisedly, because I have a letter before me from his pen, addressed to a London newspaper in April of last year, in which he remarks that "a man who commits a crime under pressure of strong temptation may deserve helping, whereas a high-handed offender deserves hanging." It is easy from this letter to glean what is in Sir Robert Anderson's mind.

The trial of Bridgewater and his confederates at the Old Bailey afforded Sir Robert Anderson an opportunity of once again proclaiming his old gospel, if I can apply such a word to one of the most extraordinary schemes ever put forward in a Christian and civilised country—a scheme based on utterly erroneous premisses, faulty throughout in its logic, and absolutely futile in its conclusions. There are, he tells us, a gang of expert scoun-

drels of marvellous intelligence and brain power who engineer most of the big crimes which from time to time startle the community, but are so astute that they almost invariably manage to keep out of the clutches of the police. Their persons and procedure, we are asked to believe, are well known, but it is impossible to procure evidence to secure their conviction. Occasionally, it is said, one of these men is caught and sentenced. In due course if he lives he is released. "Why should he be?" inquire Sir Robert Anderson and those of his school. "A fox has been raiding a circle of hen-roosts. One night he is caught, but the loss of only one chicken can be proved against him at the moment, and a month would probably be enough for that. But you do not give him a month; you kill him. I would not," says Sir Robert Anderson, "kill the criminal, though I am inclined to think that hanging would do a great deal of good in some cases. I would simply shut him up where he could no longer carry on his profession, and make him work for his living." Now, reasoning by analogy is a fascinating process, but it very frequently lands the reasoner in a quagmire of difficulties. There is no analogy between a man and a fox, and the treatment meted out to the latter does not afford any guidance in regard to the best method of treating the criminal. Here is the manner in which Sir Robert Anderson justifies his short way with professional criminals:

"Imagine the case of a new society. They put no bolts on their doors, and no fastenings on their windows, for there is no need of such things. Years pass, and the society grows, and they suddenly wake up to the fact that they have a thief in their midst. They capture him and give him a month. At the end of that time they release him, and he naturally returns to theft. They capture him again and give him three months, and this time they take his photograph and finger-prints. The new sentence does not deter him. He is released again, and he pursues his life of crime. Surely the sensible thing would be to say,

‘We will have no more of this. This man has declared war on us; we will get rid of him.’ He would then no longer be able to multiply crime by his example and through heredity. In ten years there would be no professional crime at all. While the law stands as it does men are willing to take the chance of being caught, knowing that if they are it is not the end, and they will be at liberty again to follow what they have laid down as their business in life. If you are content to put the Ten Commandments behind you, crime is not an unpleasant way of making a living. But if a man knew that when caught there was the possibility that he would never have another chance he would give it up. If he did not he would sooner or later be got out of harm’s way.”

In criticising Sir Robert Anderson’s proposals on a previous occasion I remarked that the fundamental fallacy which lies beneath all his suggestions is that crime is a thing apart in modern civilisation, and that a professional criminal can easily be ear-marked. In fact in his most recent pronouncement, Sir Robert puts forward the astounding statement that the really clever criminals do not amount to more than a few dozen! What is a criminal? what is crime, may I ask? I can, I think, answer this question. What Sir Robert Anderson has in his mind is not a criminal who commits crime, but a vulgar criminal who commits vulgar crimes—forgery, burglary, house-breaking, larceny, picking pockets, and so on. He affects to be oblivious of the fact that outside this coterie of criminals, very properly so called, there is another far larger, and much more dangerous class of criminals—professional criminals, too—who are at work every day—men of great intelligence and vast brain power. They do not commit the foregoing crimes in their nakedness, but as their methods are more insidious, their depredations larger, and their immunity much greater, they are evidently far more dangerous to the community at large than the few dozen of whom Sir Robert Anderson speaks, the locking up for life or extinction of whom will,

he suggests, render England an Arcadia where crime will be unknown, and bolts and bars be quite unnecessary. Unfortunately, there is another side to this pleasing picture of a future ideal state of things. I will not attempt to depict it myself, but will utilise the bird's-eye view thereof afforded by Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Henry Smith, late Chief of the City of London Police, in an article recently contributed by him to *Blackwood's Magazine*. Referring to commercial morality in the City, Sir Henry remarked: "Half the gentlemen one sees in the morning tumbling out of the trains from Bayswater and Putney intent on picking their neighbours' pockets, would be engaged in 'picking oakum' if there were in the city an official similar to the Procurator-Fiscal in Scotland."

Now this is not a pleasing picture, and in my opinion it quite spoils the effect of Sir Robert Anderson's painting of the ideal England when the few dozen professional criminals whom the police know are safely under lock and key or under the sod—for good or bad. If we apply the analogy of the fox and the hen-roost to these silk-hatted, gloved, and well-groomed city gentlemen, what a plethora of prisons we shall need! Are all these pick-pockets, at it every day and all day be it remarked, to be locked up for life or "extinguished"? What are they, if Sir Henry Smith's picture be true, but professional criminals, carrying on their crime with almost absolute impunity?

Were Sir Robert Anderson's premisses correct—viz., that there are about a few dozen professional criminals in England, men who organise crime and keep in the background themselves, and that, were it possible to capture and permanently incarcerate these men, crime would be largely diminished, the remedy would be simple enough. But any man who knows anything of crime or criminals, or of modern civilisation, knows full well that Sir Robert Anderson's panacea is a chimera, the outcome

of a ludicrous delusion. Crime is an evil induced or produced by certain causes which cannot be determined merely by locking up 50 or 500, 5,000 or 500,000 men. It can be diminished by various means, and indeed some species of crime have largely diminished while others have increased. The most effective method of decreasing crime is by elevating the moral tone of the community; and the most effective, indeed the only effective, means of dealing with the convicted criminal is by seeking during his period of punishment to raise his moral tone, to inculcate moral ideas, to teach him through his reason, his judgment, and his intellect to "cease to do evil." That a man who has occupied the position Sir Robert Anderson has should tell the public that "Crime is not an unpleasant way of making a living" is to me astounding. I can hardly believe that such a statement as this deludes him: I am sorry that he should attempt to delude the public by making it. I have met thousands of criminals in gaol, where men certainly do not lead artificial lives as regards their fellows, and I have no hesitation in declaring such a statement as that put forth by Sir Robert Anderson to be absolutely false, if he means that criminals so think. I fear that Sir Robert has written and spoken so much about crime and criminals, and is so anxious to bolster up theories he has formed, that his mind in this matter is incapable of reasoning thereon. He may take it from me that no criminal loves crime or regards it as other than an odious means of existence of which he would be gladly quit were such a thing practicable. But, as Sir Robert Anderson has perchance discovered in the course of his existence, circumstances are often too strong for men, and once a man come to mature years gets into any groove, good or bad, it is difficult for him to get out of it, unless he be taken out of it.

I sincerely hope that the people of this country will not be glamourised by the sophistries of Sir Robert Anderson, or bamboozled by his empirical suggestions. A man is

not a fox, I once more repeat. All our legislation, all our religion, our hospitals, our societies, charitable and philanthropic, exist just because man is not as the beasts of the field or even as Sir Robert Anderson's fox. In a book which Sir Robert Anderson reveres we are told that man has been made a little lower than the angels, that he has been endowed with an immortal soul, while not only revealed religion but the custom and usages of the world boldly declare that man, each individual man or woman, is not a thing apart, a mere beast seeking his prey, but a member of a society bound together in a mysterious manner. Society has an undoubted right to punish its members for breaches of those laws which it has agreed to observe, but it has no right to seize a member and punish him not for what he has done but for what it is possible he may do. That is in effect the gist of Sir Robert Anderson's proposal. Indeed he broadly outlines it because he admits the extent of his crime ought not to affect the punishment of the professional criminal. "It would not matter," he says, "if a man only stole sixpence, if he is known as a professional criminal." That is the matter in a nutshell. You are to be locked up for life not for what you have done, but because Scotland Yard declares you to be a dangerous criminal, and there is no knowing what you may do. Such a scheme would, in my opinion, have more appropriately emanated from Bedlam. It is the despairing cry of a man in a hurry, of the man who is cocksure he is right and wants to experiment on the *corpus vile* of his fellow creatures.

It is easy to ridicule the absurd proposals of Sir Robert Anderson for extinguishing crime and criminals, but unfortunately there are here and there a few persons who are glamourised by his forecast of halcyon days when "clever criminals" shall be things of the past and crime will, in consequence, have dwindled into insignificance. It is, I admit, a pleasing prospect, and it allures some persons who think that, because Sir Robert Anderson has

been at Scotland Yard, he is necessarily a specialist in rooting out crime. It is regrettable to think that Sir Robert Anderson's panacea should have imposed on a man so intelligent as Sir Edward Fry. In giving evidence before the Royal Commission on the care of the feeble-minded, that eminent lawyer a short time back expressed the opinion that "the law ought to allow the absolute segregation or imprisonment for life of persons who will go on committing crimes. The State," he went on to say, "ought to have the right to imprison a person for life, whenever the evidence goes to show that he is an habitual criminal who, directly he comes out of prison, is committing crime again. I would," continued Sir Edward, "give the judge the power of trying the question whether the man was an habitual criminal, and if he was found to be such the judge should have the power to protect society from him for life." Sir Edward Fry is, however, not so cocksure as Sir Robert Anderson, because, when putting forward these views, he was careful to preface them by the remark, "I may be wrong." I do not think the possibility of his being wrong on any subject has ever entered into Sir Robert Anderson's mental vision.

Sir Robert Anderson proposes to extinguish crime by locking up for life a few dozen professional criminals who, he says, organise it. Sir Edward Fry suggests reducing crime by permanently incarcerating men who habitually commit it. The remedy in each case is heroic, but the fact of its being put forward shows that both these gentlemen have an imperfect knowledge of what crime is and of the causes which frequently induce men to commit it. The subject is one on which a whole volume might be written, and I shall not enlarge on the matter here. In an article I contributed to the *Ethological Journal* last year on this question, I remarked: "It seems to me that the royal road to making our prisoners reputable members of the community is to prevent them on their release from gaol from returning to the conditions which have made them

criminals. If, like the transported criminal, the criminal of to-day were given a chance to live, not by chopping wood in what is sarcastically, I suppose, termed a 'home,' where he is and feels himself degraded; but under such conditions as will give him not only a chance to live, but to cultivate self-respect and learn to keep the animal portion of his nature under restraint, the criminal will show that he too can become as respectable as any man." Until society has made some effort of this kind—and it has never yet been attempted—society in my opinion has no right to listen to these counsels of despair. The very same arguments as are now advanced by Sir Robert Anderson and those of his way of thinking were in days gone by urged in opposition to any amelioration of the penal code. The sacred rights of property in the opinion of these people should be the first consideration. The bodies and souls of a few thousand criminals are nought in comparison. It is to me inexplicable that men who profess a profound belief in and veneration for Christianity should permit themselves to be associated with such schemes. Christianity which, divested of its theological encrustation, teaches boldly and plainly the dignity of man, the infinite value of even one human soul and the nothingness of property and other material and ephemeral things.

Let me in conclusion tell Sir Robert Anderson and Sir Edward Fry and other like advocates of perpetual imprisonment for paltry offences if repeated, that not in cruelty but in kindness lies the true remedy for crime. If, as you now do, you segregate men from their fellows, not in gaol but in the world, if you create, not by legislation but by custom, a class of outcasts and pariahs, men who have infringed the criminal law against property who have been punished for their crime and against whom in consequence every door is shut, you perpetuate crime and regularly recruit a class which is not only a danger to the community but a plague spot on our modern civilisation,

a terrible object lesson that our Christian preaching is a sham, our religion a lie. The past teaches us that the diminution of crime is not effected by brutal and revolting punishment but by education, enlightenment, the amelioration of social conditions. The lessons of the past are, however, profitless for some persons. Vanity, which is so potent a factor in the lives of many men and women, induces them to believe that they and they alone possess the nostrum which is to work the miraculous cure. These men are really quacks, it may be unconscious quacks. Their nostrum would merely accentuate the evil and demoralise those employing it. No, the extinction of crime lies not in that direction. It lies, in my opinion, in the direction of preaching in season and out of season the divine gospel of the brotherhood of man. The more that gospel is proclaimed and believed, the more potent its results. Were mankind to accept it implicitly and explicitly the whole of our social economy would be revolutionised. In that ideal state no man would wrong his fellow citizens actively or passively, either by his action or his callousness. The rights of property would be respected. So, too, would the duty of man to his fellow man. When, if ever, such a condition of things is realised the fact that man, to render more secure his few miserable pieces of metal, whether in the shape of coins, watches, spoons, forks, or what not, should torture human lives and imperil human souls will be deemed a fact almost too horrible to contemplate. "The man in the street" of those days will regard Sir Robert Anderson and his proposals for extinguishing crime and criminals very much as we of to-day regard Torquemada and his myrmidons of the Spanish Inquisition; he will utterly fail to comprehend by what process of reasoning, in accordance with what divine law a police official in this year 1905 gravely declared that "the safety of the property of the public is of more importance than the reformation of the criminal."

H. J. B. MONTGOMERY.

“FIFTY YEARS AMONG SAVAGES”

BOOKS of adventure do not often come within the scope of the HUMANE REVIEW, but on this occasion we propose to give our readers some excerpts from an unpublished work, which we have been permitted to see in manuscript, entitled “Fifty Years Among Savages,” the author of which, though unknown as a writer, has strong humanitarian sympathies. In reading this strange narrative we have been somewhat puzzled by the lack of any precise statement as to the whereabouts of the savage people whose habits are described ; it may be, however, that the absence of maps or charts is due solely to the fact that the book is not yet fully prepared for publication. We have certainly no reason to doubt the *bona fides* of the writer, who insists strongly in his preface on the entire truthfulness of the story ; so we must leave it to our readers to supply what is missing from a geographical point of view as their own judgment may suggest. But here let the author speak for himself, and if we find a too romantic tone in his remarks, let us make allowance for one whose feelings have so long had to suffer restraint during the grievous experiences recorded by him.

“The tales of travellers, from Herodotus to Marco Polo, and from Marco Polo to the modern ‘globe-trotter,’ have in all ages been subject, justly or unjustly, to a good deal of suspicion, on the ground that those who go in quest of curious information among outlandish tribes are liable in the first instance to be imposed on themselves, and in the

sequel to impose on their readers. No such doubt, however, can attach to the following record of 'Fifty Years among Savages,' for I am myself a native of the land whose customs are described by me, and what I have to narrate is not some brief exciting spell of adventure, but facts of lifelong experience. I cannot think that my story, true as it is, and admitting of corroboration by the similar witness of others, is any the less adventurous on that account; for, like previous writers who have recorded certain startling discoveries, I, too, have to speak of solitudes and remotenesses, vast deserts and rare oases, inextricable forests and dividing gulfs, and such experiences are none the less noteworthy because they are not of the body but of the mind. At any rate, the tale which I have to tell deals with incidents which have had a very real significance for myself—quite as real as any of those related by the most venturesome of voyagers—and I am not without hope that some of my readers may be able, from their own personal observation, to lend weight to my conclusions.

* * * * *

"The fifty years spent by me among savages form the subject of this story, but not, be it noted, fifty years of *consciousness* that my life was so cast, for during the first half, and more, of my residence in the strange land where I was born, the dreadful reality of my surroundings was quite unsuspected by me, except now and then, perhaps, in a passing glimmer of apprehension. Then, by slow degrees, incident after incident brought a gradual awakening, until at last, as the heroine of Ibsen's play was aroused to the fact that she had for years been living 'with a strange man,' there flashed on my mind the tremendous conviction which alone could explain and reconcile for me the many contradictions of our society—that we were not 'civilised' but 'savages'—that the 'dark ages,' far from being part of a remote past, are very literally present to us at the beginning of this twentieth century.

"And here, in explanation of my long blindness to this unwelcome truth, it must be remarked that there is a fixed and almost insuperable superstition among my savage fellow-islanders—and indeed among all the surrounding nations—that they are a cultured and highly-civilised race,

living in an age which has wholly emerged from the barbarism of their forefathers, the 'good old times' to which some of them even affect to look back with feelings of pious regretfulness. It was this delusion, to which of course I was at first fully subject, that made it so difficult for me to see things in their true light, and still makes it well-nigh impossible to communicate the truth to others, except to those whose suspicions have in some measure been aroused. In reality, it will be seen, the difference between the earlier 'barbarism' and the later so-called 'civilisation' is, in the main, a mere matter of the absence or presence of certain materialistic 'sciences', which, while largely altering and complicating the physical conditions of life, leave its essentially savage spirit almost entirely untouched.

* * * * *

"It was not till I was nearly thirty years of age, I think, that I felt any serious concern as to the manners and customs with which I was familiar, and which I had unquestioningly accepted from childhood as part of the natural order. I had heard and read of 'savages,' but felt the more satisfaction to know that I was a native of a land which had for centuries enjoyed the blessings of civilisation, which it was anxious to disseminate as widely as possible throughout the earth. Why the food of my countrymen should have been the first thing to set me wondering I am unable to say, for as my later discoveries convinced me, the dietetic habits of these people are not more astonishing than many kindred practices which I still regarded without mistrust. But it was so; and I then found myself realising, with an amazement which time has not diminished, that the 'meat' which formed the staple of their diet, and which I was accustomed to regard—like bread, or fruit, or vegetables—as a mere commodity of the table, was in truth the dead flesh—the actual flesh and blood—of oxen, sheep, swine, and other animals that were slaughtered in vast numbers under conditions so horrible that even to mention the subject at polite dinner-tables would have been an unpardonable offence.

"Now, when I began to put questions to my friends and acquaintances about this apparently glaring inconsistency

in our civilisation, I could not help observing, novice though I was in such discussion, that the answers by which they sought to parry my awkward importunities were extremely evasive and sophistical—reminding me of the quibbling explanations which Herman Melville received from the hospitable cannibals of Typee, when he inquired too closely into certain dietetic observances; and from this I could not but suspect that, as far as diet was concerned, we differed in degree only from the savages whom we deemed so debased.

“It must be understood, however, that here, and in all my references to ‘savages,’ I use that term in its natural and inoffensive meaning, as implying simply a lack of the higher civilisation and not any personal cruelty or blood-thirstiness. What I write is just a friendly account of friendly savages (by one of them); and I would emphasise the fact that the kindness and good-nature of my fellow-countrymen are in one direction quite as marked features of their character as their savagery is in another. In their own families, to their own kith and kin, to their personal friends—to all those whom Fortune has placed within, instead of without, the charmed circle of relationship—their conduct, in the great majority of cases, is exemplary; it is only where custom or prejudice has dug a gulf of division between their fellow-creatures and themselves that they indulge in the barbarous practices to which I refer.

* * * * *

“It may be convenient if I speak of the native customs under two heads: first, those that relate to human beings; and, secondly, those that relate to the so-called lower animals. In few ways, perhaps, is the barbarism of these islanders more apparent than in their wars and in their preparation for wars. For what they call ‘peace’ is, in fact, only an armed truce—an interval between two outbreaks of hostility—during which, so far from being at genuine peace with their neighbours, they are occupied in speculating on where the next attack shall be delivered, or, rather (for they love to depict themselves as always standing on pious self-defence against the wanton aggressiveness of others), how they shall repel the next attack from abroad. It is their custom always to have, for the

time being, some bugbear among neighbouring tribes, whose supposed machinations against the richer portions of their empire gives them constant cause for unrest, and prompts them to cement undying, but equally transitory, alliances with other nations, so that their very friendships are based less on the spirit of amity than on that of distrust. Under pretence of believing in an unbelievable and, indeed, wholly ridiculous maxim—*Si vis pacem, para bellum*, 'If you wish for peace, prepare for war'—they keep their minds for ever set on wars and rumours of wars, with the result that wars periodically come to pass, and, in spite of all their profession of benevolence and brotherhood, the trade of *killing* is that which is above all others respected by them. Is money required for purposes of national welfare, such as education or the relief of the poor? Every difficulty is at once put in the way of such expenditure for such ends. But let there be the least suspicion, however irrational, of some foreign slight to 'the flag,' and there is scarce a savage in the island who is not willing that the public treasury should be depleted in pursuance of a childish revenge. To remonstrate against such folly is to incur the charge of being 'unpatriotic.'

"But comical as their foreign policy is, their social system is still more so, for, under the guise of 'charity' and 'philanthropy,' there exists, in fact, a civil war, in which each individual, or group of individuals, plays a remorseless game of 'Beggars my neighbour' and 'Devil take the hindmost' in the mad scramble for wealth, whence results, of course, a state of gross and glaring inequality, under which certain favoured persons wallow in the good things of life, while others pass their years in the pinch of extremest poverty. Thus, in due course, and by an unerring process, is manufactured what they call 'the criminal class'—that is, the host of those who are driven by social injustice to outlawry and violence. And herein, perhaps, as much as in any other of their customs, is shown the inherent savagery of their natures, for, instead of attempting to eradicate the *cause* of these evils by the institution of fairer and juster modes of living, my fellow-islanders are almost to a man in favour of 'punishing' (that is the expression) these victims of their own foolish laws by the infliction of barbarous sentences of imprisonment,

or by the lash, or, in extreme cases, by the gallows. To inculcate habits of honesty they shut a man in prison, and render him more than ever incapable of earning an honest livelihood. As a warning against robbery with violence, they give a lesson in official violence by flogging the criminal; and, by way of teaching the sanctity of human life, they judicially murder the murderer. Every grotesque absurdity that might occur to the mind of a dreaming drunkard is solemnly and deliberately enacted in their so-called 'courts of law.' And anyone who ventures to suggest that this is the case is regarded as a fool and reprobate for his pains!

* * * * *

"But it is when we turn to their treatment of the non-human races that we find the surest evidences of barbarism; yet their savagery, even here, is not wholly 'naked and unashamed,' for, strange to say, these curious people delight to mask their rudeness in a cloak of fallacies and sophisms, and to present themselves as 'lovers' of those very creatures whom they habitually torture for 'sport,' 'science,' and the 'table.' They actually have a law for the prevention of cruelty to animals, under which certain privileged species, classed as 'domestic,' are protected from certain specified wrongs, though all the time they may be subjected with impunity to other and worse injuries at the hands of the slaughterman or the vivisector; while the wild species, though presumably not less sensitive to pain, are regarded as almost entirely outside the pale of protection, and as legitimate subjects for those brutalities of 'sport' which are characteristic of the savage mind. Nothing can exceed the ferocity of their national pastimes, in which, under the plea of affording healthful exercise to their tormentors, park-bred deer, that have been kept in paddocks for the purpose, are turned out before a mob of men and dogs to be baited and worried; foxes, otters, and hares are hunted and 'broken up'; bagged rabbits are 'coursed' in small enclosures by yelling savages on the afternoon of the weekly religious festival; pheasants and other 'preserved' birds are mown down in thousands in an organized butchery euphemistically known as the *battue*; pigeons are released from traps in order to be shot by gangs of ruffians, who gamble over the result of their skill; and almost every conceivable form of

cowardly slaughter is practised as 'sportsmanlike' and commended as 'manly.' All this, moreover, is done before the eyes, and for the example, of mere youths and children, who are thus from their tenderest years instructed in the habit of being pitiless and cruel. Nay, in some cases they are even encouraged to take part in such doings, and on the first occasion when they are 'in at the death' are initiated by being 'blooded'—that is, baptised with the blood of the slaughtered animal by way of pious ceremonial.

"Nor is it, perhaps, so strange as it might at first appear, that my fellow-countrymen should thus take delight in the torture of helpless animals; for, in spite of their boasted progress in science and ethics, they are still practically ignorant of the real kinship which exists between mankind and the other races, and of the duties which this kinship implies. They are still the victims of that old anthropocentric superstition which pictures Man as the centre of the universe, and separated from the inferior animals—mere playthings made for his august pleasure and amusement—by a deep intervening gulf; and it is probable enough that if any one of these unthinking savages who 'break up' a hare, or baptise their children in the blood of a butchered stag, were reminded that he himself is in very truth an 'animal,' he would resent such statement of a scientific fact as a slight on his religious convictions and on his personal self-respect. The very scientists themselves, who have in theory renounced the old-fashioned idea of a universe created for mankind, are the first in practice to belie their own biological faith, for they claim the moral right to sacrifice large numbers of the lower animals, without scruple or remorse, to the demands of 'scientific research,' just as if the fact of a close kinship between the philosopher who wields the scalpel and the dog who lies in the trough were a notion of which Science is unaware!

* * * * *

"Is it surprising that, to those of us who have gradually realised that we are dwelling in a wild land among savages such as these, the consciousness of the discovery should at times bring with it a sense of unutterable loneliness and desolation—that we should feel cut off, as it were, by interminable leagues of misunderstanding, from all human

intercourse, and from all possibility of expressing ourselves? What appeal *can* be made to people whose first instinct, on seeing a beautiful animal, full of joyousness and vitality, is to hunt, or vivisect, or eat it? One can only marvel how such sheer, untempered barbarism has come down to us from the past. As Thoreau says, 'Where *are* the heathen? Was there ever any superstition before?'

"But the facts, though terrible in their first impression, are capable of being more hopefully regarded. There is a consolatory, as well as a discomfoting, way of interpreting them. For if these countrymen of ours be indeed savages (as who can doubt?), have we not at least reason to rejoice that, being savages, they in many ways conduct themselves so discreetly—that, as far as their sense of relationship extends, they are so civil, so kindly, so law-abiding? Instead, therefore, of too loudly upbraiding them for hunting or eating their little brethren, the animals, ought we not, perhaps, to feel and express some gratitude to them that they do not hunt each other—that they have not eaten *us*? Their self-restraint in many directions is, perhaps, quite as remarkable as their self-abandonment in others; and the mere fact of one's having *lived* fifty years among savages is in itself a testimonial to their good-nature. Looked at in this light, the trouble is not so much that they are in reality savage, as that they profess themselves to be civilised; for it is from the false garb of civilisation that the misapprehension has sprung.

But, however that may be, they are, when the worst is said of them, a quaint and interesting people, and it is my earnest wish that, by the publication of this story, I may be the means of drawing to my fellow-islanders the closer attention of anthropologists and savants in all lands. Surely, in an age when the wild tribes of Africa, America, and Australasia have been the subject of so much learned discourse, it is desirable that a race which has carried into the twentieth century the primitive customs which I have described should be critically and exhaustively studied. If such should indeed be the result of my book, I shall be more than compensated for whatever pain I may have felt in the writing of these strange but faithfully-recorded experiences."

THE CRUELTY OF FIELD SPORTS

TWO PRIZE ESSAYS

I.

WHAT is sport? One meaning of the word is, "to practise field diversions." Diversion is "amusement, recreation." Now, what is cruelty? The "infliction of pain; pleasure at suffering; lack of pity or mercy." Field sports, then, are amusements or recreation out of doors. Now, why should cruelty be associated with such desirable pursuits? Because the term "field sports" is now almost exclusively used for expeditions having for their object the pursuit of some creature with the intention of killing it. A great variety of ways are employed, and a large number of furred and feathered creatures selected for the furtherance of these objects. Often these have done their pursuer no harm, and sometimes they have proved themselves good friends to man by reason of their food consisting of insects and other small creatures, which would destroy vegetation useful to mankind.

Picture to yourself a field near a wood where rabbits and hares are peacefully nibbling their food. All at once the barking of dogs is heard, and a crowd of schoolboys is seen sending the dogs to chase the hare. The latter makes a run for dear life, to be followed by boys and dogs in hot pursuit. The hare is chased through wood and field, across roads and ditches, becoming more and more terrified as it finds strength going from it, thus making it less able to escape. After being chased one,

or, it may be, two hours, the hare is overtaken by the dogs, sometimes because it is dead-beat and can therefore run no longer ; sometimes because it comes to an impediment, such as wire-netting, or a high wall which it cannot surmount. The dogs seize it fiercely, and would tear it limb from limb if left alone. Usually the leader of the hunt coming up takes from the hare the little life still remaining. And this is reckoned to be amusement, recreation ! It is certainly not so to the hunted one, and what have the hunters gained ? A good run over the country ? That could have been obtained without the doing to death of a beautiful, harmless, defenceless animal. The exhilaration of the chase ? If this be the only way to obtain exhilaration, then it is dearly bought.

What have the hunters lost ? Not life, like their victim, but a sense of fair play, supposed to be one of the special traits of the English. No one can assert that it is fair play when perhaps a hundred boys and a dozen dogs chase one small animal. The hunters have lost, too, some degree of sensitiveness, else they could never have witnessed, much less have been the means of causing, that keen struggle for life without trying to help the one so unfairly placed. They have also lost a sense of the sacredness of life—that which none but a Divine Power can bestow. To create denotes a higher power than to destroy. Anyone with sufficient brute strength can take life, but the cleverest and strongest can never restore the breath of life to the dead body. But the mere killing of the creature pursued is oftentimes the most merciful act of all ; it would often be a great gain to the victim if the taking of its life had been the first instead of the last transaction, for thus it would have been saved much suffering. During a shorter or longer time, as the case may be, the hunted one has been relentlessly pursued by its foes, compelling it to exert all its powers to their fullest extent. Not for one moment can the cruel tension be relaxed, until at length nature becomes exhausted, and

the animal realises that the brave, desperate struggle has been in vain. Nor must we forget that all through the struggle the animal has been subjected to great fear, even amounting to terror. It occasionally happens that the pursued one escapes. In some cases the animal or bird is wounded to such an extent that it cannot go in search of food, so it dies the slow death of starvation, having to bear the pain of its wounds as well as the pangs of hunger. Or, perchance, a limb is broken, and it goes maimed for the rest of its life. It is said that the hare, even when successful in eluding its pursuers, often dies from a burst heart, owing to the undue exertion to which it has been put, for the hare does not possess a strong heart.

Some individuals assert that the fox enjoys the run as much as the sportsman. It is idle to talk thus, for when enjoyment is being experienced a creature does not exhibit all the signs of fear, terror, and suffering that a hunted fox does. He runs into all kinds of danger, such as into dwelling-houses and up chimneys, which if he were on an expedition of enjoyment he would certainly never go near. Why? Because his sole object is to avoid the greater danger he knows is following him. Another element of cruelty is the hunting of the female when she is with young. In the human race this is always the time when extra consideration and care is shown to the one about to become a mother. The lower animals are not essentially different from the human in some respects, and this is one, so that to put a female with young to all the alarm and violent exertion of being hunted is an added wrong done to her.

When dealing with the hare-hunt reference was made to boys engaging in it, but hunting is by no means confined to boys. Men of all ages and positions, and even women, "amuse" themselves by sport. Yes, women! Some of them, doubtless, themselves mothers, who do all in their power to guard their own little ones from danger and harm, can go into woods and fields armed with

weapons, and assisted by trained horses and dogs, to wound and kill the young of animals and birds, or to take from them the fostering care of one or both parents. And to do all this harm just for sport !

Hitherto we have considered wild animals which are pursued by man in their native haunts, having left to them their natural means of defence, and being on ground well known to them. But sometimes animals and birds are what is called "preserved." These are more or less domesticated, therefore they are less prepared for self-defence, because some of their wants have been provided for, and they have learned, in some measure, to depend on man. But one day these half-tame creatures find the process reversed, and those who have hitherto to a certain extent cared for them, are now using all their endeavours to pursue and destroy them. Time and space, if not heart, would fail to expose all the cruelties practised in connection with the pursuit of these semi-domesticated creatures. To describe one or two must suffice as a fair example of the full long list.

Take the hunting of the tame stag. The stag is taken from his peaceful grazing in a quiet park, put into a cart, and carried to a strange place. He is then put on the ground, and after a short time a pack of hounds are let loose on him. The stag, which has previously been deprived of his antlers, instinctively knows these dogs are his enemies, and runs whichever way he deems will give him the best chance of escape. Men on horseback follow, and for some time the unlucky stag is pursued by shouting men and barking dogs. His terrors increase, he either enters for shelter any building which he can find available, or he attempts mounting iron or wood fences; sometimes he clears the fence, sometimes his legs become entangled, then the dogs get their reward by tearing his flesh and tasting his blood. At other times, after a long run, the stag is caught unhurt, and carted back to the park until his masters are again inclined for "sport." But the stag

never gets used to being hunted, for he always shows fear and terror when thus chased.

Observe how the grouse and partridge shooting expeditions are managed. The birds are gathered together by men called beaters, to within a certain distance from the sportsmen who are waiting with loaded guns. The beaters suddenly make a great noise, which causes the birds to fly. Then guns are fired, and birds shot, as quickly as may be. The birds which are shot quite dead are fortunate. Many are disabled in the legs or wings, some wounded in other places. Dead birds are collected and bagged, when shooters go home and boast of the murders committed by them. Wounded birds are sometimes left till next day, when they are killed after having borne their misery some sixteen or twenty hours. But some have crept under cover, and linger in great suffering for many days. Think of the pigeon-shooting and rabbit-coursing which regularly take place. Pigeons are brought to the shooting ground in crates, probably having been closely packed therein all through the previous night. They are taken out one at a time, each one being put into a small box. As each bird is released from its box and flies upwards, a man ready with loaded gun fires, and usually either kills or wounds it. If possible, the rabbit-coursing is still more cruel. Carried in sacks to the course, so huddled up that sometimes their legs are broken, they are turned out dazed, frightened, and partially exhausted, to be followed by greyhounds sent in hot pursuit of the terrified little creatures. The dogs soon overtake the rabbits, tear their ears and flesh, break their legs, and generally mutilate them before death takes place.

But, enough; although the tale of suffering is by no means ended. These things are not done in secrecy—nothing of the kind. The man of wealth and leisure engages in sport as one means of spending his surplus money, and one way of occupying time which hangs heavily on his hands. He calls together his friends and

a right merry company they make, although each one knows the end and aim of the outing is to wound and kill. The working-man, doubtless influenced, though perhaps unconsciously, by his "superiors'" example, also seeks his mates; together they spend their hard-earned leisure in taking the life from furred and feathered creatures. Hundreds go purposely to watch these sports, and newspapers readily publish full details.

As cruelty is the infliction of pain, also the lack of mercy and pity, then it is undeniably true that both those who engage in, and those who merely watch field sports of the above and similar kinds, are guilty of cruelty, whether it be the rich, hunting stag or fox, and shooting grouse, or the poorer man, shooting pigeons or chasing (or setting dogs to chase) hares and rabbits.

It must never be forgotten that the bulk of this suffering to sentient animals and birds is quite unnecessary. When it is absolutely necessary for man to deprive a lower creature of its life, it should be done in the quickest and most humane way possible. Other ways can easily be found for developing the physical powers to which the hunt and chase give exercise.

Little wonder that so many of our men are willing to be soldiers, whose chief business is to wound and kill their fellow-men, and that mothers and wives applaud their doings, when such a wanton disregard of the needless suffering caused to the lower creatures is exhibited by rich and poor alike. Moreover, these field sports are allowed, and even countenanced, by our laws; for even the supreme Assembly of the nation always so arranges its affairs that its honourable members may be at liberty part of every year for shooting grouse.

"LIVE AND LET LIVE."

II.

Perhaps one of the strongest evidences that man has inherited a cruel nature is his love of killing, which, in the case of wild creatures, is called "sport." "Let us go out and kill something" is at all times his eager longing when living in the country and possessing sufficient means to enable him to carry out his desire. And once having tasted the joy (and it is, alas! a joy) of chasing and killing, he speedily sinks into being a sporting maniac, and thinks and talks of little else. People never seem so happy as when there is a prospect of seeing something killed. That a poor animal is in distress seems sufficient to send the the great mass of people into the wildest spirits. I have seen some eight hundred men leave off playing and watching a football match to chase one poor little rabbit that had somehow managed to get away from some rabbit-coursing men that were holding their devilish carnival of cruelty in an adjoining field. I have seen, too, an ardent fishing gentleman tremble, as if stricken with the palsy, when taken to a river in which there were salmon. I have known many pass sleepless nights when a meet of the hounds was to take place on the following morning in the neighbourhood. Verily, blood-sporting is a madness! The very name "sport" seems to deprive a great many other-wise sensible people of their senses.

Unfortunately, this intense craze, this awful madness, cannot be indulged in without causing an incalculable amount of terror, suffering, and death to countless thousands of intelligent, sensitive, and beautiful creatures. And field sports are, too often, carried out with quite a needless ferocity, cowardice, and bullying. Justice, fair play, sympathy for the weaker in their distress, and all other noble and manly qualities seem scattered to the winds when worrying and killing is being enacted. It is truly sad to see how the gentleman is overcome by the sportsman. The misery that must follow a "big shoot,"

for instance, cannot be estimated. Whilst those who have been armed with two and three guns respectively, and have fired for four or five hours a perfect fusillade into driven pheasants, hares, and rabbits, are making merry in luxurious drawing-rooms and at sumptuously laid dinner-tables, the poor, wounded victims of their day's "sport" are wandering about the wet or perchance frozen woods, with broken wings or legs, eyes shot out, and bodies riddled with pellets, some sobbing out their poor lives in damp ditches, others limping about, wondering, it may be, what fault they had committed; and those not released from misery by death waiting the advent of keepers, whose coming would not be for hours, perhaps days, to give them their *coup de grâce*.

Then there is the prolonged bullying and half-drowning and worrying of the otter, continued for hours and hours (I have known it last for nine)—the poor, hunted creature's frantic efforts to live being watched by hundreds of, alas! both sexes, without apparently a shred of pity. This is what an eye-witness told me he had lately seen: an otter, only partly grown, being followed by a horde of persons, owing to the paucity of water, left the stream and took to the land. It was there set upon by a number of men and boys with sticks, who beat it till it was half dead. The master then came up, took the poor, beaten animal by the tail, carried it back to the stream, placed a row of men at the foot of the stream, so that the wretched beast could not make for a deep pool lower down, and then, for some two hours, kept tossing the otter up and down the shallow stream, to excite the hounds, and show the people "sport." And this is looked upon to-day as a fitting and praiseworthy form of recreation for gentlemen, and, grievous to relate, gentlewomen, for girls and boys!

And what does the poor, gentle, timid hare endure when chased by greyhound, harrier, or beagle? None can estimate; but, from their terrified look, from the fact that they not infrequently die of a "bursting" heart when

successfully eluding their pursuers, and that their colour often changes from that of fawn to a dark brown from sheer terror, one can gather what torture they must undergo; and all to find amusement for cowardly, heartless, human beings! "I was once," said a gentleman a few years ago to me, "tempted to go out with the beagles. When standing near a bush the hare came and sat near my feet. I looked at its poor, quivering form, its heaving sides, its trembling nostrils, its pleading eye. I felt a brute to think that I, with scores of others, was making pleasure out of that one solitary, timid, lonesome creature's distress and death. I went home, and never again joined in such a recreation." I, too, have done much to animals that I now regret, under the name of "sport"; but never have I followed harrier or beagle in the pursuit of a hare. Too often have I been the unwilling witness of the sad and pathetic sight, and thankful shall I be if I have seen the last of the cowardly and cruel business.

The fox, reared, imported, or cherished, is subjected to shameful ill-usage during the hunting season, more especially so, perhaps, when "cubbing" is going on, and hounds being "blooded." The wild and carted deer are made the victims of savage ferocity and cruelty when hunted. In the Highlands of Scotland deer are driven like calves to the very feet of so-called sportsmen, and butchered in a relentless and cowardly fashion. Even fishing—the "gentle art"—is made needlessly barbarous by the use of live bait and night-lines; and in India what is known as pig-sticking is attended by fearful displays of hideous cruelty, the unfortunate boar occasionally getting into the jungle with one or more spears impaled in its body.

Ah, sport, sport! what cowardly, mean, unmanly acts are carried on in thy name!

WILLIAM LISLE B. COULSON.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF YOUNG CRIMINALS IN HUNGARY

ALTHOUGH the recognition and practice of humanitarian principles are lamentably imperfect, yet it cannot be denied that, looking back upon the past, we can see in many respects distinct signs of improvement. If we are not yet fully cognisant of the bond of brotherhood between man and the other animals, we are becoming more sympathetic—more humane, as we say—in the treatment of our own species. Slavery has been abolished by civilised nations, and punishments for crime are no longer harsh and brutal.

We are beginning to recognise that it is possible to navigate a ship of war without flogging the sailors or birching the boys. We have done with flogging in the army; and the cat, if not abolished, is very sparingly resorted to in judicial procedure. Formerly the insane were whipped, loaded with chains, and kept in filthy dungeons. Such treatment, which was to a great extent based upon the theory that an insane person was possessed by the devil, happily, has become a thing of the past, and unnatural and absurd ferocity of punishment for comparatively slight crimes is looked upon with disfavour. To this extent there has been great improvement. But it is equally evident that we have yet much to learn. It is generally admitted that even the present treatment of criminals in this country is almost completely a failure, for in most cases the released prisoner soon begins to qualify for

another term of punishment. This seems to show that we have not been very successful in the prevention of crime by the reforming of the criminal.

It is pleasant to know that a more humane system of dealing with adult criminals has already been practised in America, with good results. For the latest example of the best method of making war, not against the criminal, but against criminality, we must go to Hungary. A Blue Book has lately been issued by the Royal Hungarian Minister of Justice* showing the steps taken by him for the prevention and cure of juvenile criminality, so as to cut off the supply of criminals at the source. This official report deals with three classes of State institutions, namely:

(1) Infant asylums; (2) houses of correction for young people; (3) prisons for juvenile offenders.

The first of these classes will be referred to now very briefly.

In Hungary there are thirteen State infant asylums including 466 colonies, in which in 1903 there were under careful training 16,660 children of tender age. Something had been done previously in Budapest by private enterprise, but the Hungarian State now regards itself as responsible for all infants and children who have been abandoned by their parents; and evidently the word "abandoned" is construed by them in a very liberal sense, so as to insure that no child shall suffer by the fault or the misfortune of its parents.

Still more interesting are the Hungarian reformatories, or houses of correction, as they are called, of which there are four for boys and one for girls. The idea here conveyed by the word "correction" is amendment rather than punishment.

In these five establishments the crusade against crime is at once obvious, earnest, and direct, although the

* "La Lutte contre la Criminalité des Mineurs en Hongrie," by Dr. Béla Kun and Dr. Elemer Ládai; Budapest, 1905.

method employed is intended to combat not so much crime as the tendency to criminality.

To the infant asylums children are admitted at any age less than fifteen, the only qualification for admission being the absence of proper parental care. The houses of correction are open to young people whose age is not less than twelve nor more than twenty. Admission is by order of the Minister of Justice, consequent on a conviction for some breach of the peace, or on a declaration by parent or parents, or a tutor, that the child is beyond control.

The fundamental idea in these establishments is to improve the environment and to foster the formation of good habits. In every case the buildings of the corrective colony are handsome, spacious, and well adapted in every respect for the purpose for which they were designed. They are surrounded by well-kept gardens, stocked with trees, shrubs, and flowering plants, which, with the fresh verdure of the trim lawns, are rather suggestive of a pleasure resort or a sanatorium. The inmates are termed *pensionnaires* or boarders, not prisoners, and they are grouped in families. In the boys' homes each head of a family has twenty foster-children to look after, and he has constantly to exercise the duties of a parent toward them, and to teach them to be forbearing, kind, and courteous to each other. The children are classified according to behaviour and age, each family being distinguished by colour of dress or by a special badge.

The remedial measures employed may be described as moral, religious, social and æsthetic, educational, and industrial.

The moral teaching is supplied by the head of each family, who is required to inculcate pure ethics at all times.

The religious influences are provided by having places of worship in the grounds of each establishment, representing the principal religious denominations, both Catholic and Protestant, and including a Jewish synagogue.

These churches are made architecturally attractive,

and the interiors are richly decorated in accordance with the canons of religious art. The minister of each church is required to give two hours' instruction weekly on religion, morality, the Bible, the history of religion, and (for the Catholics) religious ritual.

This last requirement is a concession to the fact that Catholics constitute the major part of the population, and a still greater proportion of the "boarders." The religious classification of the boarders who have been under tuition at Aszod is as follows: Roman Catholics, 689; Greek Catholics, 117; Calvinists and Lutherans, 103; Jews, 125; others, 3; total 1,037.

On reading the Blue Book it will be noticed that in addition to the weekly services the denominational religious instruction is limited to two hours per week.

The State, however, has taken the daily teaching of religion into its own hands. It has prescribed forms of prayer—the same for all the institutions—which all the boarders are required to use every day. These forms, given at length in the official report, are six in number—*i.e.*, for night and morning, before and after each meal, and before and after receiving instruction.

These prayers are brief, so that they may be easily remembered. But the most interesting characteristic of them is that they are purely Theistic or Unitarian, although at Aszod there have been but two Unitarian inmates of that establishment in ten years.

Thus, in these houses of correction there exists what has been pronounced impossible of attainment in this country, a State religion—that is, a generalised form of religious idea employed solely with regard to its efficiency for the end aimed at, which is the strengthening of the moral life, and of the impulses to right action.

There can be no doubt that the theistic idea of a Father in Heaven does appeal strongly to the susceptibilities of the young, just as the thought of Zeus as the Heaven-Father appealed to the ancient Greeks.

On the social and æsthetic side, every endeavour is made to form useful habits, and to make the conditions of life, not penal, but pleasant.

For example, the boarders are allowed various games, bands of music, athletic exercises, the use of a swimming-bath, and other recreations, so far as time permits. They may even visit their parents for two or three days occasionally, and the parents may be present at the periodical prize-givings. For their personal advantage, each is required to use a tooth-brush regularly, and to fold up his or her clothes neatly every night.

On the educational side, provision is made for instruction (in the case of the boys) in the following subjects: religion and morality, reading, writing, Hungarian literature, elocution, composition, geography, natural history, general history, constitutional history, mathematics, physics, chemistry, physiology, hygiene, agriculture, horticulture, drawing and designing, singing and music, and gymnastics. Prizes are given for excellence, as in other schools.

But the chief object of these establishments is to promote the transformation of the inmates into good citizens—by first getting them to find pleasure and satisfaction in work, and secondly by teaching them some remunerative employment.

It is the duty of the Director of each establishment to ascertain the particular bent or aptitude of each boarder, and then to give him agreeable employment. The trades systematically taught by experts are various, such as horticulture, farming, joinery, basket-making, book-binding, tailoring, bootmaking, bag- and trunk-making, textile manufactures, etc.

In the workshops, the most modern machinery and methods are employed.

When no particular aptitude or desire exists for any indoor occupation, then vegetable gardening and horticulture are usually taught, as they favour an outdoor life.

As an acknowledgment of diligence and efficiency, the

inmates are allowed to earn wages, and they are encouraged to persevere in right-doing by suitable rewards, such as eulogy in the presence of the family or class, promotion to the office of monitor, permission to walk in the grounds later than the others, increase in rate of wages, and so on.

These privileges may be diminished or entirely forfeited by misconduct; therefore the desire to retain them furnishes a strong incentive to good behaviour.

The Blue-Book shows that the direct punishment of wrong-doing in these corrective establishments has been very carefully thought out. Arranged in ascending order, the penalties are graded as follows :

- (a) Private admonition.
- (b) Reprimand in the presence of the family to which the offender belongs.
- (c) Meals to be taken apart from others, and no amusements allowed.
- (d) Loss of distinctions which may have been gained, and of special favours, such as the right to receive visits, write letters, and to walk outside the bounds.
- (e) Meals of a less varied character than usual, to be taken at a separate table.
- (f) Banishment from the family, and enrolment in one of lower class.
- (g) Complete isolation from the other inmates.
- (h) Expulsion from the establishment, and consignment to prison.

As all the punishments are here specified, it is obvious that corporal punishment is never practised or even thought of. The aim is not to brutalise, but to amend character.

Last autumn I visited the establishment for boys near Kassa, and was very favourably impressed by all that I saw; and the impressions made were so deep and durable that the various indoor and outdoor scenes frequently reconstruct themselves before my mental vision.

In the extensive grounds beauty met the eye in every direction; and in the large, well-lit, and airy workshops, it was pleasant to see the lads at their benches turning out good work, and apparently performing their duties

cheerfully and zealously. My imperfect knowledge of the Hungarian language limited conversation with them, but to the questions which were put, answers were given readily and intelligently.

It was truly delightful to look around the well-appointed workshops, and to think that, not only was raw material there being converted into useful articles, but also that the potentially moral material was being transformed to newness of life, to the lasting benefit of the individual subjects and of society at large.

This important change I believe to be in great measure due to the patience and gentleness of the skilled instructors and others who exercise oversight. All of these whom I encountered, by their manner proclaimed themselves to be gentlemen in the best sense of the word, and their dress was such as would be appropriate in private life.

The only State establishment for the corrective education of girls is at Rákospalota, a fashionable suburb of Budapest, easily reached by electric car. An estate was secured there in 1899, and suitable accommodation provided for the staff and the thirty-three boarders, who formed one family under the care of two foster-mothers. As usual in these institutions, there are separate places of worship for Catholics, Protestants, and Jews; and these, by the elegance of their interiors, are calculated to awaken any sense of beauty which may be dormant in the inmates.

In the five years which have elapsed since the beginning of operations here, 206 girls have been received for moral education. Of these, 95 had been guilty of various criminal acts, 12 had been incendiaries, and 99 were charged with moral corruption—altogether, about as bad a lot as can be imagined. They were admitted on the demand either of parents, tutors, the police, or the Vigilance Committee. More than half had been manual workers, 59 domestic servants, and 7 were children of members of the liberal professions.

Only in two cases were the parents called upon to contribute anything toward the cost of education.

The girls are occupied for three hours a day in scholastic studies, the subjects being nearly the same as in the boys' schools.

The time-table shows that next after reading, writing, and morality, more time is devoted to mathematics than to any other subject.

Beside scholastic exercises, the girls are employed in gardening, plain and artistic needlework, and in household duties.

As might be expected, there have been occasions when the old nature manifested itself in acts of insubordination, and there have been attempts at escape, some of which were for a time successful.

Now let us see what has been the moral result of the education given at this establishment.

During five years 116 girls were liberated, and it is highly interesting, and indeed very surprising, to learn that of this number the subsequent conduct of no less than 80 was described as good.

The general result after liberation is here tabulated: conduct good, 80; conduct variable, 10; conduct bad, 9; conduct unknown, 11; deceased, 6; total, 116. The fact that out of 116 individuals who were all bad, and many very bad, on being taken in hand, no less than 80, equal to 68.98 per cent., should have become thoroughly reformed after an average detention of about three and a half years, fully justifies the humane treatment here described, and recommends it as being worthy of adoption in other countries.

It is interesting to learn something of the further careers of the 116 girls who were liberated.

The report shows that of these 21 married, 6 died, and 2 became mentally disordered. Nearly all the others adopted some form of domestic service; 2 became cashiers, and 2 others went on the stage.

Some of the individual records are of the most surprising character. For instance :

N. N. was a State boarder from 1891 to 1895. Her conduct prior to entry had been so bad that it drove her father to commit suicide. After liberation she led a religious life, and worked hard to maintain her invalid mother, whom she tended most affectionately. She married in 1898, and continued to lead an exemplary life.

M. B. L. became an inmate at the age of fourteen in consequence of incendiarism and two attempts at infanticide. She was civilised in two years, having meanwhile developed a strong religious spirit, which prompted her to devote herself to the care of infants. Soon after she married satisfactorily.

A very extraordinary case is that of E. C. At the age of fourteen she, with the help of a younger brother, murdered her father. On her admission in 1895 she was taciturn and morose, yet afterwards became one of the most exemplary of the boarders. In 1898 she was set free, and in domestic service deservedly earned the reputation of being a model helper. In 1904 she became the wife of a factory workman.

F. W. was one of the most adroit criminal vagabonds of Budapest, who for her gross misdeeds had been punished forty times ! Liberated after five years' training, she was employed for a time as cook, and afterwards became the wife of a prosperous master tailor.

Y. K. was a noted vagabond and thief. After two years' instruction, she was liberated with an excellent character, and eventually became the wife of a proprietor of a flourishing dressmaking business.

G. L., when only eight years old, became a victim of immoral traffic. Four years later the police took charge of this poor child, then in very bad health, and took her to the Rákospalota home. For a long time she was nursed very carefully, until health and strength returned. After liberation in 1898, she obtained employment in a house of business, and of her subsequent career nothing but good is known.

Let us now see how this enlightened treatment affected the boys under instruction at Kassa.

During the three years the establishment there has been in existence, 36 inmates were released—23 definitely, and 13 conditionally; 22 had been committed for some legal offence, and 14 at the request of their parents. Inquiries which were made with regard to their subsequent conduct showed the following result: conduct good, 26; conduct variable, 2; relapsed, 6; unknown, 2; total, 36. Those who were released conditionally show better results—namely, good, 12; variable, 1; total, 13.

Again remembering that in all cases the character of those admitted must have been bad, the results set forth above must be regarded as satisfactorily establishing the fact that the humane system carried out in these houses of correction is very efficient, and is in the end the most profitable way of dealing with juvenile delinquency.

And what are the general results of this system of treating young criminals of both sexes?

Altogether, it appears to have been an unqualified success. This may be inferred from the foregoing instances and statistics, and also from the fact that at the recently-built institution at Kassa the Minister for Justice adopted the same regulations as those which had been on trial in the older houses.

It should be remembered that young people are not sent to these institutions for any fixed term; the period of their stay is determined by the necessities of each case, subject to the provision that no person can be detained after attaining the age of twenty. Although there is the power to detain an inmate up to that age, it may be mentioned that the period of detention frequently is very short. Under this beneficent system every child is studied and kept under observation, just as a careful gardener looks after each of his valuable plants. Thus, in the case of sixteen of the thirty-six who have been discharged from Kassa, the period of detention ranged from three to six months.

These establishments are not prisons, nor are they prison-like. An inmate can run away from one, as from

a boarding-school. There are no warders in uniform, nor any dreary white-washed corridors.

In all these institutions the diet is good, nourishing, and ample. Truth compels us to state that beef is allowed three times a week, and on seven days a year roast pork or veal. Fruits, milk, légumes, and other vegetables are given, with plenty of bread.

The third class of corrective establishments is connected with the punishment of lads who have committed very serious offences. In this case the offenders are consigned to a prison for a definite period, according to the gravity of their crimes; but this period is always shorter than the corresponding term would have been if they had been of age. The prisoners are employed in useful work, as far as possible in the open air, partly agricultural, and partly basket-making. They receive wages in addition to their food, which is not so varied as at the houses of correction, no meat being allowed, and they are clothed differently from the adult prisoners. Simple instruction is given to the illiterate. There is no special feature in the treatment of this class of offenders, beyond classification into seven groups and their separation from adults.

In reviewing all these facts, it is particularly interesting to notice that the attempt to prevent crime by disciplinary training, and by humane methods, has been so successfully initiated by a nation who are mainly the descendants of a nomadic race of non-Aryan origin, who for several centuries, and up to comparatively recent times, laboured under the very great disadvantage of having been oppressed by other nations, and thereby hindered in their attempts at national development.

In all her affairs in the future may Hungary be as eminently successful as undoubtedly she has been in the noble work of transforming young criminals into useful citizens!

W. H. SHRUBSOLE.

Price 2d. ; Post free for one year, 2s. 6d.

THE ANIMALS' FRIEND:

A Humane Monthly Magazine, containing Articles, Notes, and News on all Subjects connected with the Humane Treatment of Animals, well Illustrated ; with Children's Supplement.

ANNUAL VOLUME for 1905, with numerous Illustrations, price 2s. 6d.

Edited by **ERNEST BELL.**

YORK HOUSE, PORTUGAL STREET, LONDON, W.C.

“INDIA.”

(Established 1891.)

Published every Friday. Price 3d., with postage 3½d.

Annual Subscription 10/6 (including postage).

Six months .. 6/- ..

“INDIA” presents the Indian view of Indian Affairs.

“INDIA” gives a continuous record of all proceedings in Parliament relating to Indian affairs. This record alone suffices to make the journal invaluable for regular perusal and permanent reference. Those who cherish the desire to do their duty by India and our fellow-citizens in that great Empire are under much disadvantage so long as they do not avail themselves of the facilities that are provided by this weekly journal designed to serve that Imperial purpose.

PUBLISHING OFFICES: 85, PALACE CHAMBERS, WESTMINSTER, S.W.

The Social-Democrat

A Monthly Socialist Review.

PRICE SIXPENCE NET.

Printed and Published by THE TWENTIETH CENTURY PRESS, Ltd.,

37a, Clerkenwell Green, London, E.C.

CONTENTS

| | PAGE |
|---|------|
| PASTEURISM IN INDIA. <i>By Sir James H. Thornton,</i> <i>K.C.B., M.B., B.A., Deputy Surgeon-General</i> <i>I.M.S. (retired)</i> - - - - - | 65 |
| BLAKE AS HUMANITARIAN. <i>By Carl Heath</i> - - - - - | 73 |
| MR. CHESTERTON'S MOUNTAIN - - - - - | 84 |
| FLOGGING IN GAOL. <i>By H. J. B. Montgomery</i> - - - - - | 89 |
| SOME THOUGHTS ON WAR. <i>By Nemo</i> - - - - - | 95 |
| IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT. An Open Letter to the Home Secretary. <i>By Joseph Collinson</i> - - - - - | 105 |
| THE JEWISH METHOD OF SLAUGHTER. <i>By Ernest Bell</i> - - - - - | 109 |
| REVIEWS, ETC.: "The Life of Walt Whitman," "The Foxology," "A Society on the Fence," "Cruelties of the Cattle Trade" - - - - - | 113 |

THE NATIONAL ANTI-VIVISECTION HOSPITAL.

Honorary Secretary:

THE COUNTESS DOWAGER OF PORTSMOUTH.

Chairman: Rev. J. P. FALLOWES. Treasurer: Dr. A. WALL.

This is the only **General Hospital** in Battersea, to supply the needs of a large and very poor district.

The Staff consists of Ten Qualified Members of the Medical and Surgical Professions.

The Operating Theatre is fitted with all the latest appliances, and every department, including the Eye, Ear, Nose, Throat, Dental, and Electro-Therapy, has a full equipment of valuable instruments.

Accident Cases are being received in **greatly increased** numbers, whilst the **Out-Patients** have totalled 8,440 in five months, or an average of over 20,000 annually.

WE PLEAD FOR ASSISTANCE to give help and relief to the ever-increasing number of suffering ones who come to us.

H. F. HARRISON, Secretary.

A Beautiful Gift Book.

105th Thousand. Attractively bound. Price 3s. 6d. net.

IN TUNE WITH THE INFINITE;

Or, Fulness of Peace, Power, and Plenty.

By RALPH WALDO TRINE.

It is a book that comes directly into the affairs of everyday life. Grateful letters telling how in some cases an entirely new life has been opened up, in others how long-continued failure has been turned into success, how others have been helped to better positions, how others have been saved from self-destruction, how others have been healed of disease, how others have had their characters entirely changed, have come by the hundred to the author from readers in all parts of the world.

Extracts from Letters received by the Author.

"I cannot withhold any longer the joy and peace that is mine since reading 'In Tune with the Infinite.' It has given me more inspiration, more joy, more peace, more love, and more of everything that is good, than any book I have ever read, and when I say this I do not except even the Bible."—A. S. F.

"It is absolutely the most interesting book I have ever read, and I shall read it again and again."—O. R. P.

"Nothing I have ever read so lifts my soul up to the Divine, so amazes me, creating new and better thoughts, greater aspirations and a determination to live up to its teachings. It is so grand, so elevating, yet so plain."—Mrs. J. A. J.

"That book will carry blessings to multitudes. I congratulate the author on putting so profound a theme in so simple a way that the common people can get it."—Rev. W. H. M.

"Every page gives me solid food. I want all my friends to take it and read it, but I cannot yet spare it. I must re-read it again and again, for it is such a help to my life."—Mrs. J. T. H.

"It appears to me not merely strikingly apt in its counsels and precepts, but also a brilliant contribution to our literature. The style is clear and concise, and the teachings embodied in it are far more practical than those of any similar book it has been my good fortune to peruse. . . . I am sincerely grateful for the inestimable benefit it has been to me."—(Marquise) C. L.

"It has done me more good than any one book of all my reading."—A. M., M.D.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR, PRETTILY BOUND, 1s. NET EACH.

THE GREATEST THING EVER KNOWN. *37th Thousand.*

CHARACTER-BUILDING; Thought Power. *30th Thousand.*

**EVERY LIVING CREATURE; or, Heart Trainings through
the Animal World.** *19th Thousand.*

LONDON: GEORGE BELL & SONS,
YORK HOUSE, PORTUGAL STREET, LINCOLN'S INN.

PAMPHLETS BY JOSEPH COLLINSON.

FACTS ABOUT FLOGGING.

PRICE 6d.

The *Star* says :—"Mr. Joseph Collinson's little book ought to convince everybody that flogging is a survival of barbarism. . . . Mr. Collinson proves that the lash is not a deterrent."

The *Daily News* says :—"Those who may have faith in flogging as a punishment which acts as a deterrent will have their belief rudely shattered by a perusal of 'Facts about Flogging.'"

The *Evening Standard* says :—"Mr. Collinson establishes a very strong case against flogging. The statistics certainly go far to prove that the infliction of corporal punishment does nothing towards the diminution of crimes of violence."

The *Morning Leader* says :—"Mr. Collinson's indictment of what he calls 'flagellomania' is as unanswerable as it is scathing. . . . It is put beyond question that this punishment is not a deterrent."

The *Law Times* says :—"Persons whose minds are open to conviction on the flogging question may read to their profit a remarkable pamphlet by Mr. Joseph Collinson. . . . A penalty which wounds and degrades without curing, and which, as an infliction for crimes of violence, is in itself a crime of violence, ought not to have survived into the twentieth century."

WHAT IT COSTS TO BE VACCINATED.

PRICE 6d.

The *Star* says :—"The parent and householder who has not dived into the pros and cons of vaccination cannot do better than read the Humanitarian League's publication, 'What it Costs to be Vaccinated.'"

Farm and Home says :—"Mr. Collinson has gathered together a series of facts concerning vaccination which should cause a deal of heart-searching among those who are called upon to decide for themselves the question of to vaccinate or not to vaccinate."

Justice says :—"This trenchant little pamphlet against vaccination should be in the hands of everyone. It is carefully drawn up, and contains reliable facts and figures on the subject. It has a strong word to say on the non-reliability of the figures furnished by vaccinists to support their case."

THE FATE OF THE FUR SEAL.

PRICE 2d.

The *Labour Leader* says :—"The title is descriptive of the almost incredible cruelties perpetrated in order that rich and 'cultured' ladies may have their seal-skin furs. It is not pleasant reading, yet it would be well if this pamphlet could be widely circulated, so that fashionable people would at least be unable to plead ignorance as an excuse for their connivance at inhumanity."

The *Drapers' Record* says :—"We fear there is only too much truth in the allegations made, on scarcely disputable authority, as to the cruelty which marks the killing of seals for their skins. . . . We are entirely at one with the writer regarding the necessity of the British and American Governments taking joint action for the purpose of preventing the cruelties practised by only too many sealers."

Reynolds's Newspaper says :—"Every woman contemplating the purchase of seal-skin garments would do well to peruse this pamphlet. . . . It cannot fail to move the pity of even the hardest heart. Do not urge that if 'you do not purchase others will.' Every article sold makes greater the demand. *If there were no demand the supply would cease.*"

LONDON: HUMANITARIAN LEAGUE, 53, CHANCERY LANE, W.C.;

A. C. FIFIELD, 44, FLEET STREET, E.C.; AND

A. & H. B. BONNER, 1 & 2, TOOKS COURT, E.C.

THE HUMANITARIAN LEAGUE'S PUBLICATIONS.

Humanitarianism: Its General Principles and Progress. By
HENRY S. SALT. 2d.

Humanitarian Essays. Crown 8vo., 1s.

The Treatment of Prisoners. By W. DOUGLAS MORRISON,
LL.D. 2d.

The Death Penalty. By HYPATIA BRADLAUGH BONNER. 3d.

The Ethics of Corporal Punishment. By HENRY S. SALT. 1d.

Facts About Flogging. By JOSEPH COLLINSON. 6d. net.

Corporal Punishment in India. By Sir HENRY COTTON, M.P.
1d.

Empire in India and Elsewhere. By EDWARD CARPENTER. 2d.

The Need of a Rational and Humane Science. By EDWARD
CARPENTER. 2d.

Humane Science Lectures. 1s.

Vivisection: Two Addresses given before the Humanitarian
League. By EDWARD CARPENTER. 3d. net.

What it Costs to be Vaccinated: The Pains and Penalties of
an Unjust Law. By JOSEPH COLLINSON. New Edition. Illustrated. 6d. net.

**Animals' Rights Considered in Relation to Social Pro-
gress.** By HENRY S. SALT. 6d. net.

The New Charter: A Discussion of the Rights of Men and the
Rights of Animals. 1s.

Duty of Man to the Lower Animals. By FREDERIC HARRISON.
1d.

Literæ Humaniores: an Appeal to Teachers. 2d.

British Blood Sports. 3d. net.

The Horrors of Sport. By Lady FLORENCE DIXIE. 3d. net.

Sports, Legitimate and Illegitimate. By Rev. J. STRATTON.
1d.

The Eton College Hare-Hunt. By ETONENSIS. 1d.

The Truth About the Game Laws. By J. CONNELL. With
a Preface by ROBERT BUCHANAN. 6d.

The Meat Fetish: Two Essays on Vegetarianism. By ERNEST
CROSBY and ELISÉE RECLUS. 3d. net.

The Foreign and Irish Cattle Trade. By I. M. GREG. 1d.

Humane Slaughtering of Animals. By ERNEST BELL. 1d.

Slaughter-house Reform. By Rev. JOHN VERSCHOYLE. 1d.

Food and Fashion: Some Thoughts on what we Eat and what
we Wear. 3d. net.

The Fate of the Fur Seal. By JOSEPH COLLINSON. 2d.

The Horse: his Life, his Usage, and his End. By Colonel
W. L. B. COULSON. 2d.

HUMANITARIAN LEAGUE, 53, CHANCERY LANE, LONDON.

The Herald of Health.

Edited by C. LEIGH HUNT WALLACE,
President of the Physical Regeneration Society.

Object.—The Physical Regeneration of Man, by means of educating its readers in such ways of living as will enable them to cure, eradicate, and prevent disease, and at the same time maintain and develop the highest possible standard of health.

Specimen copy free.

Price Twopence. Post free 2/6 per annum.

LONDON: 11, SOUTHAMPTON ROW, W.C.

PERSONAL RIGHTS ASSOCIATION. 32, CHARING CROSS, LONDON, S.W.

FOUNDED 14th MARCH, 1871.

If you wish to join in our work—the defence of freedom and justice—send a subscription, not less than 2s. 6d. per annum, and not more than you can afford, to me at the above address, when *The Individualist* and a copy of each of the pamphlets and leaflets issued by the Association will be sent to you, by post, each month.

Cheques and Postal Orders should be crossed Parr's Bank, Charing Cross Branch.

J. H. LEVY, *Manager.*

BROTHERHOOD: A Quarterly Magazine.

Designed to help, through the spread of purer, truer thought, the reconstruction of souls and bodies, and the peaceful evolution of a juster and happier social order.

Edited by J. BRUCE WALLACE.

Post free 1s. 6d. a year. A Sample Copy sent post free to any inquirer on receipt of post-card.

27, PATERNOSTER SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.

The Vegetarian Society Health Food Stores, 257, DEANSGATE, MANCHESTER.

Depot for PURE FOOD SPECIALITIES.

Shelled Nuts—i.e., Pine Kernels, Hazel Nuts, Roasted Peanuts, Walnut Halves, Blanched Almonds. Pure finely-ground Whole-wheat Meal. Bruised Whole-wheat for porridge. Wholesome Biscuits. Vegetable Butters. Fruit and Nut Cakes. Macaronis, Fancy Shapes. Tea and Coffee substitutes.

PRICE LIST ON APPLICATION.

THE HUMANE REVIEW

PASTEURISM IN INDIA

FROM the fifth annual report of the Indian Pasteur Institute at Kasauli it appears that last year there were 877 patients, showing an increase of 265 as compared with the 612 of the previous year, and the advocates of Pasteurism take this to show that the Institute is more widely appreciated than it was expected to be when first started. In India, however, any institution patronised and supported by the Government is pretty sure to be appreciated both by the natives and Europeans; hence it is not at all surprising that the number of patients at the Indian Pasteur Institute should increase year by year. It has been asserted that the Indian Government were obliged to establish this Institute because the expense of sending dog-bitten soldiers to Paris for treatment at the Pasteur Institute was becoming so heavy. But why were they sent there? Had they been let alone no harm would have happened, as they were in almost every case bitten by their own pet dogs, which were not rabid at all, but were teased or irritated till they snapped. Of course the idea of getting a free trip to Paris was an almost irresistible temptation to the soldiers, but it is difficult to understand how the Indian Government was induced to tempt them in such an extraordinary manner.

To return to the above-mentioned report. The patients
VOL. VII.

were divided into three classes—namely, Class A : Those bitten by animals proved by experiment to have been rabid. Class B : Those bitten by animals certified rabid by a veterinary surgeon or by a medical officer. Class C : Those bitten by animals suspected to be rabid. With regard to the cases in Class A—noted as “proved rabid”—it must be remarked that the inoculation test is fallacious and misleading, inasmuch as its results in the case of animals that are not rabid, may be, and doubtless often are, mistaken for rabies. As to Class B, the certificates of rabies given by veterinary surgeons or medical officers are of no value, as there are no post-mortem appearances which can be regarded as absolutely characteristic of the disease. Nothing need be said about Class C, the cases under this head having been merely suspected. Hence it is extremely probable that nearly all of these patients had been bitten by animals that were not rabid, and therefore were in no danger at all, since hydrophobia never occurs from the bites of any but rabid animals. Some, probably, had been bitten by rabid animals, but a large majority of these would naturally escape unharmed, the proportion who contract hydrophobia having been variously estimated at from 5 to 20 per cent. Hence the likelihood of a dog-bite causing hydrophobia is extremely small, as was plainly shown by the experience of the London Police during the prevalence of the Muzzling Order of 1885-1886. In carrying out the duty of capturing stray dogs the police received hundreds of bites, but in no single instance did any of these bites cause hydrophobia, though some of them probably were inflicted by rabid animals. The experience of the attendants at the Battersea Dogs' Home is even more striking. That institution has been more than thirty years in existence, and the bites inflicted on the attendants during that time have amounted to many thousands, some of which must have been received from rabid dogs. Nevertheless there has never been a case of hydrophobia among the attendants. John Hunter mentions a case in

which, out of twenty-one persons bitten by a rabid dog, only one subsequently died from hydrophobia.

If these returns and the conclusions drawn from them are accepted, the following question at once presents itself: "What became of the numerous cases of hydrophobia which, on this view, must have occurred in India during previous years, but which neither appeared in the official mortuary returns, nor came under the observation of Indian medical officers?" As a matter of fact, hardly any such cases occurred, from which it is evident that the Pasteurian view is altogether erroneous. It is well known that hydrophobia is a very rare disease. Many medical men have never seen a case of it during their whole professional lives, and I only saw one case (European) during my Indian career, which extended over thirty-five years. Some Pasteurians, indeed, have asserted (but without a tittle of evidence) that "the pariah dogs of India are a serious danger to the public, as cases of rabies are frequent and general." I positively deny the truth of this absurd statement, and can easily demonstrate its fallacy. Pariah dogs have always abounded in the East, not only in India but also in Turkey, Persia, and other countries, and had they been affected by rabies to any great extent the people of those countries would assuredly have suffered much from hydrophobia. But this is not the case, as I can testify from personal experience.

I was for many years in medical charge of a large Indian district, with a population of nearly two millions, and had under my superintendence several dispensaries where about 100,000 sick and injured persons, including numerous cases of dog-bite, were treated annually; yet with all this large experience, I never saw a case of hydrophobia in a native of India; and I have reason to believe that the experience of others who have practised in India is similar to mine. From this it is evident that hydrophobia is, and always has been, a very rare disease, and the assertions to the contrary by certain Pasteurians are totally incorrect. With

regard to the seven cases which, the report states, terminated fatally, it must be remarked that some or all of them may possibly have been due to the treatment employed, for it is certain that the Pasteurian anti-rabic treatment has, in some instances, produced the very disease it was intended to prevent. The case of the postman Rascol, related by Dr. Lutaud, of Paris, may be cited in proof of this assertion. On February 28, 1889, Rascol and another man were attacked by a dog suspected to be rabid. In Rascol's case the dog's teeth did not penetrate the skin, but the other man was severely bitten. Neither of them wished to go to the Pasteur Institute, but Rascol was compelled by the French postal authorities to do so. He remained there under treatment from March 9 to 14, and on March 26 he resumed his duties. On April 12 severe symptoms set in, with pain at the points of inoculation, not at the bite, for he had not really been bitten. On April 14 he died of paralytic hydrophobia, which evidently must have been caused by the Pasteurian inoculations. The other man, who refused to submit to this anti-rabic treatment, remained well, though he had been severely bitten by the suspected dog. This is a crucial case, and comment is unnecessary.

Dr. Charles Bell Taylor, of Nottingham, in his article in the *National Review* for July, 1890, gives several cases which furnish decisive proof that hydrophobia is sometimes brought on by the Pasteurian inoculations, as the patients referred to died of hydrophobia after undergoing the Pasteurian treatment, while the dogs that bit them remained quite well! The following are some of these cases:

Leopold Née was bitten at Arras on November 9, 1886. He was subjected to the Pasteurian treatment on November 17 and following days, and died of hydrophobia on December 17 a month later. *The dog that bit him was perfectly healthy.*

In July, 1887, Arthur Stoboi, one of the scholars at the

Lyceum at Lublin in Russia, was bitten by a dog, and was immediately sent to the Pasteur Institute at Warsaw, where he received the usual treatment by inoculation, and was discharged on August 11 with a certificate of cure, on the strength of which he was re-admitted to the Lyceum and resumed his studies. On November 9, however, three months later, he felt pain in the region of the inoculations, and shortly afterwards he died of hydrophobia. *The dog that bit him remained quite well.*

The groom of Signor Camello Mina was bitten by a sheep-dog, and subsequently died of hydrophobia after having been subjected to the Pasteurian treatment at Milan for a month. *The dog had nothing whatever the matter with it.*

A young painter of Antwerp, named De Moens, when visiting a friend, was bitten slightly by his friend's dog. He was urged to go to M. Pasteur at once, which he did, and was subjected to the Pasteurian anti-rabic treatment from March 20 to April 2, 1889. After his return he was suddenly attacked by hydrophobia and died on May 17, 1889. *The dog that bit him remained perfectly well.*

It is quite evident that these persons died from hydrophobia communicated to them by the Pasteurian anti-rabic treatment, and it behoves Lord Lister, Mr. Stephen Paget, and the other advocates of this treatment, to explain these cases otherwise if they can.

The question may be asked, how is it that the Pasteurian inoculations are not more frequently fatal if they are thus capable of producing hydrophobia? The reason is that the rabic virus is generally so attenuated as to be harmless, and hence the inoculations produce no effect of any kind in the vast majority of cases. But sometimes, either from the inoculations being stronger than usual (as in the "intensive" treatment of Pasteur), or from certain individuals being more than usually susceptible, the inoculations produce hydrophobia.

The microbic origin of rabies is assumed by the Pasteurians, but the required microbe has never been discovered,

and its existence is merely theoretical. Nevertheless this theory, though quite unproved, is taken for granted, as the Pasteurian anti-rabic treatment is based upon it, and without it would be destitute of any foundation.

The Pasteurian system of anti-rabic treatment has been extensively carried out in France since 1885, and had it been of any value it ought to have reduced the mortality from hydrophobia in that country. The very reverse is the case, for the average annual mortality from that disease in France from 1850 to 1885 was twenty-three, while from 1885 to 1890 it rose to thirty-nine. Thus Pasteur's treatment caused the death-rate to rise by sixteen per annum in his own country, and it is worthy of note that a similar result has invariably followed wherever Pasteur Institutes have been established. Particular attention should be given to this argument, as it can neither be contradicted nor explained away, and it plainly shows the utter worthlessness of the Pasteurian treatment.

It would have been far better for the world if Pasteur had never turned his attention to hydrophobia, as his proceedings have done much harm, and it cannot be proved that his treatment has prevented the disease in a single instance. Pasteurism has been the cause of incalculable suffering to animals, and an unreasonable panic among timid, nervous people all over the civilised world, insomuch that some of them actually developed nervous symptoms simulating hydrophobia. Besides all this mischief there is no doubt whatever that this treatment has directly caused the deaths of many persons who were in no danger until they were induced to resort to it.

The apparent success of the Pasteurian anti-rabic treatment has been due to the circumstances that the vast majority of the patients were in no danger of hydrophobia, and that the fluid with which they were inoculated was generally inert, and therefore harmless. It is obviously very easy to cure any number of people who have nothing the matter with them, and this is what the Pasteurians

have been doing for the last twenty years. As Dr. Bell Taylor, of Nottingham, said, "the Pasteurian anti-rabic system is the most extraordinary delusion that has affected men of science for centuries," and it is much to be regretted that so many members of the medical profession, at home and abroad have allowed themselves to accept it without proper inquiry, on the strength of audacious statements and unreliable statistics.

A few remarks on the kindred antitoxin treatment of diphtheria may not be out of place here, as the preparation of antitoxin forms part of the work of the Indian Pasteur Institute. The returns of the Registrar-General show that the mortality from that disease instead of diminishing has considerably increased since the introduction of antitoxin. According to these returns, the average annual death-rate per million from diphtheria for England and Wales, for the ten years 1881-1890, was 162, and for the ten years 1891-1900 (during which period antitoxin was introduced), it was 262. The advocates of antitoxin, indeed, assert that the results of this treatment in the hospitals of the Metropolitan Asylums Board and elsewhere have been very favourable, and that the increased mortality from diphtheria, shown in the Registrar-General's returns, is merely due to the increasing prevalence of that disease. But this increase of mortality is evidently too large to be so accounted for, and there is good reason for doubting the accuracy of the statistics favourable to antitoxin, since they are open to suspicion of bias (conscious or unconscious), and they are incompatible with the Registrar-General's returns, the accuracy of which cannot be questioned.

Many medical men have, indeed, reported excellent results from the use of antitoxin in diphtheria, but these results were due to the carbolic acid, trikresol, or other preservative, which is always added to the serum. It has never been proved that the serum, without the antiseptic, has any effect in diphtheria; but it has been repeatedly demonstrated that carbolic acid, trikresol, etc., are very valuable

in that disease, and that the effects of these antiseptics are similar to those produced by the antiseptically-prepared serum. Hence, obviously, the antiseptic is the active agent in both cases. The serum in one solution is effectually sterilised, and becomes as inert (if properly prepared) as the water in the other. But if any mistake be made in preparing the serum very serious and even fatal consequences may ensue. It would be far better and safer to avoid such dangerous methods, and to trust in a careful and precise observance of the laws of health, and in medical treatment based on the observation and experience of the past.

J. H. THORNTON.

BLAKE AS HUMANITARIAN

THAT the poets should be found upholding the humanitarian view of life seems, somehow, natural enough ;

Shakespeare was of us, Milton was for us,
Burns, Shelley were with us, they watch from their graves.

For the poet stands in all ages for the harmonising of life on the one hand, for the unifying factor, and on the other for the emphasising, in our mundane existence, of the reality of that intuitive, imaginative life of the mind which stands behind the world of physical sensation. And what have harmony, unity, and the inner life in common with the vulgar, corporal brutalities, the blood sports, the coarse cruelties of the cattle-ship and the shambles, the refined cruelties of the physiological laboratory, the criminal code, and the commercial system, which play so great a part in the life of civilised man ? The poet, by the very nature of the case, by his very sensibility, will have little sympathy with the materialistic harshness and discord of life, must be "the friend of every friendless beast," and will view life from the humanitarian standpoint.

Yet each poet lives in his own world, has his own consciousness ; and some are much nearer to one side of life, and some to another. The world of each has its own wonderful interest. That of Milton, of Dante—how different from that of Shelley or of Rossetti !

But the humanitarian movement is very largely a modern one, born in the days of the French Revolution, and for the distinct expression of thoughts and feelings

in harmony with this movement we must not go far behind the great days of 1789.

The poet who in some ways gave the most living utterance to these thoughts and feelings was, indeed, a child of the Revolution. William Blake was born in 1757, and died in the same year as Beethoven, 1827. His life, therefore, led up to, and beyond, the Revolutionary period, and, as we might perhaps expect, he was an ardent admirer of the Revolution, a red-hot Republican, friend of Thomas Paine, whom he possibly saved from "British justice" by timely warning, and alone amongst the Republican group in London a wearer of the "bonnet rouge" in the open street. This we might expect. Every poet of the day felt the influence, and gave to it a more or less vital expression. But Blake had a much larger soul than his contemporaries. His pieties were not of the "teapot order," as Mr. Swinburne has unkindly designated those of Cowper, and he was never a "lost leader," like Wordsworth. Throughout his life, to the very last moment, he retained his divinely simple, humane, and kindly nature, so that it seems fitting that in his last hour, after his seventy years of arduous struggle, this radiant child at heart, lying on his death-bed, should have burst into song.

I have been told that of all the poets sold to-day in popular editions, the poems of Blake sell the worst. It is a poor reflection on these days, for in these poems is a well of humane feeling, a marvellous beauty of thought, and a charm of expression all the more kindling because forming part of the whole life of the author. For, of course, it is ever to be remembered that Blake was not poet only, but poet, artist, craftsman, mystic, seer, and sensitive combined—a rare nature—"one of the few in any age," says Samuel Palmer; and all these sides of his nature had expression, and all combined to make the wonderful man.

His humane feelings found expression mainly in his poems, but not only. More truly, perhaps, than any man

of his kind, he lived the simple life in the true sense, the life of high thinking and plain living, and let the latter be understood in no æsthetic sense alone. There was many a time when, lost in the beauty of the world of intuition, his good wife mutely drew him back to the world of the five senses by the empty dish for dinner. The engraving of the "Songs of Innocence" began when he had but half a crown in the house, and his "house" was but two small rooms in Lambeth. Such rooms, however! "The millionaire's upholsterer," says Samuel Palmer, writing of them, "can furnish no enrichments like those of Blake's enchanted rooms."

And in these enchanted rooms he lived as became his great soul. He knew nothing of dignified reserve, polite hauteur, bowings out, or condescension to inferiors. He had no special civility for so-called social superiors or mental equals. His large humanity destroyed all class-feeling, if he ever possessed any. He addressed everyone with the same spontaneous courtesy of manner, and had no *mauvaise honte* in the ordinary doings of life. Indeed, for class-feeling, when shown, he had his quiet humour, and he would tell with evident enjoyment such stories as that of his having gone one day to fetch some porter for dinner, jug in hand, when who should he meet on his return down the street but a high dignitary of Art, the academician William Collins. That eminently respectable man was about to put out his hand in greeting, but the sight of the jug in the street was too much for him. He drew back and passed on without recognising the shabby-looking poet.

Blake, as has been said, was the most quiet and courteous of men, but underneath lay all the passion of a very full nature, and cruelty of any kind would easily rouse him. He had a peculiar affection for children. He could never contain himself in sight of any ill-treatment of a child. Looking out of his back window one day he observed that in the open ground behind a travelling circus had pitched its tents. Dragging himself painfully about was a boy

with a heavy hopple tied to his leg. Down ran the poet in a rage to demand the meaning of this. The master was away, and the men explained that this was a punishment inflicted by him for some offence. But Blake's eloquence overcame them, and they consented to remove the offending weight and set the boy free. However, the matter was not to be so swiftly settled. The poet had not long returned to his room when the boy's master arrived, thundering at the door, and demanding to know what Blake meant by his interference. The poet replied with equal passion, and poor Mrs. Blake stood tremblingly expectant of blows. However, Blake cooled in an instant, and so persuasively talked to the man on his inhumanity that presently they parted friends, and the hopple was not replaced.

But to turn to the poems. One of the chief things that must strike even the most casual reader of Blake, is the affectionate intimacy displayed with the lower races—or perhaps one may say with all Nature—down to the very clods and stones. In that most charming allegory, “The Book of Thel,” not only do we almost feel ourselves stroking the “innocent lamb,” with its “mild and meeking mouth,” while the cloud reclines “upon his airy throne” and talks, and the worm gets up and sits “upon the lily's leaf” and weeps, but even the clod of clay pours forth her love over the hapless worm.

The “Songs of Innocence” are full of this spirit of intimacy. Take, for example, that delightfully quaint picture of the angelic host of humane workers, and of the humanised lion in the poem called “Night,” products of that world of intuition and of imagination, the world of the ideal, the only existing world of reality to such a mystic as Blake. How one loves that masterful, vain, philosophising and soft-hearted lion of the “New Worlds.”

The “Divine Image,” in the same book, breathes the religion, if I may say so, of the humane life :—

For Mercy has a human heart,
 Pity a human face ;
 And Love the human form divine,
 And Peace the human dress.

* * * * *

Then every man of every clime
 That prays in his distress,
 Prays to the human form divine—
 Love, Mercy, Pity, Peace.

But a greater proportion of these poems of humanity are to be found in the "Songs of Experience"; and this is the more satisfactory, showing that, unlike many men, Blake's humane sentiments grew as he became older. In the "Clod and the Pebble" the living clod of earth may fitly be taken to represent the humane mind, and the hard pebble the brutalitarian, as they express themselves upon the nature of love as a factor in life. Thus says the Clod:—

Love seeketh not itself to please,
 Nor for itself hath any care ;
 But for another gives its ease,
 And builds a heaven in hell's despair.

But the Pebble's opinion is that

Love seeketh only self to please,
 To bind another to its delight ;
 Joys in another's loss of ease,
 And builds a hell in heaven's despite.

"Holy Thursday," another short poem, expresses his indignation at the many miserable underfed children to be seen everywhere:—

For where'er the sun doth shine,
 And where'er the rain doth fall,
 Babes should never hunger there,
 Nor poverty the mind appal.

In the "Chimney Sweeper"—"a little black thing

among the snow"—he has no love to spare for kings and priests :—

And because I am happy and dance and sing,
They think they have done me no injury ;
And are gone to praise God and his priest and King,
Who make up a heaven of our misery.

Another poem, the oft-repeated "Tiger, tiger, burning bright," is in another key. It is not precisely humane in sentiment, and yet if humanitarian be understood as sympathetic endeavour to understand all races, this poem is humanitarian in the marvellous way one seems to creep into the tiger's heart and feel as a tiger may be supposed to feel. No wonder that Charles Lamb should say of it, "It is a glorious poem."

In the little poem called "London" expression is given to those feelings which every thinking man or woman living in the "great Wen," as Cobbett called it, must often have had.

I wander through each charter'd street,
Near where the charter'd Thames does flow,
And mark in every face I meet
Marks of weakness, marks of woe.

In every cry of every man,
In every infant cry of fear,
In every voice, in every ban,
The mind-forg'd manacles I hear.

Alas, poor London ! too true a picture—true to-day as it was a hundred years ago. It is a pleasure to turn from this to the "Little Vagabond," where Blake gives a very good idea of his preference for the simple social life of genuine human equality, and his contempt, deeply religious man that he was, for that but too often tedious and soul-deadening affair known as the performance of divine service.

Dear mother, dear mother, the church is cold,
But the alehouse is pleasant and healthy and warm ;
Besides, I can tell where I am used well ;
The poor parsons with wind like a blown bladder swell.

But if at the church they would give us some ale,
And a pleasant fire our souls to regale,
We'd sing and we'd pray all the livelong day,
Nor ever once wish from the church to stray.

It is a curious thing that this sarcastic little poem was written at the end of the eighteenth century. In how many a country church one still sees the cushioned pews of the squire and the gentry, and the bare boards and cold corners for the poor; and one still hears from time to time of diocesan conferences on "Why the people do not go to Church"—so slowly are such lessons learned.

One other poem, the "Human Abstract," may be referred to, for it expresses much with Blake's own peculiarly quaint humour.

Pity would be no more,
If we did not make somebody poor;
And mercy no more could be,
If all were as happy as we.

And mutual fear brings peace,
Till the selfish loves increase;
Then Cruelty knits a snare,
And spreads his baits with care.

The whole poem would bear constant repetition, the verse just quoted being an excellent description of the inhuman policy of the modern Powers of Europe. Are we not always hearing that huge armaments are the best guarantee of peace, and does not this wonderful guarantee always collapse at the moment when the selfish loves of the financial ring find war the best paying game, and do we not know only too well how effectually the snares and baits of the bought press are then spread?

Mr. W. M. Rossetti, in his sympathetic memoir, feels that Blake "almost totally ignores actual life and its evolution, and the passions and interactions of men as elicited by the wear and tear of real society." This in a measure may be true, but not every poet's mission is to treat of what is commonly called "actual life."

Blake was essentially a mystic, and his expression is very largely the expression of the underlying life, what we should now, perhaps, call the subliminal life of mankind. And yet it cannot be said that most of his poems do not teem with comment and suggestive remark upon everyday life. Let anyone who doubts read again the "Everlasting Gospel" and parts of the "Milton" and "Jerusalem." On matters connected with the humanitarian struggle, at any rate, there is no question.

A robin redbreast in a cage
 Puts all heaven in a rage ;
 A dove-house filled with doves and pigeons
 Shudders hell through all its regions ;
 A dog starved at his master's gate
 Predicts the ruin of the State ;
 A game-cock clipped and armed for fight
 Doth the rising sun affright ;
 A horse misused upon the road
 Calls to heaven for human blood.

And so on. Reading these "Auguries of Innocence," we can hardly doubt as to what would have been Blake's views on modern, humanitarian problems—vivisection, flogging, hanging, blood-sports, and all the other performances of that type of man whom Nietzsche has idealised for us as the "Blonde Beast."

The man who wrote—

Nought can deform the human race
 Like to the armourer's iron brace ;
 The soldier, armed with sword and gun,
 Palsied strikes the summer sun—

may have been a visionary madman, but he left no doubt as to his views on warfare.

But was he a madman ? It is an interesting question, and to the lovers of Blake no idle one. It is quite true that he wrote long books of prophecy which very few understand. It is also true that he girded at all conventional views : "Thy heaven's doors are my hell gates,"

which reminds one of Wesley's apt if irritable remark : " Calvin's God is my Devil." It is true that he was a mystic, a visionary, and what is nowadays called a sensitive, and all these things tend to make him appear mad to the ordinary respectable person. And yet what shall the man of humane sympathy say, he who is influenced, that is, by any large human ideal in life? Can we dismiss as mad a man who could receive so fine an epitaph as that given to Blake by his friend and disciple Samuel Palmer : " In him you saw at once the maker, the inventor; one of the few in any age; a fitting companion for Dante. He was energy itself, and shed around him a kindling influence—an atmosphere of life full of the ideal. He was a man without a mask; his aim single, his path straight-forwards, and his wants few; so he was free, noble, and happy"?

Was he a madman? A well-known editor has said :—" I do not think Blake will ever be taken as other than mad, which is what we call people of unrestrained imagination." That is a very ordinary view. To the artist and craftsman, to the poet and the mystic, to the humanitarian and to the lover of the simple strenuous life of high purpose, he will, I think, be more and more regarded as something quite other than mad. He was in so many directions the incarnation of a higher life altogether than the average bourgeois Englishman with his quaint religion of muddled Christianity and Imperialism, his commercial standard, and his spiritual dulness, ever dreams of.

Our low life was the level's and the night's ;
He's for the morning.

Was Blake mad? The question must doubtless be decided according to the point of view one takes of life itself, of social and human relations, of what, indeed, constitutes the ideal. The degree of Blake's sanity or insanity is immaterial. He saw life in large and splendid form, and he lived continuously in the ideal world, which to the

annoyance and irritation of the average products of civilisation around him, he vehemently maintained was the only real one.

"For all things exist in the human imagination." And in this world of imagination or intuitive reality everything has larger, nobler, ampler form. And this larger life persistently invades and pervades what we commonly call the real world, so that this real world comes to be to the world of imagination what in the language of the psychic students of to-day the supraliminal is to the subliminal self—a part and a very incomplete part. "The world of imagination," says Blake, "is the world of eternity. It is the divine bosom into which we shall all go after the death of the vegetated body. The world of imagination is infinite and eternal, whereas the world of generation or vegetation is finite and temporal."

But I must not here pursue Blake's mysticism. The point of interest to the humanitarian lies in the ideal he gave, the influence of his life on the struggle against the terrible tendency to degenerate and to stagnate which men and races of men so often display. To me it is the uplifting sense which comes from this marvellous combination of a life of perfect simplicity, of perfect fearlessness, humaneness, courtesy, and gentleness with a high devotion to art and to poetry, and a kindling inspiration born of a consciousness truly cosmic in its nature.

Indeed, his soul lived on the mountain-tops, not wrapt in clouds and ignorant of the world of suffering life below, but always keenly sentient and perceptive of all beauty. "May God make this world, my child, as beautiful to you as it has been to me," he said.

Blake, I think, exemplifies, in spite of the common-sense critics, one of the ideal types of men. Simple to a fault, full of the ideal life, hater of shams and cruelties and stupid barbarities, artist by nature, craftsman by stern necessity, with the heart of a child and the soul of a prophet, passionate and resentful of wrong whether to himself or

another, generous, courteous, and free from all meanness in all his relationships.

And, of course, despised and rejected of men. When, indeed, has it been otherwise? And this, perhaps, is as it should be, for this contempt and rejection is the evidence of living ahead in the finer life of the future. Blake experienced most of the prophet's troubles. What marks him as much as anything as the great soul is, I think, the fact that he never lost confidence in the meaning of life—right to the end of physical being, and with that end a song of triumph.

And did he not leave to the humanitarian movement those inspiring lines?—

Bring me my bow of burning gold !
Bring me my arrows of desire !
Bring me my spear : O clouds, unfold !
Bring me my chariot of fire !

I will not cease from mental strife,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land.

CARL HEATH.

MR. CHESTERTON'S MOUNTAIN

Parturiunt montes, nascetur ridiculus mus.

MR. G. K. CHESTERTON, with whom we had some friendly but inconclusive discussion a few years back, has lately discovered the "basic error" of humanitarianism, and has given his portentous discovery to the world.* There is a great mountain, it seems, of which we humanitarian "fanatics" are wholly ignorant, but which looms so large in the Chestertonian philosophy that it may well be rechristened "Mount Chesterton." This "great mountainous thing, a thing like Mont Blanc," is the fact that mankind is, in a special and exclusive sense, "a society," different in kind, and not in degree only, from the inferior races.

"Mankind is not a tribe of animals to which we owe compassion. Mankind is a club to which we owe our subscription. Pity, the vague sentiment of the *sunt lacrymæ rerum*, is due indisputably to everything that lives. And as regards this, the difference between our pity for suffering men and our pity for suffering animals is very possibly only a question of degree. But the difference between our moral relation to men and to animals is not a difference of degree in the least. It is a difference of kind. What we owe to a human being we owe to a fellow-member of a fixed, responsible, and reciprocal society. . . . This is the basic error upon which all Mr. Salt's school goes wrong. They will not see that when we talk of human superiority we do not mean superiority in a degree on an inclined plane; we mean the existence of a certain definite society, different from everything else,

* *Daily News*, April 10, 1906, in a review of "The Logic of Vegetarianism," by Henry S. Salt.

and founded not on the sorrows of all living, but on the rights of man. Cruelty to men and cruelty to animals are two quite detestable, but quite different, sins. . . . The man who breaks a cat's back breaks a cat's back. The man who breaks a man's back breaks an implied treaty. The tyrant to animals is a tyrant. The tyrant to man is a traitor. Nay, he is a rebel, for man is royal."

Now, it is impossible for us to deal in a brief article with the large issues indirectly raised by Mr. Chesterton—the problem of the rights of animals in their relation to the rights of man; nor is it necessary for us to do so, for the subject has been more than once treated of in the Humanitarian League's publications;* but as regards our supposed blindness to Mount Chesterton, we must at least point out the absurdity of the complaint that we are not aware of that immense edifice of the old anthropocentric philosophy, the assumption that between mankind and the other animals there is a great gulf fixed. Not only do we "see" Mr. Chesterton's "mountainous fact," but we see *through* it to something even larger and more comprehensive that lies beyond. We know well that mankind is "a society," and we know well that the anthropocentric school, of which Mr. Chesterton is the latest and not least brilliant exponent, regards that society as not only superior to all else, but final, absolute, and unique. But without in the least disparaging the greatness and sacredness of human fellowship—and surely humanitarians are the last people to be charged with such a fault, inasmuch as they are devoting a good part of their lives to the service of that same society—we hold that the superiority of the human over the non-human society, however great it may be, is one of degree, not of kind, and that the duties, however paramount, which man owes to his fellow-men, are different, not in kind, but in degree,

* *E.g.*, in "The Universal Kinship," by J. Howard Moore; "Animals' Rights considered in Relation to Social Progress," by Henry S. Salt; and "The New Charter: a Discussion of the Rights of Men and the Rights of Animals."

from those which he owes to his other, though humbler, fellow-beings.*

Mr. Chesterton's assertion that there is "a difference of kind" between human and non-human, is one to which neither science, nor history, nor logic gives one atom of support. On the physical side man is confessedly an animal, and societies of men are, physically, societies of animals; and though our psychological and moral relations to the animals are as yet less determined, here again the tendency of modern thought is beyond doubt in this direction to which humanitarians incline. Mr. Chesterton tells us—as if it were an argument against humanitarianism—that his own reason for abstaining from cannibalism is not a humane but a social one. "I do not eat men," he says, "because I am a man." To which the humane dietist will obviously make answer: "And I do not eat animals because I am an animal." The disuse of flesh-eating, like the disuse of cannibalism, is based not on mere pity, but on the recognition of *kinship*.

Our critic is at great pains to show that these sympathetic feelings are merely a matter of "where to draw the line," and that the line, wherever drawn, is only a personal and arbitrary one; but here again it is he who is blind to the facts. Humanitarianism is by no means the "vague sentiment" that he imagines it, for history shows that the humane instinct is neither stationary nor sporadic, but constant and progressive, and reason shows that the line of sympathy must be drawn, generally speaking, at the most advanced point indicated by the collective conscience of each age—a conscience which becomes more sensitive, more alive to the reality of a widening circle of brotherhood, as our civilisation develops. Mr. Chesterton attempts to ridicule the humanities of diet by professing a

* Mr. Chesterton appears to be under the delusion that humanitarians confine their sympathies to the lower animals, whereas, of course, the essential idea of humanitarianism is the claim for justice (not mercy) to human and non-human alike.

solicitude for the sensitiveness of plants; but in this he only shows how little share or understanding he has of the humane spirit. It will be time enough to consider our moral relation to plants when our conscience is troubled on that score. At present there is no repugnance, on humane grounds, to the destruction of plants, but very widespread repugnance to the destruction of animals; and this is sufficient answer to Mr. Chesterton's frivolities. The one is a *present* moral question, the other is not.

But mankind, says Mr. Chesterton, is "a society." So are bees and beavers. There are innumerable societies, and it is impossible to prove that the human society is more organic or more conclusive than the rest. Our sense of kinship is continually widening, and there never has been, nor is, any *finality* in the social bond of which Mr. Chesterton speaks. It would have surprised the Greek or Roman of old to be informed that he was a member of the same society with the barbarian or the slave. It would hardly be admitted by the white American of to-day that he and the African negro are own brethren. That, presumably, is because their sympathies are not yet developed enough to enable them to see even the stupendous mass of Mount Chesterton. But what if Mr. Chesterton's sympathies are not developed enough to enable *him* to see what many less subtle intellects have already seen—that beyond this "human" society there is the still larger society of the higher sentient existence, and that behind the great mountain range which at present monopolises his vision, there lies a remoter but not less real range, which is gradually materialising to men's sight?

"The man who breaks a cat's back breaks a cat's back." We assure Mr. Chesterton that this terse saying of his contains the root of all cruelty to animals, the quintessence of all the anthropocentric bigotry which has caused the immemorial manifold ill-usage of the non-human races through the length and breadth of the world.

"The man who breaks a cat's back breaks a cat's back." Yes, and the scientist who vivisects a dog, vivisects a dog; the sportsman who breaks up a hare breaks up a hare; the butcher who bleeds a calf bleeds a calf. That is all. And if one points out the cruelty, injustice, and folly of vivisection, or sport, or flesh-eating, appeal is instantly made to the glories of Mount Chesterton—the "mountainous" fact that man is "royal," and the human race "a society."*

Well, perhaps we need not grudge the epithet "mountainous" to this colossal prejudice and conceit. It is a mountain—a mountain which has long been in labour to bring forth excuses for man's selfishness, and its latest progeny is the "ridiculous mouse" of Mr. Chesterton's argument.

* "It is scarcely possible," says Mr. J. Howard Moore in his remarkable work "The Ethical Kinship," "to commit crimes upon any beings in this world except men. There *are* no beings in the universe, according to human beings, except themselves. All others are *commodities*. They are of consequence only because they have thighs, and can fill up the unoccupied places of the human alimentary. . . . The denial by human animals of ethical relations to the rest of the animal world is a phenomenon not differing either in character or cause from the denial of ethical relations by a tribe, people, or race of human beings to the rest of the human world. The provincialism of Jews toward non-Jews, of Greeks toward non-Greeks, of Romans toward non-Romans, of Moslems toward non-Moslems, and of Caucasians toward non-Caucasians, is not one thing, and the provincialism of human beings toward non-human beings another. They are all manifestations of the same thing. There is, in fact, but one great crime in the universe, and most of the instances of terrestrial wrong-doing are instances of this crime. It is the crime of *exploitation*—the considering by some beings of themselves as *ends*, and of others as their *means*."

FLOGGING IN GAOL

Now that flogging has been abolished in the army, and practically abolished in the navy, the question naturally suggests itself, Why should it not be abolished likewise in H.M. prisons? Whatever the official reason put forth for its cessation in the two great fighting services, the real reason undoubtedly is that it has been gradually borne in upon the mind of the community that flogging is a degrading punishment—degrading not only to the recipient, but to the inflicter thereof. It has, it is safe to say, vanished for ever from the army and navy, and precisely the same arguments which were advanced against its continuance there, and in the end were found to be irrefutable, undoubtedly can, and must, be applied—and, in my opinion, applied with even greater force—against its retention in H.M. gaols.

As might have been expected, the very first symptom of a proposal for the abolition of flogging in prison excessively alarmed prison officials and ex-prison officials. Flogging is, in their eyes, almost a sacred privilege—the last species of active bodily torture which it is possible for them to inflict on the bodies of their fellow-creatures, and, as such, a desperate effort must be made to cling to it. Among other ex-prison officials who have boldly rushed into the breach in its defence is Canon J. W. Horsley, Rector of St. Peter's, Walworth, and ex-prison chaplain. Now, in my humble opinion, one of the reforms most urgently called for in the internal economy of our prisons is the total abolition of prison chaplains. I do not, of course, for one moment suggest that prisoners should not have

their spiritual needs ministered to. Far from it. But I do urge, out of the fulness of my own experience, that this spiritual assistance should be rendered by the ministers of a church of each denomination adjacent to each particular prison, and not by a chaplain who is a permanent member of the Prison Service. These gentlemen, whatever they may be when they join that Service, as years go on become saturated with its traditions and prejudices, and degenerate into mere prison officials. They are imbued—strongly imbued—with purely disciplinary ideas, and often regard prisoners as merely mortals with somewhat attenuated souls, created primarily for the purpose of providing employment for prison chaplains. During my incarceration in Parkhurst Prison, where there were between 500 and 600 members, or supposed members, of the Church of England, there was an interregnum of some months during which there was no prison chaplain. The duties were performed during that period by the Vicar of Newport and his two curates, and most admirably performed. Their preaching was much appreciated; it brought into the dull, sordid life of the prison a breath from the outside world; it was sympathetic—a message from a man to men, instead of from a gaol official to prisoners. And so of the visiting, too. These clergymen went to the men's cells as they went to the houses of their parishioners. They took their hats off on entering each cell—a small matter in itself, but one which the ordinary prison chaplain never thinks of doing. They let the men understand that their duty with them was as ministers of religion brought into contact with human souls, whose presence in prison, whatever the reason, had, in their capacity as ministers, nothing to do with them. And then, after a time, this temporary arrangement ceased, and a regular prison chaplain came from some other prison, and the prisoners went back to the same old groove, and expressed very pertinent sentiments in the matter.

I find it necessary to indite this overture to my remarks

to indicate that I am not at all surprised to find Canon Horsley, ex-gaol chaplain, among the defenders of flogging in prison. He defines his qualifications to speak in the matter as "a student of penology for over thirty years." I should have preferred to hear him in his capacity as a *soi-disant* minister of Jesus Christ, who said, "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy." Oh, these students of penology and criminology! What abuses, and cruelties, and tortures, and injustices have they not defended in the past, and, no doubt, will continue defending to the last ditch! "Penology" and "criminology" are bastard words which should be excised from the English language, and have no place in the vocabulary of humane, right-thinking, right-feeling men. These mongrel terms, however, figure largely in the writings and speeches of ex-police officers and ex-prison officials.

In the letter written by Canon Horsley to the press, to which I am referring, he took it upon himself to contradict certain statements made by a writer in a newspaper in regard to floggings in gaol.* One of these statements was that a warder received 5s. for each flogging. Canon Horsley's reply to this statement is characteristic—viz.: "Each warder does not receive 5s., as a matter of fact, though this hardly bears on the question." Whether it bears on the question or not, it surely would have been more ingenuous had Canon Horsley stated what he, no doubt, knows well—that the fee is 2s. 6d., not 5s. "It is not true," says Canon Horsley, "that the accused prisoner can call no evidence in his favour." Theoretically, he may have the right to do so, but it is one of those rights which it is not always well to exercise. The Prison Regulations state that every facility is to be given to any prisoner who desires to give evidence at an inquest on a deceased prisoner. I have known a man approach the Governor with a view to obtaining this facility, and being told he had "better be careful, or he would get himself

* *Reynolds' Newspaper*, April 1, 1906.

into trouble." He was "careful," and did not insist on his right. The same Governor, famous for his *obiter dicta*, remarked that "no prisoner had any rights." Canon Horsley denies that "weeks may pass" between the date of a flogging being awarded by the Visiting Justices and the date of its actual infliction, as it has to be approved by the Home Secretary, during which time the victim, of course, suffers the horrors of anticipation. Mr. Horsley says he "learns from one of our largest prisons, 'The Home Secretary replies, at most, within two days' interval, and the carrying out of the sentence has to be done at once.'" I should like to know which is this "largest prison." I can tell Canon Horsley, however, that, during the three and a quarter years I spent in Parkhurst Prison, no flogging was ever carried out, "at most, within two days' interval" after being ordered. The usual period was from a week to ten days. Anyone who knows Home Office methods—and Canon Horsley ought to—will feel surprised and amused at this statement, "*At most*, within two days' interval." "'Lacerated to within an inch of his life' is an exaggeration of a prison flogging," says this ex-gaol chaplain. "Exaggeration" is, however, not the term I should apply to his statement that "men walk away after the punishment." I really wonder he did not add that, on the whole, they rather enjoyed the flagellation, just as I think it was Canon Horsley himself who, a short time ago, delivered a lecture on "The Advantages of being in Prison." "One of our most experienced prison officials" told Canon Horsley, "I have never seen blood drawn." Someone else might quote Canon Horsley, an experienced prison official, to the same effect, simply because he had never seen a flogging. But a man who has seen a flogging with the cat, whether in prison or elsewhere, and avers that he has "never seen blood drawn," deserves, in my opinion, to have a very strong epithet attached to him. What does Canon Horsley imagine a warder does with the cat on a prisoner's back? Simply tickle it? "As a matter of fact," avers Canon Horsley,

"the cat is now rarely used." It is the birch, he asserts, that is used; but he learns "from one of our largest prisons" (what a prison correspondence this student of penology must have!), "Rarely is there more than one man birched in a year in this prison." The reverend gentleman winds up the letter to which I have referred by sapiently remarking, "A good cause is hindered by exaggerations, and a bad cause not promoted." This is a sentiment in which I cordially agree, and I regret that Canon Horsley does not keep it more in view when writing on prison topics.

I did not need Canon Horsley's letter to feel confident that he and other prison chaplains and ex-prison chaplains, and prison officials generally, would champion the degrading and disgusting practice of lacerating their fellow-creature's flesh. But why do they not champion it openly and avowedly? Why all this quibbling about blood not being drawn, prisoners walking away after the operation, about only one birching a year, and so on? I will answer the question. It is simply because, by minimising and attempting to obfuscate the facts, they hope to retain the right to flog. Canon Horsley refers to the comparatively rare use of the cat in prison nowadays. But what is the cause of the rarity? Why, simply the agitation of humane men and women, and humane organisations outside prison, and the holy horror that the Home Office, like other public departments, has of scandal or publicity. I never heard a prison official, whatever his position, who did not bewail the diminution in the amount of flogging, and the pernicious effect on discipline caused thereby. The prison cat, it must be recollected, has 18-inch lashes, and a 5-feet wielding leverage. The lashes are cleared between the fingers after every stroke. The victim in prison is given a minimum of twenty-four hours' hospital treatment after the infliction of the punishment, but is, as a rule, not able to get about for a week. And yet Canon Horsley asked his readers to believe that this cat of 18-inch lashes, with triple knots and 5-feet wielding leverage, brought down

on the bare back of a tied-up prisoner with all the striking-force of a muscular warder, does not draw blood, or cause the recipient any more than a passing discomfort!

The punishment of flogging, I may add, is ordered by the Prison Visitors, who are usually local magistrates. They sit in conclave with the Governor, and, so far as my knowledge of them goes in regard to other matters, are merely the registrar of his views. These secret trials of prisoners in prison should be put a stop to, as they are prolific of the grossest injustice. Flogging in gaols is, of course, doomed, and not all the screeds of Canon Horsley and other gaol officials can prevent it ere long being relegated to the limbo of all those other barbarous punishments, the retention of which, so far as my investigation of them has gone, was always strongly advocated, and their abolition strenuously opposed, by ministers of religion. It may be due to lack of imagination, but I confess I altogether fail to comprehend the position of a clergyman advocating such a brutal and degrading punishment as flogging. I am not a parishioner of Canon Horsley, but if I were I feel sure such a letter as that to which I have referred would give me much occasion for reflection. I should look around the mean streets and sordid surroundings of his London parish—survey the vice, and misery, and poverty, and wretchedness which not only exist, but are plainly visible in every street, its utter godlessness, its rank materialism, its absolute animalism—and I think I should say to myself, in view of this terrible condition of affairs in this Inferno at his very doors, “How can any Rector afford the time—in God’s name, how can he have the inclination?—to be in correspondence with prison officials, and inditing letters to the public press in support of the flagellation of men who, whatever their sins and their weaknesses, Canon Horsley professes to believe possess human souls, and are heirs of the Kingdom of Heaven?” “Blessed are the merciful,” but I do not read that the flagellants were included in the Beatitudes.

H. J. B. MONTGOMERY.

SOME THOUGHTS ON WAR

THE late war between Russia and Japan suggests some thoughts on war generally which, I think, will not be unwelcome to humanitarians. The forces engaged on each side were, perhaps, more numerous than on any previous occasion, and the losses ultimately reached an unusually high figure because the fighting was of a very protracted and obstinate character. Nor do I wish to minimise the other sufferings caused by this war, or to ignore the deadly character of the naval conflicts. But I believe on the whole less suffering is caused by a small number of great wars than by a large number of little ones, and wars between civilised countries have of late years become very few, though these few may be on a very large scale. England and France used to be regarded as hereditary enemies. They have now been at peace for ninety years, and there is little prospect of another war. That the peace between France and Germany would be of short duration was the general impression when it was entered into; but it has lasted for thirty-five years. Austria has remained for even a greater length of time without war with either Prussia or Italy. Great jealousy has existed between Russia and England as regards their Oriental possessions, but the two countries have been at peace for half a century. The greater part of the large neighbouring countries have been at peace with each other for a long time, and small neighbouring States have almost disappeared.

One cause which has rendered wars less frequent, and will continue to do so, is the greater voice which the people have obtained in the government of all civilised countries; for rulers who are really absolute are much more ready to declare war than the people are. But the voice of the people is being heard at the present day even when the form of absolute monarchy is maintained. Napoleon III. lost his throne for his dynasty as well as himself by rashly declaring war against the Prussians, and the Emperor of Russia was very near incurring the same penalty for his rashness in encountering the Japanese. Kings will in future know that they will imperil their thrones by engaging in unsuccessful war, and that therefore they should never fight unless fully prepared. But this very fact may facilitate the conclusion of a peace. The Japanese would hardly have conceded the conditions that they did to the Russians if the Czar's throne had not been in danger; but if another great Japanese victory had overturned the Imperial Government, with whom could they have concluded a durable treaty of peace? Wars will become more unpopular with the people as they become more expensive. The time has gone by when the invading army could subsist on the country which it invaded, and modern war-appliances are very costly. It may cost a million to build a ship that will be sunk in a few minutes by a mine. War, whether successful or unsuccessful, means heavy taxation; and where the people have a voice in the matter this forms a serious difficulty in the way of those who are anxious to declare war. And besides sometimes leading to the overthrow of the Government, taxation may also lead to assassinations—especially of those who are active in enforcing the payment of the taxes. It would almost seem, too, that it is impossible to conduct war without speculation. If the Russians suffered heavily from this cause in the war against Japan, we also suffered from it in South Africa. Men left without an adequate supply of ammunition and food, and whose cavalry horses are

hardly able to carry the riders, are not likely to succeed in action. But here I may remark that the day for cavalry action seems to be past. Mounted infantry—men to dismount to fight and mount to pursue or to run away—are now much more in evidence. There will be no Cromwell or Kellermann to decide the future Nasebys or Marengoes by a cavalry charge.

Another notable feature of the late war is the fact that the peace was brought about by the intervention of a neutral power at a time when neither of the belligerents seemed inclined to sue for it, and there would almost certainly have been some further sanguinary battles but for the action of President Roosevelt. If this is not an argument in favour of International Arbitration, it at all events gives encouragement to all Powers who may in future be prepared to play the part of peacemakers. And why should not all neutral civilised Powers—and ourselves in particular—be ready to play this part? We had a trade with both Russia and Japan. According to the accepted rules of war, either belligerent has a right to blockade the coast of the enemy, and to capture and confiscate all vessels that try to run the blockade, or even to capture them on the open sea if they contain anything “contraband of war,” which food has sometimes been held to be. So in carrying on our trade with Russia we ran the chance of having our ships captured and confiscated by the Japanese, and in carrying on our trade with Japan we ran a similar risk of having them captured and confiscated by the Russians. We had thus an interest in stopping the war, and so had many other neutral countries. Why, then, should not neutrals intervene and try to bring the belligerents to reason? At all events we have now one remarkable instance in which the attempt was made successfully. It may be added that, as trade extends, the injury done to neutrals by the present mode of carrying on war will constantly become greater, thus affording a stronger incentive to other Powers to

use their best efforts both to prevent the outbreak of war and to bring it to an end after it has broken out in spite of their efforts. And perhaps the time is not far distant when the neutral Powers will say to the belligerents, "We intend to carry on our trading in the same way that we did before the outbreak of hostilities; and if either belligerent commits an act of piracy on our merchant vessels we shall retaliate."

The small number of wars that now occur suggests the question whether we should take such pains to maintain the excellence of our army and navy as we are doing. A country with extensive foreign possessions, where its neighbours are barbarous or semi-barbarous, will no doubt be often engaged in small wars; but no great military force is necessary for carrying on these with success, while, as regards great wars, whole generations are likely to pass without one. Supposing it were true that we could not provide a sufficient staff of efficient officers without school-flogging and fox-hunting (as has been alleged), is this a sufficient reason for keeping up these objectionable practices? As a matter of fact, I believe the English officers are inferior to those of many of the European armies. They have plenty of bull-dog courage (and so have the men, whose training has been of a different character), but they are frequently rash and sometimes negligent. We had many instances during the Boer War not only of unnecessary exposure of the men to danger, but of neglecting to come to the assistance of comrades in peril. But pretermittting this, can it be said that the production of good officers is a matter of such importance to the country that our whole system of school discipline and our out-door sports should be framed with a view to it? The theory, however, is carried much beyond this. Physical strength and good health are described as the great objects to be aimed at by our Legislature, because the cultivation of these qualities is necessary for the perfection of our army and navy. This cult of physical force has become very

prevalent of late. It declares that might is right. It treats the survival of the fittest as the survival of the strongest, and holds that this survival is an end to be aimed at rather than a natural tendency which the legislator should seek to confine within reasonable limits. Its heroes are the strong, its villains are the weak, and it regards physical deterioration as the worst of all evils.

The days have long passed when the leaders of armies were men of great physical strength and courage, whose prowess in the field won the admiration of their followers. The two greatest leaders of recent times—Frederick and Napoleon—were little men, and not remarkable for strong health or power of endurance. But modern warfare has quite changed the position of physical strength as regards even the rank and file of the army. There is little doubt that the Russians were on the average larger and stronger men than the Japanese; but though they did not want courage, they frequently failed even when superior in number to the enemy. In modern warfare most of the fighting consists of firing at long range. The two objects of the soldier is to hit the enemy and to avoid being hit in return. Now a large man does not shoot any better than a small one, while he is more likely to be shot. The small man finds it easier to get under cover, and when compelled to come out into the open he presents a smaller target to the enemy. As a rule he can march as well as the large man, and he is more easily fed, while, if he has to ride, it is much more easy to supply a horse capable of carrying him. It is only in hand-to-hand fighting that he is at any disadvantage, and that is of rare occurrence. No doubt it is important that a soldier should be healthy and active, but a little man who possesses these qualifications is decidedly preferable to a large man, assuming that both can shoot equally well. The height and weight of our future soldiers will no doubt be on the average less than those of our present soldiers, and tall recruits will not be sought for, but avoided, if not excluded. And in order to

render our army efficient we will have to look to brain-power rather than physical strength in our officers, bearing in mind also that we shall never have any difficulty in supplying either officers or men who are brave enough for their work, and that the faults that have really to be guarded against are rashness and over-confidence. A rash officer who fears nothing and knows nothing is likely to do more harm than half a dozen arrant cowards. It is strange that this cult of physical force and willingness to give and take hard knocks should have attained such dimensions at the very time when every military operation was showing that skill, and not strength, was the true element of success in war.

That a race of strong, healthy, active men and women is, *ceteris paribus*, preferable to a race which exhibits a deficiency in these qualities may be conceded. But that the production of such a race, irrespective of mental or moral qualities, should be the great object of the statesman is a theory that has its base in militarism, and in the militarism of the past, not that of the future. Many of our greatest and best men—and women too—have been small, fragile, and unhealthy—persons who ought not to marry (according to this modern cult) because their children would probably be like them! The world would be far richer if they had all left children who combined their parent's talents with his or her physical infirmities. And mental qualities are as often hereditary as physical traits, though to both there are many exceptions. An ideal of manhood from which the mental qualities are omitted is but the half of an ideal, and that the worse half.* It is based on

* The cult, however, has sometimes embraced mental qualities also. Its ideal mind is a dominant mind—a mind that acquires the command of a large amount of physical force, and knows how to wield that force so as to yield the maximum result in the desired direction. Its hero is a man who aims at power and takes the most efficacious means of obtaining it, which he pursues with great energy, allowing no moral considerations to stand in his way. To become a perfect hero he must succeed, but even in failure he may be looked

militarism, and the kind of militarism which regards the soldier as a fighting machine whose sole function is to obey orders. Be it so. But the machine best suited for modern warfare is not the machine best suited to win a wrestling match or a prize-fight. We do not want the machine that would get the best of a collision, but the machine that is least likely to collide or to meet with an accident—a man-machine that can work with the head as well as with the hands. The object is to shoot as many as possible of the enemy without being shot in return; for the man who is killed or wounded becomes useless as a shooting-machine. A disabled man must be classed with a disabled cannon.

The contrast between the old and new modes of warfare will be clearly brought out by comparing some of the late battles with those fought in the days of the great Napoleon. In some of the Russo-Japanese fights the front of each army extended for about 100 miles, and the fighting lasted for nearly a week. At Borodino the front of each army was only about two miles long, and the battle lasted but a single day. The forces on each side were little, if anything, more than one-third as numerous as those engaged round Mukden; yet in no single day's fighting at Mukden did the number of killed and wounded approach that at Borodino. Though the French are said to have fired 90,000 cannon-shots against the Russian position at Borodino, much the greater part of the loss was caused by hand-to-hand fighting or by musket-firing at a very short range. The weapons of modern warfare are too deadly for troops drawn up in

up to if he was near succeeding. Great discoverers in science and art, great moral teachers, great leaders in movements for reform (unless they have made the movement a stepping-stone to personal success), have no place in this system of hero-worship. It is power-worship, but it is a worship which the engine-driver may share with the steam. If its motto is not correctly described as "Might is Right," it is at least "Might cannot be Wrong"—*i.e.*, so long as it continues to be dominant.

such close formation as was adopted at Borodino, but the rifles which may kill or wound at great distances enable a scattered body of men to do considerable damage to the other side, even though the latter may have adopted the scattered formation also. It is said that at Colenso the English did not see a single Boer during the day. This may be an exaggeration, but undoubtedly success largely depends on concealment. "Give the enemy no mark to fire at, and compel them to show themselves if they mean to advance," seems to be a fundamental rule of defensive strategy. The use of smokeless powder has accentuated this state of things. You must use your brains to find where the enemy is, and firing at random is perfectly useless. Each man is now an unit as well as a part of the whole. Formerly it was enough for him to act in the latter capacity.

While, therefore, I entirely dissent from the theory that a statesman should render everything else subservient to the production of a first-rate army and navy (or at all events to providing the materials from which a first-rate army and navy can be supplied), I further hold that even on this theory physical strength and bull-dog courage are not the qualifications which we should aim at producing either in officers or in men. The age for these things has gone by. We want men who will keep under cover and shoot straight, and officers who have brains as well as coolness, and will not lose their heads, or fail to see the proper course, at a critical juncture. There may be occasions when men must be exposed to the enemy's fire in the open, and then we require brave officers to lead them; but at present, in the English army at least, there is much more danger of the officers exposing both themselves and their men unnecessarily. The public is always slow to blame a man who loses his life or is badly wounded in such an attempt, or even displays conspicuous gallantry though he escapes unhurt; but there is reason to believe that the thing not unfrequently occurs.

How far our military and naval armaments could be reduced without danger to the public, I am not in a position to offer an opinion. I think, however, that no European Power has any desire to invade this country, and that we are, consequently, in no danger of invasion as long as we keep on good terms with our neighbours; while as regards offensive warfare, we could not undertake it against any of the leading European Powers unless we had allies. The cost of our army and navy is very large, and in peace-time (which is our normal condition) our soldiers and sailors are practically idle, though often competent to do good and useful work. Their lives, whether in peace or in war, are not usually conducive to morality, and the late Boer War seems to have been no exception to the rule that the return of the troops after the conclusion of a peace is marked by an outburst of crime. Armies and navies may be necessary evils, but it can hardly be denied that they *are* evils, and care should therefore be taken to see that they do not cost us more money, or deprive us of the services of a larger number of able-bodied men, than is required in order to provide for the safety of the nation. But when I speak of the safety of the nation, I do not merely mean the safety of its soil as against the invader. We have to protect our trading also, and to afford protection, when necessary, to our subjects in all parts of the world—at least, unless we caution them beforehand that those who go to certain places need not look to us for protection.

Though I have dwelt chiefly on the selfish reasons for peace, the growth of a feeling of brotherhood among all civilised peoples may prove a still more potent factor in the future. The facilities for travelling in foreign countries, which are still steadily on the increase, have done much to promote this feeling. The Frenchman visits England, and finds the English are not so very unlike the French. The Englishman visits France, and finds that the French are not so very unlike the English. The leading statesmen of each country have friends in the other country. They may

even cultivate personal friendships with each other. The English King visits the French President, and is entertained by him. The President of France visits England in turn, and is entertained by the King. When this kind of intercourse has gone on for years, the English and French feel a good deal of reluctance about flying at each other's throats. It is not merely that they think it better to be friends than enemies, but they *are* friends, and they do not *wish* to become enemies. And similar remarks might be made with regard to a large number of other neighbouring countries. In Europe perhaps Russia and Turkey are the only pair between which no such friendly relations exist, and their hostility has a geographical origin—the Russian Empire being in want of a naval outlet for its vast products, of which, so far as the Black Sea is concerned, it can never have secure possession so long as the Dardanelles are held by an independent Power. Whether we have rendered a service to humanity by keeping the Russians out of Constantinople may be doubted. It is to our action and that of the French in that respect that the late Russo-Japanese War probably owed its origin, and failing to obtain an open port either on the Pacific or the Mediterranean, the next attempt may be to secure one on the Persian Gulf. As long as the great Russian Empire holds together, a seaport on the open sea free from ice throughout the year will be a desideratum to its rulers, and the want of it may not improbably lead before long to another war. For the greatest optimist cannot expect that there will be no more wars even between civilised nations. We are, I hope, nearing the end, but we have still to travel some distance before we reach it. The prophet's vision of beating swords into plough-shares and spears into pruning-hooks will hardly be realised in the lifetime of any of my readers.

NEMO.

IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE RT. HON. HERBERT GLADSTONE, M.P., SECRETARY OF STATE FOR THE HOME DEPARTMENT.

HUMANITARIAN LEAGUE,
53, CHANCERY LANE.

SIR,—We beg to call your attention to the subject of Imprisonment for Debt, in the hope that you will join in any movement to repeal or largely modify the provisions of the Debtors Act of 1869 (and the corresponding Irish Act of 1872), under which upwards of 11,000 debtors were imprisoned during the year 1904; and you will bear in mind that we have now no separate prisons for debtors, so that these debtors were imprisoned along with criminals and treated as criminals.

The objections to imprisonment for debt were recognised soon after the first Reform Bill, which gave the people a material influence in the House of Commons, and in 1832 the Criminal Law Commissioners reported that "imprisonment for debt is neither warranted in principle nor beneficial in practice." In 1834 a Bill for its abolition was introduced into the House of Commons, but was dropped for want of time, and in 1844 an Act was passed limiting imprisonment for judgment-debts to those in which the debt amounted to £20 irrespective of costs. Unfortunately this valuable restriction was swept away by the subsequent Acts of 1861 and 1869, and the greater part of imprisonments for debt of late years have been imprisonments of working men for debts which fall far short of £20.

The Debtors Act of 1869 consists of two parts—the

former of which is headed *Abolition of Imprisonment for Debt*, while the latter is styled *Punishment of Fraudulent Debtors*.* It abolishes imprisonment for debt, where fraud is not proved, with six exceptions, and it is chiefly to the last of these exceptions that we desire to call your attention, as it was under it that 11,000 persons—much the greater part of them working men—were actually imprisoned during the year 1904. It can hardly be said that this Act indicated any intention of extending the power of imprisonment for debt to persons who were previously exempt, but important portions of the Act of 1844 were repealed, and a new power of imprisonment was thereby conferred on the judges, which, we think, had not been fully considered by either the Parliament or the country. Since 1869 a man may be imprisoned for a judgment-debt of one shilling, and, in fact, debtors are often imprisoned for very small amounts; and the number of committals for debt has now reached a figure which, we believe, was never equalled in the worst times, though there are limits to its duration that did not then exist.

It is sometimes stated that the ground of these imprisonments is that the debtor has acted dishonestly in not paying the debt. If so, he should be allowed a fair trial, with the benefit of any reasonable doubt that may exist, and, as he is treated as a criminal, he ought to be allowed the same power of appealing to the Home Secretary as a criminal who complains of a wrongful conviction or of an excessive sentence, while the Court should have the same power of liberating him under the First Offenders Act, or otherwise moderating the severity of the law, as if he had been charged with a crime. Borrowing ten shillings under the present system may involve a heavier penalty than stealing it, provided that the thief is a person of previous good character and was in want at the time.

* With this latter part we do not seek to interfere.

But the allegation that the man is punished for dishonesty is a mere pretext. The statute only requires proof that he was able to pay the debt of the summoning creditor, but did not pay it; and, however honest a man may be if he has not money enough to pay all his debts, he must leave some of them unpaid. Moreover, if the object was to punish the debtor for dishonesty, the statute would not have left it to the creditor to punish him or not as he thought fit, or have relieved him from all punishment on payment of the debt. The true object is not to punish the debtor, but to collect the debt. In many instances it is collected, but almost always, we believe, by the debtor borrowing the money or otherwise incurring new liabilities to an equal or greater amount. Such a change of creditors is, we submit, no gain to the public.

We desire to point out that the work done by debtors while in prison does not pay the expense of maintaining them there, and that the deficiency is made good by the ratepayers, who derive no benefit from the imprisonment; that during such imprisonment the wives and families of the imprisoned debtors are usually also supported by the rates or by private charity, or are driven to dishonest courses, which equally involve a loss to the public; that the debtor often loses his employment in consequence of his imprisonment, and becomes chargeable on the ratepayers, or else incurs fresh liabilities of increased amount; and that the number of these judgment-summorses to be heard at the County Courts adds to the expense of maintaining these courts, interferes with the speedy transaction of their general business, and sometimes leads to sentences of imprisonment being passed after a very hurried and perfunctory hearing. We believe, further, that the system has led to an undue expansion of credit, such credit being often given solely in the expectation that some relative or friend of the debtor will pay the money, in order to save him from imprisonment, if an affidavit can be made which will satisfy a judge who has a great number of similar

applications waiting to be dealt with. No similar system exists in Scotland, nor do we believe that the credit system of England was injured by the large restrictions on imprisonment for debt which were introduced in 1844.

While we have thus dwelt at length on the provisions of the Act relating to judgment-summonses, we are far from feeling satisfied with the other exceptions comprised in the Act, especially with that proviso which enables a person to be imprisoned for "default in payment of any sum recoverable summarily before a justice or justices of the peace" without any evidence of ability to pay on behalf of the debtor. The debt in such cases is often really due to the ratepayers, who, in addition to losing the debt, have to bear the expense of maintaining in prison a man who is known to be unable to pay the debt out of his own resources.

JOSEPH COLLINSON,
*Hon. Sec. Criminal Law and Prison
Reform Committee.*

THE JEWISH METHOD OF SLAUGHTER

THE Union of German Societies for the Protection of Animals has sent out during the year 1905 a series of twenty-five questions with reference to the methods and means of slaughtering animals to the whole of the Directors of public abattoirs in Prussia, Würtemberg, Bavaria, Saxony, the Grand Duchies, Duchies, Principalities, Hanseatic Towns, German Austria, Elsass and Lothringen, and to the Veterinary Surgeons employed in them. The Report, printed in the *Deutscher Tierfreund*, January, 1906, shows that the questions were well selected, and the overwhelming evidence given in the answers received must be held to settle once and for all several disputed points. We can here only indicate briefly the main results.

Stunning.

It will be remembered that in the Report of our Admiralty Committee, appointed in 1904 to inquire into the humane slaughtering of animals, the first recommendation was that

“All animals, without exception, should be stunned, or otherwise rendered unconscious, before blood is drawn.”

It is interesting to see that to the first question of the German Societies, having reference to the stunning of all animals before killing them, 578 answers were received, in

which 574 of the abattoir directors declared themselves against the killing without previous stunning, and even of the four who were in favour of it, two made exceptions in the cases of some animals.

The Report says: "Everyone must now recognise that the Jewish slaughter without stunning is a relic of barbarism of which an end must be made"; and after quotation of the actual opinions of the directors, the Report adds:

"A method which is condemned, root and branch, in such a decided manner by hundreds of experts has not a trace of justification in the twentieth century, even though it has been raised into a religious ordinance by a few hundred thousand people. A true religious act never violates morals, but the non-stunning method hardens the young slaughterman."

Casting Appliances.

Question 3 asked whether there were any improved appliances which could be used in the Jewish slaughter and its preliminary preparation. From 428 answers we learn that in 220 places no such appliances are used at all, while in the other 208, either head-holders, mattresses, or casting apparatus, have been tried, but with little success. For the head-holder, only four out of 428 have a good word to say, and the other appliances have in most cases been abandoned after a trial as unpractical, cruel, too complicated, or otherwise inadequate. The final decision is that

"The method of slaughter without stunning cannot be improved by any means yet invented. No director is prepared to affirm that the cruelty can be avoided by any known improvements, or that slaughter without stunning can be made humane. In a word, the Jewish method is, technically and humanely speaking, incapable of improvement."

Effects of Stunning on the Flesh.

Question 7 was as to whether the flesh of animals who had been stunned was in any way worse than that of the others.

THE JEWISH METHOD OF SLAUGHTER 111

Out of 475 answers, 393 were in the negative, and 32 said it made little or no difference, or depended on the killing. The remaining 50, who held the opposite opinion, based it on the supposition that the animals bleed more freely when not stunned—a supposition which was shown by a subsequent question to be false in the opinion of a large majority.

Effects on the Flow of Blood.

This subject was dealt with in Question 9, when, out of 523 abattoir directors, 472 held that stunning had no retarding effect on the flow of the blood, many of them considering that, on the contrary, it improved it, as had been shown by practical experiments.

Unconsciousness produced more Quickly.

To the question (No. 15) whether killing with the knife produced unconsciousness more quickly than stunning by pole-axe or shot, out of 440 directors one only replied in the affirmative. Out of 407 directors, 379 considered that consciousness was not destroyed at once when the throat was cut, but lasted sufficiently long for the non-stunning method to be considered a painful and cruel one.

Casting process Cruel.

“Have you seen injuries, such as the fracture of bones or horns, inflicted in the casting process?” was Question 16, to which 343 answers were in the affirmative out of 451.

“Do you consider the casting of oxen without appliances cruelty to animals?” (Q. 18) brought 444 answers in the affirmative out of 478 received.

The Head-holder.

“Do you consider the forcible wrenchings of the neck with the head-holder cruelty to animals?” (Q. 19) was also answered affirmatively by 413 out of 458.

Religion or Business.

"Does the proceeding as a whole give you the impression of a solemn religious act?" (Q. 19) To this, 471 answered, "No"; six answered, "Yes"; and six replied, "It is called a religious act."

"Does the proceeding as a whole give you the impression of a purely commercial act?" 377 replied, "Yes"; 26 replied, "No, because it is a barbarity"; and 6 said, "No, it is a religious act, or is said to be."

Christians employed by the Jews.

"Do Christians or Jews help the slaughterers in the casting?" (Q. 21) From the answers to this question it became evident that in 5 abattoirs only was the whole proceeding done by Jews alone; in 289, Christians only were employed, and in the rest the employees were mixed. Thus, as the Report says: "This slaughter, according to the Rabbis, is a religious ordinance, but it is possible to the Jews only when they are helped by unbelievers."

Apparatus used.

With regard to the methods of stunning, we find (Q. 25) that the primitive pole-axe has been quite superseded, and 320 directors pronounced in favour of pistol apparatus with either bullet or bolt.

In conclusion, the Report finds that (a) "the present day non-stunning method of slaughtering used by the Jews should be strictly forbidden in a country of enlightened morality"; and (b) "of all methods now necessary to procure meat, none is so uniformly condemned by experts, and so distinctly characterised as reprehensible and out of harmony with the spirit of the times, as the non-stunning method of the Jews."

ERNEST BELL.

REVIEWS, ETC.

THE LIFE OF WALT WHITMAN

WE are indebted to the publishers for a copy of this well-written and handsomely got up book,* and we would fain say something, if there were anything to be said, of Whitman's attitude toward the humanitarian movement. But the truth is that Whitman had no appreciable attitude towards this or any other branch of practical ethics. He was a great emotional force, working on broad, spiritual lines towards a nobler conception of democracy and the brotherhood of man; but unlike many of his fellow-singers in the democratic cause—Shelley, for example, and Robert Burns, and others whose poetical inspiration equalled or surpassed his own—he did not concern himself intellectually, or ethically, with the protest against cruelty and wrong. It is true that Mr. Binns has devoted a few pages, here and there, to a statement of Whitman's views on the subject of war, slavery, temperance, etc.; but these views are so hazy and inconsistent as to be entirely lacking in the interest which would ordinarily attach to the utterances of a man of genius. We read in one passage how Whitman exclaimed: "What an awful thing war is! It seems not men, but a lot of devils and butchers, butchering one another;" then, a page or two later, we learn that he greeted the outbreak of the American Civil War "with exultation." Says his biographer:

* "The Life of Walt Whitman." By H. B. Binns. (London: Messrs. Methuen and Co., Essex Street. 10s. 6d. net.)

"Men of peace are accustomed to lament the contagion of the war-fever, and with a large measure of justice. But so long as civilisation tends to render the common lives of men cheap or calculative, there will remain a divine necessity for those hours of fierce enthusiasm which, like a forest fire or religious revival, sweep irresistibly over a nation. Whitman shared the rhythmic answer of the blood, and of the soul which is involved therewith, to the imperious throbbing of the drums. . . . He regarded the Civil War as a sort of fever in the body politic, caused by anterior conditions of congestion. War had become necessary for the life of that body, and only after a war could health reassert itself."

But those who greet an attack of fever "with exultation" must themselves be somewhat feverish. We can only gather from this unhappy passage, which reminds one of what used to be said in defence of Tennyson's "Maud," yet another exemplification of the fact that the highest imaginative temperament, even when linked with the noblest passion of humanity—witness Whitman's splendid service in the hospitals—does not always go together with the less lofty, but perhaps not less important, gift of clear intellectual judgment. Indeed, judging from Mr. Binns' very admiring estimate of Whitman, we do not see how he can be considered a *thinker* at all. He was doubtless something much rarer, a *seer* and a poet; but it is well to recognise his deficiencies as well as his possessions.

We fear Mr. Binns has unintentionally done scant justice to such real thinkers as Thoreau and Ingersoll, when, in his passing references to them, he makes them a foil for his more favourable portrait of Whitman. To say of Thoreau that "he was continually being surprised by the vulgarity of himself and of his fellows, continually flushing with shame, personal or vicarious," and that "he sought and found a refuge in the pure and lonely spirit that haunted Walden Pool," is to give renewed currency to the old and oft-refuted misunderstanding which regarded Thoreau as a weak and timid-minded recluse; whereas, of course, the two-year retirement to Walden was no more than a brief episode in an extremely active career. Still less fair is it, in contrasting Ingersoll's "intellectual

agnosticism " with Whitman's "transcendent knowledge," to say (pp. 332, 333) that Ingersoll's mind was "limited by its own logic." In the particular conversation between the two men, to which Mr. Binns refers—on the design of creation—the discussion was invited by Whitman himself, and on logical grounds, and Ingersoll's logical argument was therefore perfectly proper and apposite. But his mind was by no means limited by such logic; his humane sympathies, for example, were of the widest and most far-reaching kind—far more sensitive and finely developed, in fact, than those of "the good gray poet."

On the whole, we can cordially welcome Mr. Binns' book as the outcome of untiring industry and enthusiasm, and by far the fullest and best-arranged Life of Whitman that has yet been published; and we in the main agree with his opinion of the greatness and nobility of Whitman's character, though our criticisms are directed to that particular point of view with which we happen to be concerned, and which Mr. Binns has apparently for the most part overlooked. He was a great man and a great poet, and his message to mankind was an ennobling one; we need not, therefore, be troubled by the fact that he was silent on the matters of the highest ethical import which have moved the heart of even greater poets and far clearer thinkers than himself.

In one or two minor points we think Mr. Binns might greatly improve his excellent book when it passes into a new edition. The moralising comment which he too often appends to passages of Whitman's life, which are much more impressive when narrated with simplicity and directness, should be ruthlessly expunged; and in referring to the pen-portraits of Whitman drawn by well-known writers, from Thoreau to Edward Carpenter,* it would be

* Since the above was written Mr. Carpenter's very noteworthy essays on Whitman have been reprinted in permanent form ("Days with Walt Whitman, with some Notes on His Life and Work." George Allen, London, 1906).

much better to quote some of the actual words of these eye-witnesses than to give a necessarily unsatisfying paraphrase of them. Thoreau's description of Whitman, for instance, is nothing less than a masterpiece, and it should be included as a matter of course in any biography.

THE FOXOLOGY

"Eighty Years' Reminiscences"* by a well-educated man of ordinary ability could hardly fail to contain a good deal to interest the general reader. But Colonel Thomson's Reminiscences do not—and for a very simple reason. He is a fox-hunter, a whole fox-hunter, and nothing but a fox-hunter; and in his pages fox-hunting plays the part of Pharaoh's lean kine, and swallows up all the fat animals that we hoped to meet with. Whether the book will prove interesting to fox-hunters we cannot say. We doubt, for instance, whether the most inveterate smoker would care to read the reminiscences of a smoker who records his experiences as regards the various kinds of tobacco which he smoked, the persons in whose company he smoked it, and the effects produced by it on himself and his companions during the last eighty years. Fox-hunting, however, was hereditary with the author. His father was an M.F.H., and Colonel Thomson seems to have brought up his children in the same profession. But what interest even a fox-hunter could take in some of the extracts from the author's diary we are at a loss to imagine. The only interest in this part of the book seems to us to consist in the light which it throws on the mind of the fox-hunter and on the nature of fox-hunting. But we draw a distinction between the fox-hunter and the man who occasionally goes to a fox-hunt, as we do between a gambler and the man who occasionally plays for money. It would almost

* "Eighty Years' Reminiscences." By Colonel Anstruther Thomson. (London: Longmans, Green and Co.)

seem that the regular fox-hunter, like the regular gambler, was fit for nothing else.

We hear a good deal about the hounds in this volume, and though their maintenance is rather expensive, their lives do not seem to be particularly happy. They always start fasting, because they can run better when not loaded with food (a rule which we believe applies to all sporting dogs), and consequently seem to be often ready to run after anything that promises to give them a meal. We have instances in this book of their chasing (and often killing) deer, sheep, hares, and dogs, as well as foxes; but when they chase the wrong animal they are severely whipped to prevent them from repeating the experiment. And it is to be observed that while it is the duty of beagles to pursue the hare, this is a punishable offence in a fox-hound—a similar remark being applicable to chasing the deer. On at least one occasion the Colonel's hounds appear to have eaten one of their own number who had been damaged in a fight with a fox. The latter animal is, we presume, not very palatable food, and there is a difficulty in inducing young hounds, even when fasting, to perform their duty in eating him. Thus we find, under date September 18, 1858, "Commenced hunting at Melville Wood: caught a cub. Hounds rather slack about eating foxes: got over that by holding on to the fox and letting the terriers loose." They were, however, more willing to eat sheep or deer, if allowed to do so.

It seems not unusual when a fox has run to earth to dig him out and throw him to the hounds to be eaten, which does not strike us as very chivalrous conduct on the part of the "noble sportsmen." Of course the fox may have had a good meal before the start, while the hounds are kept fasting in order to be in good running order. The fox, it may be added, is usually driven from his home, and does not know where to run to—even the holes of his neighbours being stopped to keep him out. Sometimes, moreover, he is brought in a bag and released in a place

that is new to him—deer and hares being sometimes similarly treated. And these Reminiscences make it plain that one great object of the fox-hunter is to kill the fox; a good run is shorn of half its glory if the fox manages to escape. The end of a fox is to be killed and eaten by the hounds after giving as good a run as possible; but all other kinds of death are inhibited. Our author describes the late Mr. Newdigate, M.P., as "the most gallant chap across country I ever saw, and a grand preserver of foxes." Some of the foxes, however, escaped the normal kind of death by getting drowned or suffocated—which was, of course, very wrong on their part. The fox belongs to a family of criminals whose duty is to die on the gallows, and who ought not to die in any other way.

The horses do not seem to fare much better than the hounds, and accidents to men in the hunting-field strike us as more numerous than the public is generally aware of. The Colonel lost many horses, and had some narrow escapes of serious injury, as had also both of his daughters. Whyte-Melville, the well-known novelist, who was a great friend of his, was killed while hunting. He quotes a letter from his friend, Mr. Meynell-Ingram: "On Wednesday last we had a good day, beginning with a very fast fifteen minutes, in which one man broke his collar-bone, one his arm, one his horse's back; one was in bed when I left yesterday, from a fearful shake. Grosvenor himself had a fall and lamed his horse, and Lady Constance hurt hers very badly." It is true that the writer adds, "I never saw so many falls in my life," but he considered it—perhaps on that account—"a good day." Similar occurrences are frequently reported in these volumes, and apparently regarded as quite usual, though occasionally we meet with an unusual accident, such as an employee's hand being badly injured by bites on putting it into a fox-hole which a terrier had entered—though whether the injury was caused by the fox or the terrier he did not know. In connection with this, we may mention a hound which, on

entering a hole after a fox, had its hind legs and quarters so badly bitten by the other dogs that it had to be killed.

The fox-hunter has no objection to making a profit on his horses, in which our author appears to have been pretty successful, notwithstanding several deaths and serious injuries among them. And there likewise seems to be little objection to selling an unsound or vicious horse without sufficiently cautioning the purchaser as to his idiosyncrasies. On one occasion the Colonel was quite shocked to find that a horse which was restive and "made a noise" had been knocked down to a friend who was helping him at the sale. He explained matters, but the friend liked the horse, and resolved to keep him at half the price which he had agreed to pay. The purchaser's groom was killed when riding this horse shortly afterwards. Selling and buying hounds was another of the author's occupations, but not so profitable as the horses. I should perhaps have said selling and buying fox-hounds, for on occasion he writes: "I bought a pack of harriers, but I forget what became of them." Fox-hounds were his aristocrats, harriers belonged to the proletariat.

Other incidents of the chase need not be dwelt on. The famished hounds make a meal of any dead animal that comes in their way, although they had not the pleasure of chasing it, and after this performance they are not in good condition for chasing the fox. The latter animal, however, when trying to get away from his pursuers, is frequently "headed," either intentionally or accidentally, by some men, who turn him back into the mouths of the hounds; and from the number of hounds engaged in the pursuit he has, of course, no chance for his life when once overtaken. This is, indeed, a prominent feature in many blood-sports. If the victim cannot escape from his pursuers there are enough of them to tear him to pieces. Why six dogs might not pursue a fox as well as sixty we do not exactly see, and they would cost much less; but perhaps part of the pleasure of the sport consists in seeing

the animal torn to pieces and eaten. We do not think this volume will commend fox-hunting as an amusement to any man who is considering whether he will join a hunt club or not.—X.

A SOCIETY ON THE FENCE.*

We are glad to find that Mr. Tallack has sufficiently recovered from the indisposition which led to his retirement from the secretaryship of the Howard Association to write the work before us, which is entirely in his old style. The author is throughout the same well-meaning, hard-working, much-reading, puzzle-headed man who supplies us with a vast mass of facts and opinions, jumbled together without any arrangement, and interspersed with comments which exhibit an almost equal desire to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds. Apart from opinions, there are few men who have collected and published so large an assortment of facts as Mr. Tallack, and have deduced so little from them. A great part of the present volume, however, consists of letters addressed to Mr. Tallack selected from a much larger number, and, as might have been anticipated, the author is not very happy in his selection. Thus he publishes a letter (we think one letter only) from Earl Spencer, which runs thus :

“SIR,

“I have received and am obliged for your letter. You may be assured that the difficult subject of Prison Administration in Ireland continues to receive my most earnest attention.

“Yours truly,

“SPENCER.”

Whether any portion of this letter, except the signature, is in the handwriting of the noble lord our author does not state, but in any event the letter will not strike our

* “Howard Letters and Memoirs.” By William Tallack. (London : Messrs. Methuen and Co.)

readers as anything very remarkable. Mr. Tallack's correspondence, moreover, goes back and forward in respect of date, and we cannot even find that the author classifies it either in respect of the subjects dealt with or of the writers of the letters. Those who desire to pursue any particular topic will have to search up and down through the book without much aid from the index.

Mr. Tallack begins with a sketch of his early career, but it is not until the eighth chapter—near the middle of the volume—that we learn that before becoming secretary of the Howard Association he was engaged in a different and, we think, a more humanitarian capacity—as Secretary of the Society for the Abolition of Capital Punishment. The office was, we think, one better suited to our author, who might, perhaps, have made a name for himself if he had a single definite object in view, instead of the wide expanse of miscellaneous matter covered by the programme of the Howard Association. We regret, however, to find that Mr. Tallack seems to have little sympathy with any existing societies for furthering the object which he was once so anxious to promote, and seems to regard any attempt in this direction as hopeless, just at a time when the prospects of a successful issue is stronger than ever. Among the letters which he publishes on this subject is one from Mr. John Bright, in which that great statesman expresses his fear that the adoption of private hanging has retarded the abolition of the death-penalty. We think he was right. The public is tolerant of everything that is done in private, because it is kept in ignorance of the details. Against John Bright our author sets off John Ruskin, who writes that on all questions as regards death he is satisfied to agree with Moses, Homer, and Plato, in opposition to a "number of (in their own esteem) longer-headed and softer-hearted persons" among his contemporaries. It does not seem to have occurred to Mr. Ruskin that Joseph belonged to this class of longer-headed and softer-hearted persons.

The programme of the Howard Association was as indefinite as even Mr. Tallack could desire. Its object was to study the "best" methods of the treatment and prevention of crime and pauperism. Though pauperism often leads to crime, the two subjects are distinct, and prevention is also a distinct thing from cure. But the chief ambiguity is in the phrase, "the *best* methods." What methods are to be regarded as best? the most efficacious or the most humane? The most selfish community that ever existed would study the most efficacious methods of repressing crime, in order to protect themselves against it most effectually; but the Howard Association has no claim to be regarded as a philanthropic society unless its object is to ascertain and recommend the methods by which crime and pauperism can be prevented or remedied with the *minimum* amount of suffering. The mode in which the society decided the question of what methods are best is made sufficiently obvious by Mr. Tallack's remarks, though he does not seem to be fully aware of their import. The original committee fixed what, in their opinion, were the "best" methods, and their successors have stuck to the original list, without troubling themselves as to how it was arrived at. "The committee," writes Mr. Tallack, "was always a harmonious and homogeneous body, *for from the outset it elected its own members, taking care to avoid men of extreme or impracticable views, or such as would be likely to be unacceptable to the friends of the Association generally*" (p. 21). Indeed, it seems doubtful whether the original committee, whose "best methods" have been stereotyped for forty years, did not really consist of a masterful chairman. Mr. Peek's ideal, at all events, was "a committee of two, with myself in the chair and with the casting vote." The "best methods" were evidently decided not by reasoning, but by vote, and the subsequent members of the committee were so selected that the result of the original voting has never been disturbed. The "best methods" are, therefore,

those that were voted to be best forty years ago. Of one of these "best methods," however, Mr. Tallack seems no longer able to approve. The Howard Association supported the Juvenile Offenders' Whipping Bill, though they proposed an age-limit, while the N.S.P.C.C. "went the whole hog." Our author, however, now says that, under proper conditions, "both corporal punishment and imprisonment may with advantage be largely avoided for children" (p. 69). He came to bless the Howard Association, and he blessed the Humanitarian League. They object to both whipping and imprisonment in the case of child offenders.

A large portion of the correspondence, though the writers are often distinguished persons, is uninteresting. A few letters, on the other hand, at once attract the reader's attention. We have already referred to the brutalitarian utterances of Mr. Ruskin. There is on the same side a characteristic letter of Sir R. Anderson. But the letter which strikes us most forcibly is that of Dr. A. R. Wallace at p. 62. Nobody knows what Mr. Tallack's "penological principles" are, not even, we think, Mr. Tallack himself; but Dr. Wallace, in a few lines, leaves us in no doubt whatever as to *his*. If we do not wholly concur with his view, we regard his letter as a masterpiece of clear and vigorous writing, though probably not written for publication. Mr. Tallack's comments on letters of this class are usually of the Artemus Ward type—" 'Middlin', ' ses I, not wishing to commit myself."

Mr. Tallack's special "fad" appears to be cumulative sentences; and this, of course, reappears in many parts of the present work. The principle is not very new. A physician, we will say, knows of no remedy for fever except quinine. He tries it, but the fever recurs. He increases the dose, but the fever recurs again. His third dose is stronger than the second, and he continues to carry out his system until the patient is cured—or killed. But Mr. Tallack never seems to see the objections to this system.

The inequality of sentences, even when passed on first offenders, is one of the most obvious objections—in fact, a popular objection—to our system of criminal justice. But Mr. Tallack assumes that the first sentence, however excessive or however lenient, should be the standard by which all subsequent sentences are to be regulated, so that the inequality of the treatment of two offenders which arose from accident in the first instance, is to be continued on every future conviction. Again, in this mechanical system of addition, the relative heinousness of the offences is entirely lost sight of. The man who had a bad attack of fever on the first occasion may have a mild one on the second, but as the fever *has* recurred he must get a larger dose of physic. Nor, apparently, does the cumulative system take any account of the length of time which has elapsed between the expiration of the first sentence and the second conviction. One man may have resumed his predatory habits at once. Another may have made a great effort to earn an honest living, and succeeded for a time, when ill-health or loss of employment drove him back to his former pursuits. Both equally come under the juggernaut-wheel of the cumulative system.

We hope the publication of the volume will induce the members of the Howard Association to abolish the system of co-option in the selection of their managing committee, and insist on having a representative committee, whose views will reflect those of the present subscribers, and not those of the subscribers of forty years ago. A society whose object is reform, even though it may not be philanthropic reform, must keep abreast of the age if it desires to succeed. This the Howard Association has not done.

LEX.

CRUELITIES OF THE CATTLE TRADE*

AT THE MARKET

My concern is here to tell you of the hard, and not infrequently wanton, treatment meted out to the animals before killing. I love animals, especially cows and sheep, our very best and sweetest friends, and I feel I must tell you something of the way I have seen them treated at the cattle market on the North Circular Road. It happens that the cattle brought up to the market every Thursday morning during these winter months are almost without exception all stall-fed, and the poor animals are bound to suffer keenly from exposure to all sorts of weather after coming fresh from the warm stable where they have been lodged all the winter. There is no shelter whatever in the market grounds, and there the animals have to stand, rain or snow, from at least four o'clock in the morning till sometimes well on towards evening. But it is not only the want of shelter; there is no rest. Cows cannot rest standing, like horses; they must lie down, and there is no chance for that at the market. First, they are jammed so tight in the paddocks that they cannot lie down; and then to prevent them further from yielding to exhaustion, and lying down perhaps on top of one another, they are all tied so closely by the horns that they cannot possibly move half an inch one way or another. It must be remembered, too, that hundreds and hundreds of those cattle come from far inland, having in the first instance to put in a long weary march to the nearest railway station, and then, again, spending many a long hour in a railway truck.

It seems to me that nobody interested in the cattle trade cares anything about the cattle as living, feeling creatures. Nobody thinks of them as such, or if they do, then some

* Reprinted from the *Weekly Irish Times* (Dublin), February 10 and 17, 1906.

of those cattle people must be horribly wanton. I have seen in many cases a man after releasing a cow, when finally brought up by somebody, sending the poor dumb creature off with a heavy kick on the neck or shoulder, sometimes straight on the nose. Goodness knows what that kick is for, but I cannot help my eyes. I have seen it, that is all I know.

In regard to this, sheep fare no better. One of the "hands" about the market gets in amongst the sheep and begins driving them towards the opening. He does it with a stick, poking the sides of the sheep. At last he has one or two at the other side of the pen, but while he is yet busy poking his stick at the next one, the first one or two are already back. So he gives them a clout on the head and sends them off again, if he is in time. Besides, he now gets the assistance of one of the juvenile hangers-on. The youngster stands with a heavy wattle at the side of the opening, and as soon as the first sheep puts its nose through he gives it an unmerciful cut with his weapon so as to make the sheep remember it, and not want to come back. There he stands ticking off each willing sheep—only too willing, as you may judge—with the same cruel cut on the nose, till the last sheep is gone.

I turned into the large enclosure set aside especially for the sale of milch cows, to see how matters stood there. There was a great number of cows with milk-bags swelled out to unnatural size. But that is business. Some of these creatures, perhaps, had not been milked all day yesterday, and that is business. From some of the cows the milk was coming in slow drops—drip, drip, drip, the same as in the cattle market; from others the milk was running in continuous streams. It was not the case with one or two cows, but with the great majority of them. I understand there are paid inspectors to prevent such sordid cruelty; but that is one thing, and what I have seen is quite another thing.

For the unmistakable evidence of the ill-usage of animals while on the road one need only turn into the pig-market,

adjoining the principal grounds. It is said generally that pigs are the least subject to cuts and blows, because the pig's is too much of a tell-tale back for that. So it is, indeed. Of the hundreds, or perhaps thousands, of pigs wearily and hungrily awaiting new owners there were not too many with what one may call a sound skin. Some of them had gaping gashes, in bluish-red, crossing and recrossing each other, like the marks on a butcher's block.

ON THE QUAYS

BEFORE I had been many minutes in the neighbourhood of the North Wall I came across a large group of cattle, huddled up in an open space, awaiting their turn to be shipped on board the steamer moored at the wharf on the other side of the public roadway. They were in a sweltering heat, their hides were plentifully besprinkled with street mud, and their general appearance was eloquent of an abject misery, borne with exemplary patience. A piercing north-east wind, with an occasional fall of cold sleet rain, made their position, exposed as it was to the full fury of the elements, one of extreme discomfort, and would have been bad enough at any time. But unfortunately their trials did not end there. Vehicular traffic frequently passed in and out of the space within which they were herded, and naturally caused a great deal of commotion. Blows were distributed in promiscuous fashion, and rained down remorselessly on the head, the eyes, and the nose, as well as the back and flanks of the unfortunate animals. No sooner had things settled down than another cart would come along, and once more the same sickening performance would be repeated.

At length the time came for embarkation. There was a further liberal use of the stick, and a batch of about twenty would be separated from the main body and piloted across the thoroughfare. At the entrance from the roadway to the covered sheds which stretched along the quays, a temporary hoarding, 3 or 4 feet high,

was erected leading on to the gangway, which in turn gave admittance to the cattle-pens on board the vessel. Along the top of this hoarding a plank or two formed a narrow pathway, on which a few drovers, armed with the inevitable stick, stationed themselves. The passage below was 4 or 5 feet in width, and narrowed towards the end which joined on to the gangway. When a batch was driven up, two or three cattle would attempt the passage, walking abreast, and in the narrowing pathway naturally become jammed. Then came the turn of the persons on the elevated footway on either side of the hoarding. Blows followed in quick succession, the pointed ends of the sticks were requisitioned for goading the poor beasts into their appointed places, and finally it was with considerable relief that one saw them cross the gangway in Indian file and pass into the pens on the cattle-deck, where, no doubt, ample provision was made for their accommodation, though it must be confessed that the condition in which cargoes are provided for on cattle-boats is not always of a character that meets with the approval of the authorities at the port of disembarkation.

The cattle having been got into their places, a number of sheep were next driven up. They also were divided into batches, and sent into the narrowed passage leading to the gangway. I must say that there the stick was used sparingly; plying the end as a goad seemed to be the more approved method of dealing with them, but their heavy fleeces formed a fairly good protection against the vigorous attentions of the drovers. I waited for no more, for I had seen quite sufficiently convincing proof of the unnecessary violence, amounting to downright cruelty, which is only too prevalent amongst certain members of the community in dealing with animals. I am aware that the scenes I witnessed were by no means unusual. Many readers of this paper could doubtless supply much worse instances, but surely even what I did see, in a perfectly haphazard visit, constitutes a sufficient reproach to our common humanity.

— International —
Arbitration and Peace Association.

OFFICES: 40, OUTER TEMPLE, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

President: HODGSON PRATT. *Chairman of Committee:* YELIX MOSCHELES.

Among the objects of the Association are the following:

- 1.—To create, educate, and organize public opinion throughout the civilized world in favour of the substitution of ARBITRATION FOR WAR.
- 2.—To promote a better understanding and more friendly feeling between the citizens of different nations.
- 3.—To correct erroneous statements in the public press or in Parliament on International questions.

Concord, the monthly journal of the Association, edited by G. H. FERRIS, may be had at the Office, price 1d.; Annual Subscription, 1s. 6d., including postage.

Subscriptions and Donations should be forwarded to

J. FREDK. GREEN, *Secretary.*

“INDIA.”
(Established 1891.)

Published every Friday. Price 3d., with postage 3½d.

Annual Subscription 10/6 (including postage).

Six months „ 6/- „

“INDIA” presents the Indian view of Indian Affairs.

“INDIA” gives a continuous record of all proceedings in Parliament relating to Indian affairs. This record alone suffices to make the journal invaluable for regular perusal and permanent reference. Those who cherish the desire to do their duty by India and our fellow-citizens in that great Empire are under much disadvantage so long as they do not avail themselves of the facilities that are provided by this weekly journal designed to serve that Imperial purpose.

PUBLISHING OFFICES: 35, PALACE CHAMBERS, WESTMINSTER, S.W.

The
Social-Democrat
A Monthly Socialist Review.

PRICE SIXPENCE NET.

Printed and Published by THE TWENTIETH CENTURY PRESS, Ltd.,
37a, Clerkenwell Green, London, E.C.

THE NATIONAL ANTI-VIVISECTION SOCIETY.

President: LORD LLANGATTOCK.

Hon. Secretary and Treasurer:
THE HONBLE. STEPHEN COLERIDGE.

VICE-PRESIDENTS:

THE LORD CHANCELLOR.
CARDINAL GIBBONS.
The Duchess of SCHERRET.
The Duke of HAMILTON.
The Duke of BRADFORD.
The Dowager Marchioness of QUEENSBERRY.
The Earl of BUCHAN.
The Earl of HADDINGTON, K.T.
The Dowager Countess of PORTSMOUTH.
The Dowager Countess of LANCHESTER.
The Countess of WARWICK.
The Earl of MEXBOROUGH.
LORD ERNEST HAMILTON.
Viscount CLIFDEN.
Viscount SIDMOUTH.
The Lady EDITH ASHLEY.
Archbishop BAGSHAW.
The Lord Bishop of DURHAM.
Lieut.-General LORD DE ROS, K.P.
The Lady ABINGER.
LORD LEIGH.

LORD COLERIDGE.
The Baroness DORCHESTER.
Bishop BARRY.
Bishop INGHAM.
Bishop MITCHELLSON.
Bishop MOORHOUSE.
Bishop RICHARDSON.
Rt. Hon. EVELYN ASHLEY.
The Hon. Mrs. R. C. BOYLE.
Sir GERALD CODRINGTON, Bart.
Admiral Sir WM. KENNEDY, K.C.B.
General Sir FREDERICK FORESTIER-WALKER,
G.C.M.G., K.C.B.
Maj.-General Sir HENRY COLVILLE, K.C.M.G.
Sir DAVID HARRIS, K.C.B.
Archdeacon WILKESFOUR, D.D.
Mrs. FRANK MORRISON.
J. PASSMORE EDWARDS, Esq.
CHAS. J. WELD-BLUNDELL, Esq.
G. W. E. RUSSELL, Esq.

CENTRAL EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

ERNEST BELL, Esq.
Colonel S. M. BENSON.
Miss OLIVE S. BRYANT.
The Hon. STEPHEN COLERIDGE.
The Marchioness of DONEGALL.
The Rev. NEVILLE DUNDAS.
Lady GROVE.
LORD HATHERTON.
Hon. Mrs. ARTHUR HENNINGER.
Mrs. LEYCESTER.

The Countess of OXFORD.
Lady PENDER.
The Rev. THOMAS PERKINS.
Mrs. PROTHERO.
C. NEWTON SCOTT, Esq.
E. GLOSSOP SUCH, Esq.
Mrs. ROBBIE UNIAKLE.
Mrs. A. J. WALTER.
Miss VIOLET WOOD.
Lady WILLIE.

ITS POLICY.

THE Society advocates the **Total Abolition of the Scientific Torture of Animals**, and seeks to attain this object by every possible means. The Society does not oppose, but on the contrary supports, any and every measure for the amelioration of the present condition of vivisected animals.

Member's Annual Subscription, 10s. Life Membership, £5.

Subscription to THE ZOOPLIST AND ANIMALS' DEFENDER, the Organ of the Society,
3s. 6d. per annum, post free

92, VICTORIA STREET,
LONDON, S.W.

ROBERT STEWART, Secretary.

EATER-SHAME TO MAN THAN INHUMANITY. Spenser.

THE HUMANE REVIEW

Stanford Library

OCTOBER, 1906. MAY 12 1938

CONTENTS.

WHY DO ANIMALS EXIST?
Ernest Bell.

HUMANE EDUCATION.
Rev. A. M. Mitchell.

A NOTE ON LEIGH HUNT.
GAMBLING.

THE SPORTSMAN AT BAY.
Henry S. Salt.

CORRESPONDENCE.

London:
Ernest Bell, York House,
Portugal Street, Lincoln's Inn.

CONTENTS

| | PAGE |
|--|------|
| WHY DO ANIMALS EXIST? <i>By Ernest Bell</i> - - - | 130 |
| HUMANE EDUCATION. <i>By the Rev. A. M. Mitchell</i> - - | 145 |
| A NOTE ON LEIGH HUNT - - - - - | 159 |
| GAMBLING. <i>By Nemo</i> - - - - - | 165 |
| THE SPORTSMAN AT BAY. <i>By Henry S. Salt</i> - - | 179 |
| CORRESPONDENCE: The Vivisection Commission. <i>By</i> <i>Criticus</i> - - - - - | 191 |

THE NATIONAL ANTI-VIVISECTION HOSPITAL.

Honorary Secretary:

THE COUNTESS DOWAGER OF PORTSMOUTH.

Chairman: Rev. J. P. FALLOWES. Treasurer: Dr. A. WALL.

This is the only **General Hospital** in Battersea, to supply the needs of a large and very poor district.

The Staff consists of Ten Qualified Members of the Medical and Surgical Professions.

The Operating Theatre is fitted with all the latest appliances, and every department, including the Eye, Ear, Nose, Throat, Dental, and Electro-Therapy, has a full equipment of valuable instruments.

Accident Cases are being received in greatly increased numbers, whilst the **Out-Patients** have totalled 8,440 in five months, or an average of over 30,000 annually.

WE PLEAD FOR ASSISTANCE to give help and relief to the ever-increasing number of suffering ones who come to us.

H. F. HARRISON, Secretary.

Indian Humanitarian Committee.

General Committee.

| | |
|----------------------------|------------------------------|
| MR. HERBERT BURROWS. | MR. J. M. PARIKH. |
| MR. EDWARD CARPENTER. | MR. J. B. PENNINGTON, I.C.S. |
| DR. A. K. COOMARASWAMY. | MR. RICHARD STAPLEY. |
| SIR HENRY COTTON, K.C.S.I. | MR. WILLIAM TEBB. |
| COLONEL H. B. HANNA. | SIR J. H. THORNTON, K.C.B. |
| MR. LABHSHANKAR LAXMIDAS. | SIR WILLIAM WEDDERBURN, |
| MR. DADABHAI NAOROJI. | BART. |

Executive Committee.

| | |
|---|--------------------------|
| MR. ERNEST BELL (<i>Hon. Treasurer and Chairman</i>). | |
| MRS. H. BRADLAUGH BONNER. | MR. DONALD FERGUSON. |
| CAPTAIN ALFRED CARPENTER, | MR. J. FREDERICK GREEN. |
| R.N., D.S.O. | MR. HENRY S. SALT. |
| MR. JOSEPH CLAYTON. | CAPTAIN ARTHUR ST. JOHN. |
| SIR EDMUND VERNEY, BART. | |
| MR. JOSEPH COLLINSON (<i>Hon. Secretary</i>). | |

At the request of friends and fellow-workers in India, a special Department of the Humanitarian League has been established to deal with Indian questions. It is felt that some organized effort is needed in India, as in Great Britain, to mitigate the vast amount of unnecessary pain inflicted through ignorance or callousness, and to prevent the importation of cruel European customs in defiance of Indian sentiment.

Those who are in sympathy with this object are requested to communicate with the Honorary Secretary, Mr. JOSEPH COLLINSON, at the office of the Humanitarian League.

INDIAN HUMANITARIAN COMMITTEE,
53, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.

— International — Arbitration and Peace Association.

OFFICES: 40, OUTER TEMPLE, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

President: HODGSON PRATT. *Chairman of Committee:* FELIX MOSCHELES.

Among the objects of the Association are the following:

- 1.—To create, educate, and organize public opinion throughout the civilized world in favour of the substitution of ARBITRATION FOR WAR.
- 2.—To promote a better understanding and more friendly feeling between the citizens of different nations.
- 3.—To correct erroneous statements in the public press or in Parliament on International questions.

Concord, the monthly journal of the Association, edited by G. H. PERRIS, may be had at the Office, price 1d.; Annual Subscription, 1s. 6d., including postage.

Subscriptions and Donations should be forwarded to

J. FREDK. GREEN, *Secretary.*

“INDIA.”

(Established 1891.)

Published every Friday. Price 3d., with postage 3½d.

Annual Subscription 10/6 (including postage).

Six months „ 6/- „

“INDIA” presents the Indian view of Indian Affairs.

“INDIA” gives a continuous record of all proceedings in Parliament relating to Indian affairs. This record alone suffices to make the journal invaluable for regular perusal and permanent reference. Those who cherish the desire to do their duty by India and our fellow-citizens in that great Empire are under much disadvantage so long as they do not avail themselves of the facilities that are provided by this weekly journal designed to serve that Imperial purpose.

PUBLISHING OFFICES: 85, PALACE CHAMBERS, WESTMINSTER, S.W.

The Social-Democrat

A Monthly Socialist Review.

PRICE SIXPENCE NET.

Printed and Published by THE TWENTIETH CENTURY PRESS, Ltd.,
37a, Clerkenwell Green, London, E.C.

PERSONAL RIGHTS ASSOCIATION.

32, CHARING CROSS, LONDON, S.W.

FOUNDED 14th MARCH, 1871.

If you wish to join in our work—the defence of freedom and justice—send a subscription, not less than 2s. 6d. per annum, and not more than you can afford, to me at the above address, when *The Individualist* and a copy of each of the pamphlets and leaflets issued by the Association will be sent to you, by post, each month.

Cheques and Postal Orders should be crossed Parr's Bank, Charing Cross Branch.

J. H. LEVY, *Manager.*

BROTHERHOOD: A Quarterly Magazine.

Designed to help, through the spread of purer, truer thought, the reconstruction of souls and bodies, and the peaceful evolution of a juster and happier social order.

Edited by J. BRUCE WALLACE.

Post free 1s. 6d. a year. A Sample Copy sent post free to any inquirer on receipt of post-card.

27, PATERNOSTER SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.

The Vegetarian Society Health Food Stores,

257, DEANSGATE, MANCHESTER.

Depot for PURE FOOD SPECIALITIES.

Shelled Nuts—i.e., Pine Kernels, Hazel Nuts, Roasted Peanuts, Walnut Halves, Blanched Almonds. Pure finely-ground Whole-wheat Meal. Bruised Whole-wheat for porridge. Wholesome Biscuits. Vegetable Butters. Fruit and Nut Cakes. Macaronis, Fancy Shapes. Tea and Coffee substitutes.

PRICE LIST ON APPLICATION.

ANTI-BEARING-REIN ASSOCIATION.

Vice-Presidents:

Prof. W. PRITCHARD, F.C.S., M.R.C.V.S.

A. FLOWER, C.C., Stratford-on-Avon.

Hon. Secretary:

ERNEST BELL, York House, Portugal Street, London.

NO RENT, NO OFFICE EXPENSES, NO SALARIES.

All Subscriptions devoted to Printing and Circulating Information.

Local Representatives wanted in all Towns.

The Best Practical English Dictionary in One Volume.

WEBSTER'S International Dictionary.

2,348 PAGES. £1 10s. NET. 5,000 ILLUSTRATIONS.

WEBSTER is the Standard Authority in the Postal Telegraph Departments of the U.K., and of the Australian Commonwealth, New Zealand, Cape Colony, Natal, and the Transvaal.

WEBSTER is constantly used for reference in the Royal Courts of Justice.

WEBSTER is used in the Offices of more than 1,200 English Journals.

WEBSTER may be bought by Monthly Payments.

ORDER FORM

to be sent with this advertisement through a bookseller

To MESSRS. GEORGE BELL & SONS, York House, Portugal Street, London, W.C.

I herewith enclose 3s. 6d. Please send me, carriage paid, a copy of WEBSTER'S INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY in cloth, for which I agree to make to you, or your representative, six further payments of 5s. each; the next payment on the delivery of the volume, and the succeeding payments on the same day of each month following. Until full payment has been made the volume remains your property, and I undertake not to dispose of it.

Signature _____

Address (in full) _____

Copies may be had in strong binding for two extra instalments. Send for a full Prospectus, containing specimen pages and over 100 testimonials from Statesmen, Judges, Scholars, and Men of Letters.

LONDON: GEORGE BELL & SONS, YORK HOUSE, PORTUGAL STREET.

THE HUMANE REVIEW

WHY DO ANIMALS EXIST?*

IN a work on "Moral Philosophy" in use as a text-book at Stonyhurst College, the author, Father Rickaby, S.J., in the section dealing with our attitude towards animals, writes as follows:

"Brute beasts, not having understanding, and therefore not being persons, cannot have any rights. . . . There is no shadow of evil resting on the practice of causing pain to brutes in sport where the pain is not in the sport itself, but an incidental concomitant of it. . . . Nor are we bound to any anxious care to make this pain as little as may be. Brutes are as things in our regard; so far as they are useful to us they exist for us, not for themselves, and we do right in using them unsparingly for our need and convenience. . . . We have no duties of charity, nor duties of any kind, to the lower animals, as neither to stocks and stones."

Jeremy Bentham, the moral philosopher, says, on the other hand:

"The day may come when the rest of the animal creation may acquire those rights which never could be withheld from them but by the hand of tyranny. . . . What is it that should trace the insuperable line? Is it the faculty of reason, or perhaps the faculty of discourse?"

* The writer of this essay wishes to express his indebtedness, not only for several direct quotations, but also for many ideas, to the two excellent books, "Evolutional Ethics and Animal Psychology," by E. P. Evans (Heinemann), and "Wild Traits in Tame Animals," by Dr. Louis Robinson (Blackwood).

But a full-grown horse or dog is beyond comparison a more rational, as well as a more conversable, animal than an infant of a day, or a week, or even of a month old. But suppose the case were otherwise, what could it avail? The question is not, Can they reason? nor, Can they speak? but, Can they suffer?"

Both of these views are probably put forth with perfect sincerity by their authors, and our object is to try to decide which of them comes nearer to the truth, and why so.

The question is not merely an academic one. On the view accepted by the community depends the welfare and happiness of countless sentient creatures, and also, to a considerable extent, the progress of the human race.

If, on the one hand, we accept the Stonyhurst professor's theory, and act in accordance with it, there can be no reason why we should not inflict any kind or amount of suffering on any animal, or do absolutely anything we like with it. If, on the contrary, we adopt the other view, and try to act in accordance with it, a very considerable alteration will be necessary in the lives of most of us, and many actions and habits which have become almost a second nature to us will demand our very serious reconsideration.

While, probably, comparatively few persons will agree with the Stonyhurst statement in all its baldness, we find that, whatever their outward profession may be, most persons have as background to their belief the idea that animals were created for man's use, and that he consequently has a perfect right to do what he likes with them, though they mostly agree that, for some undefined and illogical reason, his conduct ought to have a certain admixture of mercy in it. It is this view that animals were created *for man* which we especially wish to combat, as it is a relic of barbaric thought which should as soon as possible be dispelled.

It is not an idea standing alone, but is one aspect only of that more comprehensive claim, inherited from primi-

tive times, that the whole universe was created for man and man alone.

In early childhood, when the world is all new to us, we reach out our hands and seize anything we want in the unexpressed belief that it was there for us. We regard it as our right, with no conception as yet of the rights of other persons. We resent anything of the nature of denial, and it is only by slow degrees that we learn that there are serious limitations to our rights, and most of us accept such limitations grudgingly, and only in so far as the similar claims of other people around us can be enforced against us. The individual is but an epitome of the race, and, like the baby, the infant race sees the world around it and claims it as its own, with no other idea than that it was created for it. To early man, when he still lived in tribes, the earth was a flat surface, bounded on all sides by the visible horizon, which to him was the end of all things. It was very natural to him to believe that this small world, of which he found himself the ruler, was made by his Creator specially for him. Since that time our ideas have expanded a good deal ; but for many ages, while astronomical knowledge was but scanty, the earth was held to be the centre of the universe, and the sun revolved around it, and rose every morning that the earth might be warmed and lighted. It was a great step to find out that it was the earth which was whirling round the sun, which is itself only one of a thousand other suns united in an endless system.

There are, apparently, people who still think that the sun was created to mark the day for them, and show them when to work and when to rest, quite regardless of the fact that for part of the year it gives us a day of eighteen hours, and for another part about six hours only ; and that in other portions of the world, if one followed the ruling of the sun, one would never close an eye for several months at a time, and never open one during a similar period. We notice, however, that such people's actions are more

reasonable than their theories, and that, except by accident, they do not get up to see the sun rise, or retire to rest when it goes down.

The moon, again, is said to have been created to provide light when the sun is away from the earth ; but if so, we must all agree that it performs its function in a very slipshod manner, rising usually when no one wants it, and shining on in a sickly manner into the day long after the sun is up. There must, we think, be some better reason for its existence. The stars, claimed by some to have been sent to help the mariner on his course, are hardly more to be relied on, as, when most needed, in stormy or foggy weather, they usually are invisible.

With regard to the flowers, Mr. E. P. Evans, in his work on "Evolutional Ethics," writes :

"Not only are the fruits of the earth supposed to grow for human sustenance, but the flowers of the field are supposed to bud and blossom solely as a contribution to human happiness ; and it has long been considered one of the mysteries and mistakes of Nature that these things should expend their beauty and fragrance in places where man cannot appreciate them. As the poet says :

Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

"Science has finally and effectually taken this conceit out of man by showing that the flowers bloom, not for his sake, but for their own purposes, and that they put forth beautiful blossom long before he appeared on the earth as a rude, cave-haunting, flint-chipping savage. The colour and scent of flowers we now know are designed, not to please man, but to attract insects, which promote the process of fertilisation, and thus insure the preservation of the species. Plants, on the other hand, which depend on the force of the wind for their fertilisation are not distinguished for beauty of colour or sweetness of perfume, as these qualities, however agreeable to man, would be wasted on the winds."

Are those who hold that the earth was created for man prepared to maintain that vast forests existed centuries ago in order that he might have coal for the kitchen fire

now, or that electricity was created in order that he might in the twentieth century ride to his office on an electric railway? Or were the mountains created in order that he might erect hotels on them and drive a thriving trade, or have they not all rather been evolved for some other purpose which we do not know, and he has merely found out that he can utilise them for his own ends? The smoker (if he is a religious-minded man) will tell me that, of course, tobacco was sent that he might enjoy his pipe. The non-smoker, on the other hand, tells me that the sickness which invariably follows the first attempt was "sent" to warn him that he should not smoke. They cannot both be right, and there is no reason beyond the wish of the individual why one should be more right or less wrong than the other. Each man, like the infant, grasps at what he likes, and, as his easiest justification, he claims that his Creator made it for that purpose.

We had better perhaps give up the claim, and admit that, while we may have the power and the right to utilise much that we find on the earth, we cannot reasonably claim that it was created especially for us and our use. Most intelligent persons have, of course, arrived at this point already—at any rate, nominally; but old inherited mental traits die very hard, and, whatever may be their professed opinion, we see on all sides little indications that the barbaric superstition is still alive, as when, for instance, people seem to believe that the whole course of nature will be altered, and it really is more likely to rain if they go out without an umbrella.

Having thus cleared the way with regard to the lower kingdoms in nature, and agreed, we hope, that they were not created for man, but that he is himself only a portion of them, with power to tame and utilise some of the rest for his own purposes, let us see how the matter stands with regard to the higher kingdoms. Here, too, we are feeling our way along, but are moving slowly from the

anthropocentric or man-centred theory of the universe. Here, too, primitive man, with characteristic conceit, assumed that all the animals he could lay hands on were created for him, and until quite recent times no one has arisen to disturb this belief, so pleasing and flattering to himself. Readers of Tennyson will remember the fat-faced curate, Edward Bull, who maintained with persistency that "God made the woman for the use of man." It was not a new idea, but one that has existed from the earliest times, and is still very common in many parts of the world; but it is interesting as showing how, even fifty years ago, our Poet Laureate could without ridicule put the sentiment into the mouth of one of his characters—a minister of the Gospel.

Since that time, however, women have had something to say in the matter, and—at any rate, in England and America—we have learnt that there are two sides to the question.

The almost universal belief amongst white races that the black were created to be subservient to them is only another instance of the same autocratic idea, that what you can wrest to your use was made for that purpose. This theory of races being marked out by God as servants to others is dying before increased enlightenment, but it is dying only slowly.

In Demerara a law has lately been passed sanctioning flogging for certain offences for both men and women—natives only, of course! In South Africa the Chinese labourers have been flogged for commercial, not criminal, offences—a punishment which is nowhere allowed amongst the labourers of the dominant race; and the recent outrages committed in Egypt on the natives will be in everyone's memory.

How, when our fellow-men are still regarded in this way, can the animals be expected to escape? We consequently find that it is a very general belief that animals were created for man—we were going to say "even in

Christian countries"; but in this matter Christian countries are often behind those which have never heard of Christianity, for a reason to be mentioned later.

It is in reality a monstrous proposition that the whole animal creation was made for man's use, and the acceptance of it leads us into endless difficulties. How, on this theory, are we to account for the countless races of living creatures who lived on the earth and became extinct before man even appeared? What are the meaning and purpose of the myriad creatures in the depths of the ocean who live out their lives while man has no knowledge even of their existence? What of the poisonous snakes and other destructive creatures from whom man has to fly to avoid their fatal touch? Can anyone seriously maintain that the cow, who, in common with all mammals, provides milk for its offspring, was created in order that man should upset the course of nature, and, having slain the calf, appropriate the milk intended for it, or has man merely found that this method is convenient for himself, and, being the stronger, has adopted it? As Dr. L. Robinson says in his "Wild Traits in Tame Animals": "Did Nature in the first place provide the milk for our benefit? Not at all; it is the provision for the poor, innocent calf, and we have filched his property from him by force and trickery."

Can anyone who thinks seriously maintain that the South African elephant was created that men might make billiard-balls from his tusks, or shall we say that he was created that the "big-game" hunter might find his selfish pleasure in slaughtering him and hanging a new ghastly trophy in his hall? Can anyone who has read Maeterlinck's "Life of the Bee" seriously maintain that all the incomprehensible mysteries of that hive were created and have been carried on for centuries that men should have honey on their breakfast-tables? Were seals "sent" that their skins should be stripped from their bodies for women to wear? and were larks created that gourmets

should enjoy them in pies, or were they, perhaps, created for the use of that other part of the community who prefer to enjoy their song rather than their flesh?

This plea of rival claims introduces fresh difficulties into the question, and it would be interesting to know whether the frog was sent, for instance, that he should be eaten, as in France, or whether we are to regard him, as a well-known vivisector suggested, as "God's gift to physiologists," because he is such a very convenient creature to cut up alive in the laboratory.

As Mr. Evans says:

"If it was the Creator's intention that the lower animals should minister to man, the Divine plan has proved to be a failure, since the number of animals which, after centuries of effort, he has succeeded in bringing more or less under his dominion is extremely small. Millions of living creatures fly in the air, crawl on the earth, dwell in the waters, and roam the fields and forests, over whom he has no control whatever. Not one in twenty thousand is fit for food, and of those which are edible he does not eat more than one in ten thousand."

A strong argument against the theory that animals were created for the use of man is to be found in the fact that the very faculties and qualities which man finds most useful were developed in the animals for their own purposes.

For instance, the speed of the horse, which we have found so useful, is the quality which has been most essential to the animal's own existence. The horse is a timid animal—he is no fighter; and, in the time of his early ancestors, his only salvation, when pursued by his greatest enemies, the wolves, was in his own legs. The weak and the slow were caught and devoured, the swift and the strong escaped, and transmitted their saving faculties to their offspring, and that which man claims to have been made for him was in reality evolved to save the race itself.

In the same way the value of the bull or ox in agri-

culture, which leads so many people living in foreign countries to think that he was sent by Heaven to help man in ploughing the fields, is in reality the result of the furious combats of the bulls through countless generations for supremacy, by which the finest and strongest survived to enable the race to hold its own against its many enemies. The bull's method of fighting being to charge with the head down, and push and struggle against each other, they have developed the enormous strength in the head and shoulders which man finds so useful, and which, by the way, fully justifies the method of harnessing in vogue abroad which some people have thought cruel—namely, by fixing a bar across the forehead for the ox to push against.

The cow, who, perhaps, more than any other animal might be considered as God's gift to man, and who, I believe, is so indispensable that even vegetarians, who have abjured all other animal products, find it difficult to dispense with her milk—she, too, owes her value to purely racial requirements. That she is able to supply large quantities of milk morning and night is due to the fact that in her natural state she often had far to go to reach her pasture-ground. The calf, unlike the foal, is slow and clumsy, and had to be left behind, hidden in a thicket, while the cow went off for some hours in search of food, to return in the evening with a plentiful meal to make up for the long fast. The large size of the udder of the cow and the stomach of the calf, as compared with those of the horse and the foal, who never parted company for long, is thus explained; and yet man flatters himself that the cow was specially sent for him!

The same holds good throughout. The wool of the sheep was certainly made to keep the sheep warm, and not to be sheared off and made into blankets and clothes. It is pure nonsense that the kind sheep yield up their wool to us, as the poets say. They are, on the contrary, inconsiderately thrown on their sides, and their wool is stripped

from them whether they will or not, and miserable, shivering objects they look afterwards. "Robbery with violence" is the technical name for such a deed; and here, again, we make use of the Creator to justify our high-handed act, and invent the proverb, "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb." The shorn lamb's opinion on the matter would be interesting.

The tender and succulent muscles in the tail of the ox were certainly developed that he might protect himself from flies, and not that they should supply what is considered by some people a specially savoury soup.

The excellent habit of the dog in barking at intruders is only a development of his early habit of defending his own cave or den. Even the pariah dogs in Eastern cities have their own "beats," and woe betide any stranger dog who ventures to intrude on them! Were the dog's instincts intended for man's use, he would bite the burglar only, and not the postman, as we know occasionally happens.

To say that animals were created for the use of man is one thing; to say that they, like ourselves, were created for purposes which we are unable to fathom, but that man has found he can bend a few of them to his uses, is quite another thing, and the latter seems to us the more reverent, the more philosophical, and the more scientific attitude. To our thinking the sheep was created for man to eat exactly in the same way, and to the same extent, as man was created for the Bengal tiger to eat—when he gets the chance.

While man exclaims, "See all things for my use!"

"See man for mine!" replies a pampered goose;

And just as short of reason must he fall,

Who thinks all made for one, not one for all.

POPE'S *Essay on Man*.

So far we have talked mainly of the reasons for which animals do *not* exist. Why they do exist is a more difficult question, but it is one of which we enormously increase the difficulty by approaching it in a very unreasonable

manner. Mrs. Jameson, in her "Book of Thoughts, Memories, and Fancies," wrote :

"It would seem as if the primitive Christian, by laying so much stress upon a future life in contradistinction to this life, and placing the lower creatures out of the pale of hope, placed them at the same time out of the pale of sympathy, and thus laid the foundation for this utter disregard of animals in the light of our fellow-creatures."

And this explains what we hinted at earlier—that in Christian lands the position of animals is often worse than in so-called heathen lands. The problem before us would lose much of its difficulty if stated amongst those Oriental nations where the kinship of men and animals has been recognised from the earliest times, and their just and humane treatment enjoined as a religious duty.

Why do we so dogmatically assert that animals can have no share in an after-life? Bishop Butler many years ago, in his work on the "Analogy of Religion," said: "We cannot find anything throughout the whole analogy in nature to afford us the slightest presumption that animals ever lose their living powers"—or, in other words, that they have not immortal life in some form.

Another writer, Mr. Howard Moore, of our own time, has said :

"The doctrine that human beings are not animals, and that animals not human are a mindless, feelingless, virtueless mass of machinery, is an unjust and unqualified falsehood. It has no foundation either in science or in common-sense. It is not a disinterested conclusion arrived at after patient and honourable effort to find the truth, but an uncandid excuse for some very unhandsome specimens of human conduct. The supposed psychical gulf between human and non-human beings has no more existence outside the imagination of man than has the once supposed physical gulf.

"But it is not necessary to be learned in science in order to possess assurances that non-human peoples have souls. It is only necessary to associate with them. Just the ordinary observation of them in their daily lives about us—in their comings and goings and doings—will convince any observant person that they are beings with joys and sorrows, desires and capabilities, similar to our own. No man with a conscientious desire to learn the truth, and with a mind unbiassed by

prejudice, can associate intimately day after day with these people—associate with them as he himself would desire to be associated with in order to be interpreted in a kind, straightforward, magnanimous manner: make them his friends, and really enter into their inmost lives—without realising that they are almost unknown by human beings, that they are constantly and criminally misunderstood, and that they are in reality beings actuated by substantially the same impulses, and affected by approximately the same experiences, as we ourselves. They eat and sleep; seek pleasure and strive to avoid pain; cling to life; experience health and disease; suffer hunger and thirst; love and provide for their children; build homes and defend them; fight against enemies; learn from experience; have friends, and favourites, and pastimes; appreciate kindness; dream dreams; cry out in distress; see, hear, smell, taste, and feel; are industrious, provident, and cleanly; have languages; risk their lives for others; manifest ingenuity, individuality, fidelity, affection, gratitude, heroism, sorrow, self-control, fear, love, hate, pride, suspicion, jealousy, joy, reason, resentment, selfishness, curiosity, memory, imagination, remorse—all these things, and a thousand others, just as human beings do.”

We venture to suggest a solution which seems to be the only one by which the theological and scientific views can be harmonised, and which is now being accepted by many thinking persons. We most of us believe that there has been an evolution of some sort in Form or Body. We most of us believe that all life is one, springing from one source, and we grant even to the humblest creature a spark of this divine fire. Is there anything unreasonable or unscientific in thinking that there may also be an evolution of Life or Consciousness, the life needing for its development the experiences of many existences?

As Thoreau says: “Animals are but undeveloped men, standing on their defence, awaiting their transformation.” If we took half as much trouble to look for evidence of mind in the subhuman world as we do to pass over or misinterpret it where disclosed, we should have no doubt as to the psychical kinship of all living creatures. That we coolly arrogate all reason to ourselves, and leave instinct only, as we are pleased to call it, to the subhuman animals, is only another outcome of our anthropocentric view of the world.

When a man possesses that curious mental faculty by which he can divine or detect water in the earth 30 feet beneath him, we call it—well, a curious mental faculty; but if a horse, left to himself, conducts his thirsting rider to a distant spring, this is called instinct, and that is supposed to settle the matter.

If, again, a man possesses the power which some people have of finding their way about readily in unknown regions, it is explained as the unconscious co-ordination of previous mental impressions, or something of that kind; but if a swallow returns year after year to build its nest on the same cottage, that is only instinct, and settles the matter, without anyone attempting to say what instinct is. It is enough that it is something that animals have, as opposed to thought or reason, of which we claim the monopoly. The distinction is purely artificial, and made to suit our vanity. As Mrs. Helen Wilmans says in her "Home Course in Mental Science":

"Do you know that our little brothers and sisters, the insects and worms, are in their sphere each one the embodiment of some peculiar phase of Wisdom? If you do not know this, you have much to learn from the study of natural history. Take, for instance, this fact as illustrative of the intelligence which their desire for life induces them to manifest in their bodies. There are a good many insects and worms that the birds do not like—they have an unpleasant taste. These insects and worms become known to the birds by their peculiar marking, and are therefore left unmolested. Other insects and worms that are good to eat, and that the birds are fond of, know this fact, and their desire to prolong their lives causes them to acquire the same markings and colours that their distasteful neighbours have, and so their own lives are perpetuated. Do you imagine that these little things do not think? They do think, and possess a wisdom unknown to us—or, at least, unknown to our objective minds, though, no doubt, a part of our subjective intelligences. Many a little beetle, for instance, has taken on a soft brown coat, and made for himself yellow bands around his body in order to resemble the bee. Why? Because the birds are afraid of the bee on account of its sting. These little creatures were defenceless, having no sting. Why did they not create stings for themselves? The question is an apt one, and the answer sustains the claim of the power vested in individualisation. Students

of natural history are apt to disregard the mighty power of individualisation, with its moving soul of intelligent desire, and they say, 'Oh, it is Nature that does all these wonderful things,' and here they drop the matter. Well, it is Nature, but Nature expresses herself in the myriad personalities of which all these little creatures are a part. Each one does his own thinking in his own way. The instinctive desire for life has provided them with instinctive methods of self-preservation. They know that the bee is rejected as food, while they are accepted. That part of the bee which appeals to their perception is his yellow band on his brown coat. Desire, prompted by the instinct of self-preservation, gives them the yellow bands and brown coat. They know more of the colour of the bee than of his sting.

"Throughout the living world there are signs to anyone who will look for them of thought—not extraneous thought of a Creator, but innate thought in the creature. It may differ from our thought, and doubtless does so; but it is definite thought, directed to a distinct object, essential to the well-being of the creature, and, in so far as we share and can understand its nature, we can trace the similarity in the working of its mentality in ourselves as though we had passed through similar experiences."

In this fundamental unity of all life is the true relationship of man with all other forms of life. It is not that we see in man the descendant from the animals, nor from a common ancestor with the apes, in the ordinary popular or scientific way, but that we hold that man has passed through innumerable lower stages on his way to his present place in the evolutionary scale, and that we recognise in the animals *that* which will eventually become as human as ourselves. We can see in them only less developed brethren, who claim from man not merely "mercy," but practical, intelligent help and guidance along the evolutionary path, which it is ever the duty of the elder and stronger to bestow on the younger and weaker in the world-family, not less than in the human family. To "have dominion" does not mean to have license to torture and tyrannise, but to have control and guidance, to have duties and responsibilities, which should ever be the accompaniments of true kingship.

It may seem fanciful, but it is an idea which no one can be any the worse for harbouring, that it may be one

of our duties to *help* in the development, as far as possible, of these our humbler fellow-creatures. Most of us know from experience the difference between the dog who is kept chained up in the back-yard, and has a piece of meat thrown to him once a day, and the other dog, possibly of the same species, who lives with the family, and knows all their ways and doings; who understands and rejoices as much as any member of the family when he sees preparations for going to the seaside, remembering the fun he had there the last year; who adapts his habits and takes his moral code, to a great extent, from his human friends, and who, as people say, becomes "almost human." Why cannot we extend this feeling of fellowship not merely to an individual here and there, but to all living creatures?

It may well be doubted whether, in developing in the hound only those qualities and capacities which lead to bloodshed of his fellow-creatures, we are not doing him a moral wrong, instead of developing those higher faculties which he possesses.

Suppose that, instead of devoting his energy to the production of fat cattle, diseased pigs, crammed capons and *pâté de foie gras*, man aimed only to produce healthy bodies, and to train and develop the mental and moral qualities of the animals—what a difference might be made!

Not until we can clear away these illusions, and recognise the oneness of the evolving Life within, shall we understand, and understanding work towards, that "one eternal purpose" for which the animals, not less than ourselves, exist.

To sum up, we think we have shown—

1. That there is overwhelming evidence that animals were not made for the use and purposes of men, but for purposes of their own which we may be unable to fathom.

2. That in mind, no less than in body, they are nearly related to us in what concerns this life, and that there is no

evidence at all that they do not have a continued existence in other spheres.

3. That we can in no way evade the conclusion that the same rule of conduct should apply to them as to human beings in as far as the development of their faculties makes it applicable.

In conclusion, I cannot better sum up my idea of the feeling and attitude we should hold towards the lower animals than in the words of Edward Carpenter :

I saw deep in the eyes of the animals the human soul look out upon me.

I saw where it was born deep down under feathers and fur, or condemned for awhile to roam four-footed among the brambles. I caught the clinging, mute glance of the prisoner, and swore that I would be faithful.

Thee, my brother and sister, I see and mistake not. Do not be afraid. Dwelling thus and thus for a while, fulfilling thy appointed time—thou too shalt come to thyself at last.

Thy half-warm horns and long tongue lapping round my wrist do not conceal thy humanity any more than the learned talk of the pedant conceals his—for all thou art dumb we have words and plenty between us.

Come nigh, little bird, with your half-stretched, quivering wings—within you I behold choirs of angels, and the Lord himself in vista.

(Towards Democracy.)

ERNEST BELL.

HUMANE EDUCATION

HAVE our children no reason to complain of the educational system under which they come? School life should be a life of child-like joy and felicity—a happy time to which in after-years weary men and women look back with deep thankfulness of heart. We cannot be reminded too frequently how true it is that “the youth of a nation is as the spring of a year.” What our school life is to-day, such will be our citizen life twenty or twenty-five years hence. “The boy is father to the man.” Schools make or unmake a nation. If the truth must be told in all its nakedness, school life is very far from being the bright and joyous life it has the right to be, and, as a general rule, the children in our elementary schools are nothing loth to quit the “educational precincts” for work of any kind, or for that “cheerful idleness” which is the parent of a well-known trio—the loafer, the tramp, and the vagabond. With rare exceptions, the children have no desire to remain in the schools which they have attended for eight, or nine, or perhaps even ten years, one moment longer than they can possibly help. Sick and weary of the school system and its doings, they are only too thankful to be delivered from it. One thing they have learnt well, if nothing more—to hate school and all its works. This would not be so if things educational were as they ought to be. Under a truly humane system, one would naturally expect to find sighs and tears, rather than shouts and cheers, when the inevitable time arrives for breaking away from school fellowship, and parting from the company and wise control

of much-loved teachers. The children would grieve to leave the schools—they would rejoice to linger long—if Love, Mercy, and Justice constituted the school atmosphere. As it is, the children hurry to be free, and who can blame them?

It is not possible now to dwell at any length on the apparent failure of our schools to enlist the life-long sympathies of the young. The failure of the schools in this respect is a fact, and a sad fact; the root cause is not far to seek—viz., the absence of humaneness in the school system.

Let us particularise a little, and consider as briefly as possible some few of the principal ways in which the present compulsory system presses with undue severity upon the children.

1. *Long Distance and Delicate Children.*—All our schools are not town schools, and are not within a stone's throw of the houses of the people. In rural and semirural districts the children, mostly, have to walk long distances; a tramp of two to three miles is not exceptional, and upwards of a mile is very usual. In fine spring and summer weather this does not involve much hardship, but in cold wintry weather the enforced daily stump to school and back again may prove positively cruel, especially to those little ones who are fragile or delicate, to say nothing of infants of the tender age of five or six! Whose heart has not ached at some time or other to see little tots—mere babes, and blue from cold, with hands and feet benumbed—battling on their schoolward way against wind and storm, under rain and snow, through mud and slush—hungry, it may be—all too thinly clad, and wailing piteously as they go?

The Code is not without consideration for long-distance children. "A meeting of the school may occasionally be abandoned without previous notice on days when, owing to inclement weather, the attendance is so small as seriously to interfere with the ordinary working of the school."

Unfortunately, "inclement" is an ambiguous word ; it may mean something very different at Whitehall as compared with Lancashire or some northern county, and there may be a great divergence of opinion between parents and the School Attendance Committee as to when weather is "inclement" and when it is not. Anyhow, the Code, apparently, is more merciful than its exponents, and it is much to be deplored that managers and others are not as good as their book. If children are compelled to attend school, they should be protected from every harm and ill ; the physical are not the least of children's ills. It is in the power of managers to provide for the conveyance to school of long-distance children in bad weather. Such provision, which would prove so great a mercy to little children, is not only not encouraged, it is distinctly discouraged ; it may or may not be to the reduction of the percentage and the lowering of the average, but certainly at the expense of that humaneness which should mark all school management and control.

To grant such a privilege would, it is supposed, create jealousies and rivalries, and, worst of all, send the rates up a farthing in the £! Rates are not to be trifled with and enormously increased in order to carry out the whims of "faddist educationists," or to meet the demands of an ever-increasing red-tape officialism ; but when mercy is in question—mercy to little children forced to school a long way from home—every man and woman should be ready to vote the extra farthing, not grudgingly, nor of necessity, but with right goodwill.

Royal Commissions on Physical Deterioration will find plenty to do, and have to sit again and again, if strict attention be not given to the health and physical requirements of long-distance children. The discomfort of standing or sitting a whole morning in wet clothes and soaked boots and stockings is as nothing compared with the risks involved. These things are the sure precursors of chills, bronchitis, pneumonia, consumption, and what not. This

is not the way to make hardy children ; it is either to slay them out of hand, or else to handicap them for life with some physical ailment, delicacy, or disease.

Long-distance children suffer in another way. They have no opportunity for return home to a warm, well-cooked dinner. Their lunch they bring with them, and, such as it is, it must suffice until the evening. This mid-day "repast," in too many instances, is partaken of anyhow and anywhere. Little or no thought is taken for the little homeless ones, no room is provided for them in which to eat their food in comfort, if not with gladness ; so they betake themselves to the open, to the school-yard, the streets, the lanes, and, if the weather is really too humid, to the cloak-rooms and corridors, but not the class-rooms or halls of the school buildings. Here and there a kindly teacher is concerned for the comfort of the temporarily homeless, and does everything possible to provide compensations ; but teachers are under no obligations to do so, and, as the majority of them are circumstanced, it is scarcely reasonable to expect such action on their part. All children require a good warm mid-day meal, but numbers of them, for nine months out of twelve, know no such luxury. From eight in the morning till five in the evening, a small boy or girl—cold and, maybe, wet—has to abstain from warm food and drink through lack of thought, foresight, and humaneness. These privations ought not to be. In this connection one further remark may be made. Children not physically fit are forced to school against the parents' will. These are not actually ill, yet are they far from being well, and, as falling considerably below par, they are unequal to the physical and mental strain of school demands. The right and proper place for these is at home under the mothers' care, but there is that great bogey to be reckoned with—the doctor's certificate. As the cases are not such as are likely to be covered by a medical man's voucher, the children are sent to school against the parents' better

judgment. The mother, if a real mother, is much more likely to be the best judge of her child's physical fitness or unfitness for school work and routine. Compulsory school attendance may thus become a wrong to the parent and an injury to the child. Strong men and women—strong in every sense: physically, mentally, morally—cannot be the product of our schools if as children they are forced into standards when, for the time being, they ought to be resting from all mental effort.

A need of the hour is the lady manager and the woman representative on the School Attendance Committee.

2. *School Terrorism*.—Although some folk still maintain "the divinity of the rod," there is a very general consensus of opinion that the day for corporal punishment in our schools is past and gone. The rod should now be relegated to the archives of antiquarianism, and corporal punishment, with other civilised barbarisms, to the days of our educational ignorance. The Code of 1903 indicates that this is the view of the Education Department. On p. 83 we read :

"The most effective agent for maintaining good discipline is the teachers' own example. . . . If discipline were perfect, punishment would be unknown. . . . Order, diligence, and obedience, which are only maintained by frequent punishment or the dread of it, do not constitute good discipline. Indeed, the infliction of punishment is, to some extent, a confession of defeat by the authority which inflicts it, for the object of discipline is to prevent the commission of faults. No punishment which excites the emotion of terror in a child should ever be employed" (sec. 8, "Revised Instructions applicable to the Code of 1902").

Where the cane is constantly in evidence, the Head stands convicted of incompetency in school management and child control. Corporal punishment is not necessary to the discipline of any school. The best discipline, it is found, obtains in those schools in which the cane, rule, or strap has been discarded as part of the necessary disciplinary equipment. The "cane demon" is unfitted for

the position of Head, and should vacate a post for which he does not possess the necessary moral qualification. He has mistaken his vocation in life. These "undesirables," unhappily for the children, are not rare exceptions. Terrors to the children, and possibly to the teachers under them, they would not be missed if put on the list of the extinct in company with the Dodo.

School terrorism is more prevalent than is generally supposed. Probably not more than 5 per cent. of school savagery cases are ever heard of outside the school walls. The children are too frightened to inform their parents, or to make any fuss, lest a worse thing should come upon them; and the parents, if they are informed, are reluctant, for the sake of the children, to lodge complaints or to prosecute in the police courts. "There are parents in Preston who, like myself, have enough to do to control their tempers when learning of the manner in which their children are treated." So wrote a correspondent last year to one of the two great Liverpool papers. This long-suffering parent (no anonymous writer) further declared that the most trivial offences were visited with the rod. "Children are often unmercifully beaten if seen not sitting straight up in their seats. Some are caned for being late, others if they drop their books or pencils accidentally on the floor. Many are caned for errors in dictation, slowness in replying to oral questions, and for errors in lessons of almost every kind. . . . Often we hear so much of children nowadays going to the bad; but does not this harsh and repressive treatment of children in the schools tend to hurry in that direction?" There is no word of exaggeration in all this. It is only too true that corporal chastisement is meted out to scholars in elementary schools by reason of a dulness and stupidity which they cannot help, by reason of a nervousness which renders them speechless and causes them to shake. The *after*-effects of school terrorism are hidden from us—no statistics are at hand to guide us; but if idiots and lunatics could relate their

hapless histories, how many of them would point the finger to the village or town school and say, "There is the cause of all my woe"? No mark may be visible on hand or wrist or body, but a scar is left on the mind which is indelible. Dr. Whiteside Hime, in his evidence before the Royal Commission on the Feeble-Minded some months back, boldly declared our schools to be feeders of asylums. We incline to the belief that the physical and mental mischief wrought by the compulsory system is considerable, a belief which receives remarkable corroboration from two admitted facts—the spread of physical deterioration on the one hand, and the increase of lunacy on the other.

No hand-slashers, no cowardly bullies, no harsh-voiced shouters, no vulgar-tongued tyrants, should be tolerated in any of our schools, "provided" or "non-provided," for one single hour. They are a terror to the children, a wrong to the community. Tyranny is not discipline, and discipline is not terrorism. When the unwritten law of a school is, "The authority in this school begins and ends with the rod," the ruin of that school, from the child point of view, and therefore from the national, is great. There is, then, absolutely no protection from psychical or bodily harm. Such a school is scarcely a school at all—it is a little community of child slaves and slave-drivers; its right name is Bullydom. The divine right of the schoolmaster has superseded the divine right of the parson. A clergyman dare not bully, as do too many of our pedagogues; they would be left with empty church benches. Compulsory education gives the bully an opportunity he is not slow to use. Bully as he will, the children dare not stay away.

The great underlying principle of school discipline is love. Where love is absent, injustice and oppression are bound to follow. "We respect you; we love you," may be, and ought to be, the sentiment of all school children towards their preceptors. But love, in school and out of

it, is not bought with money, but with love. Love begets love. Wise teachers set themselves to win the love of their children, and invariably succeed. When this is so, school work ceases to be drudgery; it becomes easy and pleasant, and discipline follows as naturally as night the day. Self-government by the children is then possible, for they can be trusted to obey the commands and to carry out the wishes of those they love, and who love them back again. Self-government by the children is the one recognised effective road to discipline, and insures a real abiding love of school life. Teachers cannot love their children too dearly, nor trust them too much. Mr. J. C. Iles, H.M. Senior Inspector for the Liverpool District, has well said: "The teachers should encourage self-government amongst their children, remembering that, if they wish to influence the children, it must be by means of their leaders; let them govern through their leading children, and trust them instead of turning them into sneaks and prigs." The wrongs and sufferings of little children are not pleasant thinking.

3. *Bodily Contamination*.—The elementary schools are filled with children of all sorts and conditions of parents, mostly working people. Some are clean, others not clean, and others, again, distinctly dirty. The majority of the children, be it said, come from homes spotlessly clean (there is nothing to surpass the clean working people in their cleanliness), and appear in class clean in person and of garment. On the other hand, a considerable minority arrive at the schools far from clean, and in many cases positively dirty. Their cleanliness does not, perhaps, go beyond the proverbial "cat's lick," if it gets so far. Clean children are forced to mix with dirty ones, and maybe, if a teacher is not very keen on cleanliness, to sit beside them. Religion and dogma are engrossing public attention to the full. Religion and cleanliness are not of less moment, but no voice is lifted up requiring that cleanliness (which is not merely next to godliness, but is a part of

godliness itself) may be made mandatory. Surely children compelled to attend school by the strong arm of the law may demand guarantees that the clean shall not be contaminated by the unclean? Is the beautifully clean child, fresh-looking and sweet-smelling, to be subjected to the cruelty (and a bad form of cruelty it is) of hourly contact with the child whose body has not been wholly washed since infancy with pure water, whose clothes are foetid and offensive, and whose poor little head makes unceasing demands for vigorous application of wee hands and the suppression of undesirable aliens?

Few things are more trying to flesh and blood, more disgusting to washed and cleansed humanity, than close proximity to those of whom it may be only too truthfully averred, "Neither their persons nor their clothes are clean." Compulsory school attendance is responsible for many a dirty skin disease, for the "school head," for ring-worm and other filthy things, to the undoing of many a beautiful healthful child for life. And habits! To be dirty of person is generally to be dirty of habit. The dirt of the body and the dirt of the mind seem as if linked together in a living indissoluble union. Everybody knows home cruelty to children is not uncommon; cruelty in another form shows itself in too many of our schools. It is a refined form of cruelty to contaminate the bodies of sweet babes, if not their minds, by forced companionship with the little victims of unwashed bodies, dirty garments, and foul habits. It is not reasonable to lay the onus of responsibility upon the teachers. They can do much, it is true, if they have the will, to improve, to some extent, this rather lamentable state of things; but the teachers' work is not the work of medical or sanitary inspectors.

Complications might easily arise if the onus of exclusion were laid upon the headmaster or mistress. Who, then, is to examine and, if necessary, exclude? Further, what standard of dirt is to exclude? Obviously, we need an extension of the School Attendance Officers' duties, or

else the appointment of special inspectors for each school district, if bodily contamination is to be eliminated from our schools.

4. *Wrong Ethics.*—Ethical teaching is greatly at fault with us both in home and school. School must teach the children how to live, not merely how and what to learn. Moral qualities are of far more moment to the young than a smattering of languages and sciences. "A finished education" mostly means complete ignorance of the duties of citizen and domestic life, and of the attitude which should be adopted by young and old towards those social evils which have so grievously victimised the masses of the people in town and country. This is a wrong—a grievous wrong—to the children of the hour. The schools of a nation exist for the education and training of future citizens. Elementary education, as we are familiar with it, does not begin and end with the school time-table, and may not be bound hand and foot to the school curriculum without grave injustice. Education, of whatever kind it be, is not worth the time given to it, if it does not educate for life. Persian boys were sent to school to learn something infinitely superior to the best seventh standard work—*i.e.*, justice. May we not reasonably ask for our English children to be sent forth into the busy workaday world imbued with a strong sense of justice to all living creatures, humans and subhumans, and with a firm grip of those immortal principles which go such a long way towards the making of good and great citizens—mercy and humaneness? Rightly viewed and wisely used, an elementary school, in town or country, in time becomes a centre of humaneness, and constitutes itself a society for the protection of the weak, of birds, animals, and all living creatures. The pity of it that this should prove the exception and not the rule! Our schools which turn out dunces in rich abundance are still more prolific of young barbarians.

The tender mercies of school lads are proverbially cruel;

their delight is in torture, maiming, and killing. A contributor to the *Herald of the Golden Age* has written: "Arm the modern young barbarian with catapult, air-gun, or stick, and you will see the killing instinct manifest itself—that inherent desire to slay something, which will ever find an outlet in his switching off the heads of flowers as he goes along, just for the sheer pleasure of destroying. He cannot see a butterfly gleam gaily across his path, but he itches to beat it to the earth. Birds he regards as being made to shoot at, cats to set dogs after, and dogs to set on one another; flies and other insects as valuable material for vivisectional experiments; horses as being made for the whip; and, in general, the whole animal kingdom as existing chiefly to be shouted at, irritated, or abused." This severe indictment calls for nothing by way of addition or comment. The responsibility for youthful barbarism must be shared between home and school. Blame not the lads—blame our parents and our education system. And here an unpleasant question confronts us, "How can a child be cruel to animals, and the reverse to his fellow-creatures?" Cruel to animals, unmerciful to man—such is the law of life. Yet who thinks of seriously preventing boys from stealing birds' nests, transfixing butterflies, or sometimes subjecting a small cat or dog to excruciating torture? These are little doings which amuse; to many they are distinctly funny. "Boys will be boys," and "Britons never, never shall be slaves."

What a wonderful social redemption might be wrought by our thousands of schools! What a splendid citizenship they might give our country! Men and women marked by thoughtful consideration for all around them, full of kindness, brimful of mercy, even to the finger-tips! Alas that it should be otherwise—that those responsible for the education of the young are so seldom at pains to prevent cruelty and to inculcate mercy!

The determined effort of political partisans to use the elementary schools of the country as nurseries for the

army is a base betrayal of education, and a barefaced attempt to bring the people under the iron heel of militarism. We are none of us ignorant of what Lord Roberts would like, and also that he is now not likely to reach the goal he so ardently desires. His bid for the schools has fallen flat; it has come too late. Our present Government will not dance to the piping of militarism—no, not even under the innocent name of *air-guns*.

On August 8, 1905, an astounding letter appeared in the *Liverpool Daily Post and Mercury*, under the heading, "Teaching School-boys to Shoot." The writer of this letter, a schoolmaster hailing from the neighbourhood of Chester, makes the most audacious proposal possible to conceive: "Every elementary school possesses a room 30 feet long. Let the authorities by all means encourage every boy (I should like to add every girl) to learn shooting with air-rifles. The equipment is ridiculously cheap."

A room 30 feet long for a rifle-range! What next? Our school-rooms, 30 feet long, and longer, should never be yielded by the people for such an immoral purpose; they are required for purposes very different from the shooting-gallery—for such humane purposes as dining and entertainment halls, for lectures, for demonstrations, and for that physical drill and exercise which is as necessary a part of education as mental and moral training. Military training is no necessary part of physical culture. The political effort to prostitute the schools of the nation to military purposes, so to foster the war spirit and to engender hostility (falsely called British) to French, German, and other foreigners, is just what the people of this freedom-loving country should not stand. Our children are not to be compelled to school as military material, to help to swell the growth of already overgrown military armaments.

The schools cannot be watched too closely, nor guarded too carefully, for the army movement is scotched only—it is not killed.

The Nonconformist demand for popular control is not directed solely against creed and doctrine; it is based, to some extent, upon the fear lest the schools, designed ostensibly for education and the sending forth of well-trained boys and girls for citizen life, should virtually become academies for the propagation of militarism, and seminaries for the training of youthful jingoes.

The Church, unfortunately for herself, in the past has invariably proved the staunch friend and supporter of the military system, and more an advocate of war than of peace. Hand and glove with the army, and all the army stands for, a national popular mistrust of the national Church has sprung up which every true Churchman cannot too deeply deplore. The Church would dwell much more securely in the hearts of the people if she showed a real concern for the humanities and humane education.

Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter: Citizenship is the principal thing; therefore, with all our getting, let us get citizenship—citizenship made of the right stuff, built on a true ethical foundation, and humane from centre to circumference. The children of each succeeding generation are to be instructed and educated in the arts of peace and industry; these are to be set before them as the work of life. Mock soldiering and campaigning, amateur warfare and sham fighting, "forming fours," "preparing to receive cavalry," "straight shooting," jingo songs, must not be so much as named in our schools. Such practices constitute wrong ethics, and should never be allowed to pass through the school-room door. Fire-arms, it ought perhaps to be added, are fascinating; they are now much more freely used than formerly. It is a dangerous thing, if not a mad thing, to accustom reckless lads of thirteen, or less, to the use of rifles of any kind. Those who so strenuously advocate "air-rifles" and "straight shooting" (the expression is very significant) as a part of an English boy's education can scarcely have taken the full measure of their advocacy. A lad taught

to shoot will naturally insist *on shooting something*. He will not long be content to shoot *at* something—an inanimate object will not satisfy him for any length of time; he will soon demand a scuttling hare, or pheasant on the wing. The object of shooting—of “shooting straight”—is undoubtedly to kill.

Do those who so ardently desire to teach our young boys (and girls!) the use of the rifle remember the existence of the Game Laws—that poaching has its tragedies and its penalties? Do they remember the popularity of suicide even among the young, the very young? Do they consider the possibility, only the possibility, of a revival of duelling? The small boys’ “Let’s shoot at something” may speedily become the youths’ “Let’s shoot at one another.” Shooting, “shooting straight,” means nothing apart from killing.

The children of our day ask for bread, for humane education; woe to us if we give them a stone—if, instead of humaneness, we deal them out air-guns, rifles, slugs, and bullets!

Until our schools are made the channels of sound ethical teaching, our citizenship and national life must continue to be identified with a great deal that is selfish, tyrannical, unmerciful, and brutal.

A. M. MITCHELL.

A NOTE ON LEIGH HUNT

AMONG those writers who have helped to promote the cause of gentleness and humanity, Leigh Hunt must always hold an honourable place. His long career in journalism and literature embraces the first fifty years of the past century, for he was born in 1784 and lived till 1859, during which time he enjoyed the friendship of many celebrated men, among whom were Shelley, Byron, and Keats. He himself wrote on many subjects and in many varieties of style, but his poems and short essays are generally considered the best part of his work. Perhaps the most pleasant and readable of all his volumes is his "Table Talk," from which we propose to select a few passages bearing directly on the subject of humaneness.

The practice of sport is often condemned by Leigh Hunt as inhuman and degrading.

"We need not want noble pains," he says; "if we are desirous of them, pains of honourable endeavour, pains of generous sympathy, pains—most masculine pains—of self-denial. Are not these more manly, more anti-effeminate, than playing with life and suffering, like spoilt children, and cracking the legs of partridges? Most excellent men there have been, and doubtless are, among sportsmen; truly gallant natures—reflecting ones, too—men of fine wit and genius, and kind as mother's milk in all things but this: in all things but killing mothers, because they are no better than birds, and strewing the brakes with agonies of feathered wounds."

He deals well with that foolish argument, so often brought out against humanitarians even at the present day, that to protest against cruelty is only to make people uncomfortable by "substituting one pain for another":

"Sportsmen, for the most part, are not a very thoughtful generation. No harm would be done them by putting a little more consideration into their heads. On the other hand, all sportsmen are not so comfortable in their reflections as their gaiety gives out; and the moment a man finds a contradiction in himself between his amusements and his humanity, it is a signal that he should give them up. He will otherwise be hurting his nature in other respects as well as in this, and thus he will be inflicting pain on all sides for the sake of tearing out of it a doubtful pleasure. . . . When a common, hard-minded sportsman takes up his fowling-piece, he is to be regarded only as a kind of wild beast on two legs, pursuing innocently his natural propensities, and about to seek his prey as a ferret does or a wild cat; but the more of a man he is, the more bewildered and dangerous become one's thoughts respecting the meeting of extremes."

Very excellent, too, is his exposure of that "mystical" sophism which appeals to the natural existence of pain and evil as an excuse for the needless suffering inflicted by man:

"As to the counter-arguments about Providence and permission of evil, they are edge-tools which it is nothing but presumption to play with. If we knew all about pain and evil, and their necessities, and their consequences, we might have a right to inflict them or to leave them untouched; but not being possessed of this knowledge, and, on the other hand, being gifted with doubts and sympathies and consciences after our human fashion, we must give our fellow-creatures the benefit of those doubts and consciences, and cease to assume the rights of gods upon pain of becoming less than men."

Again, on the subject of steeple-chasing, he has some pertinent remarks:

"Steeple-chasing is to proper bold riding what fool-hardiness is to courage. It proves nothing except that the chaser is in want of a sensation, and that he has brains not so much worth taking care of as those of other men. . . . Besides, the Horse is worth something. One has no right to crash and mash it in a pit on the other side of a wall, even with a chance of being retributively kicked to death in its company. Did you ever hear this patient and noble creature, the horse, scream for anguish? It is one of the ghastliest and most terrific of sounds."

Against angling, in particular—the "gentle craft" of the more "meditative" sportsman—Leigh Hunt is never weary of protesting. "There are unquestionably many amiable men among sportsmen, who, as the phrase is, would not 'hurt a fly'—that is to say, on a window. At the end of a string the case is altered. So marvellous are the effects of custom and education. Consoling thought, nevertheless! for if custom and education have been so marvellous in reconciling intelligent men to absurdities, and humane men to cruelty, what will they not effect when they shall be on the side of justice?" And again: "The patient angler! Mighty patient, truly, to sit at a man's ease and amuse himself. The question is what the *fish* think of it." The subject of fishing is introduced at great length in his "Imaginary Conversations of Pope and Swift," from which the following passage is taken:

"The conversation turning upon our discussion respecting anglers, the Dean said he once asked a 'scrub,' who was fishing, if he ever caught the fish called the 'Scream.' The man protested he had never heard of such a fish. 'What!' says the Dean, 'you an angler, and never heard of the fish that gives a shriek when coming out of the water? 'Tis the only fish that has a voice, and a sad dismal sound it is.' The man asked, Who could be so barbarous as to angle for a creature that shrieked? 'That,' said the Dean, 'is another matter; but what do you think of fellows that I have seen, whose only reason for hooking and tearing all the fish they can get at is that they do *not* scream?'"

One would have thought that Leigh Hunt, feeling as he did on the subject of sport, could hardly fail to write with the same good sense on the kindred question of diet ; but we do not find that he ever directly advocated the disuse of flesh food. Indirectly, however, his teaching is very valuable, and he frequently insists on the folly and danger of the habit—unfortunately, too common—of over-eating.

“There is much resemblance to humanity,” he writes, “in the bear. He dances, as aldermen do, with great solemnity and weight ; and his general appearance, when you see him walking about the streets with his keeper, is surely like that of many a gentleman in a great-coat, whose enormity of appetite, and the recklessness with which he indulges it, entitle *him* to have a keeper also.”

In the same essay he reproves mankind for calling the bear “a ferocious animal,” and imagines the bear retorting on the hunter, “Here, now, is a fellow coming to kill me for getting my dinner, who eats slaughtered sheep and lobsters boiled alive ; who, with the word ‘ferocity’ in his mouth, puts a ball into my poor head ; and then writes an account of his humane achievements with a quill plucked from the body of a bleeding and screaming goose.”

Here, again, is a noteworthy passage on “War, Dinner, and Thanksgiving”:

“It is not creditable to a thinking people that the two things they most thank God for should be eating and fighting. We say ‘grace’ when we are going to cut up lamb and chicken, and when we have stuffed ourselves with both to an extent that an orang-outang would be ashamed of ; and we offer up our best praises to the Creator for having blown and sabred his ‘images,’ our fellow-creatures, to atoms, and drenched them in blood and dirt. This is odd. Strange that we should keep our most pious transports for the lowest of our appetites and the most melancholy of our necessities ; that we should

never be wrought up into paroxysms of holy gratitude, but for bubble-and-squeak or a good-sized massacre !”

Many other extracts from Leigh Hunt’s prose works might be cited—as, for example, his excellent “Remarks on War,” prefixed to the poem of “Captain Sword and Captain Pen,” which deserve to be carefully studied by modern Sovereigns and statesmen—but we will content ourselves with this reference, in his “Men, Women, and Books,” to the cruelty of confining wild animals in cages and dens:

“Why can we have Acts of Parliament in favour of other extension of good treatment to the brute creation, and not one against their tormenting imprisonment? At all events, we may ask meanwhile, and perhaps not uselessly, even for present purposes, whether a great people, under a still finer aspect of knowledge and civilisation than at present, would think themselves warranted in keeping any set of fellow-creatures in a state of endless captivity, their faculties contradicted, their lives turned, for the most part, into lingering deaths.”

If he does not preach the whole humanitarian truth, Leigh Hunt, at any rate, deserves credit for preaching nothing but the truth, for it would be difficult to find in his writings a single cruel or unfeeling sentiment. Among his poems, the one on “Power and Gentleness” is especially beautiful, and may be taken as an almost perfect expression of the modern humanitarian spirit:

I’ve thought, at gentle and ungentle hour,
Of many an act and giant shape of power;
Of the old kings with high exacting looks,
Sceptred and globed; of eagles on their rocks,
With straining feet, and that fierce mouth and drear,
Answering the strain with downward drag austere;
Of the rich-headed lion, whose huge frown
All his great nature, gathering, seems to crown;
Of towers on hills, with foreheads out of sight
In clouds, or shown us by the thunder’s light,
Or ghastly prison, that eternally
Holds its blind visage out to the lone sea;

And of all sunless, subterranean deeps
 The creature makes, who listens while he sleeps,
 Avarice ; and then of those old earthly cones,
 That stride, they say, over heroic bones ;
 And those stone heaps Egyptian, whose small doors
 Look like low dens under precipitous shores ;
 And him, great Memnon, that long sitting by
 In seeming idleness, with stony eye,
 Sang at the morning's touch, like poetry ;
 And then, of all the fierce and bitter fruit
 Of the proud planting of a tyrannous foot—
 Of bruised rights, and flourishing bad men,
 And virtue wasting heavenwards from a den ;
 Brute force and fury ; and the devilish drouth
 Of the fool cannon's ever-gaping mouth ;
 And the bride-widowing sword ; and the harsh bray
 The sneering trumpet sends across the fray ;
 And all which lights the people-thinning star,
 That selfishness invokes—the horsed war,
 Panting along with many a bloody mane.

I've thought of all this pride, and all this pain,
 And all the insolent plenitudes of power,
 And I declare, by this most quiet hour,
 Which holds in different tasks by the firelight
 Me and my friends here, this delightful night,
 That Power itself has not one half the might
 Of Gentleness. 'Tis want, to all true wealth ;
 The uneasy madman's force, to the wise health ;
 Blind downward beating, to the eyes that see ;
 Noise to persuasion, doubt to certainty ;
 The consciousness of strength in enemies,
 Who must be strain'd upon, or else they rise ;
 The battle to the moon, who all the while,
 High out of hearing, passes with her smile ;
 The tempest, trampling in his scanty run,
 To the whole globe that basks about the sun ;
 Or as all shrieks and clangs, with which a sphere,
 Undone and fired, could rake the midnight ear,
 Compared with that vast dumbness Nature keeps
 Throughout her starry deeps,
 Most old, and mild, and awful, and unbroken,
 Which tells a tale of peace beyond whate'er was spoken.

GAMBLING

THE large amount of suffering caused by gambling, and the strong incentives which it sometimes offers to fraud and crime, render the subject well worthy of the consideration of Humanitarians—more especially as I know of no parents who induce their children to take a pledge against gambling, while information chiefly intended for the use of gamblers usually occupies columns in an ordinary newspaper. And at first sight there does not appear to be anything wrong in gambling. One man gains and another loses, but both voluntarily run the risk, and knew before they commenced that both could not win. It may be, indeed, that the winner is a rich man who does not want the money, while the loser is a poor man who can ill afford it. But the reverse is as likely to be the case. Society, on the whole, therefore neither loses nor gains. Gambling does not benefit society, but neither does it injure it. Such is the defence that is naturally suggested.

Instead of replying to this reasoning generally, I shall take up, in the first instance, the kind of gambling that occupies the most prominent place in our newspapers—betting on horse-races. A glance over a single newspaper will satisfy the reader that there are a number of men who earn their livelihood by acting as intermediaries in these betting transactions. Nor are these men merely betting agents; they are, for the most part, advisers also, and charge for their advice, besides their commission on

making bets for their employers. To give good advice they must obtain all available information about the horses that are to run in any particular race, which is done by employing another set of men, who are known as "touts," to collect information from jockeys, stablemen, etc., by any available means—their methods being frequently the reverse of scrupulous. All these men derive their livelihood from the gambling of other men; and, taking the gamblers all round, their losses must exceed their gains by the amount expended on betting agents, tipsters, touts, and other persons of the same class. Nor is it merely the cost of supporting these men that the gamblers have to pay. We have only to turn to an ordinary newspaper to see how largely they advertise. Who pays for these advertisements? The intermediaries in the first instance, but ultimately the gamblers. From them the funds which support the intermediaries and pay for their advertisements must, in the long-run, be derived; and the losses sustained by the gamblers must, on the whole, exceed their gains by the large amount that is expended in this way.

And supposing that a gambler wins a considerable sum by acting on the information given to him by a tipster, can the money thus won be regarded as an honest gain? He does not know by what methods the tipster obtained the necessary information, and can, perhaps, make a shrewd guess that they were neither reputable nor honest. He knows that the man who bet against him and lost did not get the "straight tip" that he got. His superior knowledge, which he concealed from the other man, enabled him to bet on more favourable terms than he would have obtained if the facts had been equally known to both. This is not a very creditable way of earning money, but there is often worse behind. There is little doubt that horses are sometimes injured in the interest of persons who have made bets against them, or else the jockey is bribed not to win, or some equally unfair method is adopted for destroying the horse's chance of winning;

and, moreover, there are cases in which the owner of the horse has given directions that it is not to win. There are reasons for this apparently strange course which lie only a little below the surface. A large part of our present horse-races are handicap races, in which the object is to give all the horses equal chances of winning by requiring the good horses to carry heavy weights, while the bad horses carry light ones. Therefore, if a good horse runs badly on two or three successive occasions, the handicapper may assign to him a weight which will render victory almost certain. Hence it is sometimes useful to lose an unimportant race in order to have the horse favourably handicapped for an important one. There are other reasons for losing which I need not enter into (even if I were competent to state them all), but it is certain that the best horse does not always win, even though fit and well at the time. In short, there is plenty of cheating on the turf, and, though the individual gambler may be no party to the cheating, it is rather a mortifying reflection that he has won his money because somebody else cheated, and that he would have lost if everything had been honest and straightforward throughout.

But, besides intermediaries, there are gamblers on the turf who live by gambling. These men make their livelihood out of what they win from those whom I may term "amateur gamblers." The kind of cheating and malicious injuring of horses, etc., to which I have referred, often originates with men of this class, but they may earn a livelihood without descending to anything as bad as this. The amateur gambler on the race-course almost always bets *on* a horse. He admires the horse, or its owner, or its pedigree, or its former performances, and he backs it to win accordingly. These admirers of horses (often including the owner) usually overrate their winning chances, and will bet accordingly. Consequently, if all the horses entered for a given race have admirers, a man is pretty certain to make money by betting against them all,

regulating the amount of his bets so that his losses will not be very heavy in any event. The men who live by betting are chiefly those who bet *against* horses. They need not, of course, bet against every horse entered for the race, and, in fact, their gains will be largest when the winning horse is one that they have not bet against. They may even occasionally bet *on* a horse if they have reason to think that his chances are really greater than the state of the betting would imply; but much the greater part of their bets are made against the success of particular horses. In all our important races bets are made for months before the race is run. The professional betting man (usually what is called a bookmaker) watches the state of the betting closely, and bets against each horse when he can obtain the most favourable terms, utilising, of course, any secret information that he may have procured. His position is quite different from that of the amateur betting man, and if he is cautious and diligent, and avoids "plunging," he may in this way earn a respectable competence during his life without descending to anything that would be regarded as fraudulent or unfair.

But the amateur betting man should bear in mind that the amateurs have to support these professional betting men, as well as the intermediaries with their staffs and their expensive advertisements; and, taking the amateurs as a whole, their losses must exceed their gains by the very large expenditure thus incurred. Luck seldom sticks to a man through life unless his life is a very short one; and an amateur betting man, if he continues to bet, must make up his mind to be a loser in the long-run, and perhaps to a considerable amount. And, further, what he loses is, as a rule, no gain to the world at large. Betting agents, tipsters, touts, and bookmakers, do no useful work, though many of them are quite capable of doing useful work if our betting habits had not rendered what is useless more profitable to them. This would be true even if there were nothing immoral in their proceedings,

but it can hardly be said that the majority of them are free from all taint of moral delinquency.

I might enlarge further on this topic, but I think what I have said is sufficient to convince reasonable and impartial men that there are grave objections to betting on horse-races. Horse-racing—especially what is known as steeple-chasing—is liable to humanitarian objections which are by no means of a trivial character; but, dealing only with gambling in this article, I pass these over. Some features of these races, however, make a close approach to gambling with human life. I turn to another great branch of gambling—gambling on the Stock Exchange.

Those who wish to buy or to sell shares in the funds, public companies, etc., usually find it necessary to employ intermediaries, which remark is, indeed, true of a considerable portion of our buying and selling. The employment of intermediaries consequently involves no gambling, nor can it be said that the work in which they are engaged is useless to the public. Gambling on the Stock Exchange is not a natural or necessary consequence of buying and selling shares, or of employing agents to do so; nor if a man is dissatisfied with the present mode in which his money is invested, and thinks he can invest it to greater advantage in something else, is it gambling for him to sell and buy. But gambling exists very extensively on the Stock Exchange, and these gambling transactions often simulate genuine purchases and sales to such an extent as to deceive some of the judges of the land, and induce them to uphold transactions which are as distinctly of a gaming or wagering character as any that have been declared invalid on that ground by the same judges.

When A instructs a stockbroker to sell out shares representing £100 in a certain company, and B instructs another stockbroker to purchase shares representing £100 in the same company, the two stockbrokers may not be ready to settle the matter off-hand. A has not sent his share certificates to his broker, nor has B sent the money

to his; so the contract between the brokers (who usually deal with each other in their own names, and do not disclose the names of their principals) is that the shares are to be delivered and paid for on, say, that day week. When the time for completion arrives, one of the parties may not be ready to complete the contract. Two courses are then open to the person who is in default. He may say: "What will you take to let the completion of the contract stand over for another week?" And if the parties agree, it will stand over on these terms. He may also say: "What will you take to release me from the contract?" And if the terms are agreed on, the amount is paid, and the contract is at an end. And here the amount to be paid for releasing the defaulter from the contract can usually be fixed by rule; for the shares in which they are dealing are probably on sale in the Stock Exchange every day, so that if B is anxious to procure stock representing £100 without delay, he can purchase it from someone else. Suppose, then, that he brought an action against A for breach of contract, what would the damages be? A would say: "On the day that I failed to deliver to you the shares which I agreed to sell to you, you could have bought the same amount of shares in the same company in the open market for £1 more. Your loss is merely the difference in price—£1. Here it is."

This is a simple and intelligible rule which stockbrokers seem almost always to adopt. When the shares agreed to be sold and bought are of a kind that are constantly on sale in the market, the purchaser or vendor, as the case may be, can get out of his bargain by paying the difference in price between that agreed on and that for which the same shares can be purchased on the day fixed for completing the sale. The postponing system, however, may be continued further than I have indicated. If either party is unwilling to complete at the end of the second week, they may agree (for a sum to be paid by one of them to the other) to postpone the completion for a

third, fourth, fifth, etc., week; and at the end, if one of them says he cannot, or will not, complete the transaction, it ends in a payment of the difference as already explained.

So far there is no gambling. But it occurred to some person who had reason to think that the shares in a particular company would shortly increase in value: "I have no shares in this company, nor have I money enough to buy a sufficient number to make much on them. Why not buy a large lot of them, to be delivered and paid for on this day week? And if they increase in value, as I expect, the seller will either pay me the difference in price, or I shall get somebody else to pay me a premium for transferring to him the benefit of my contract." If, on the other hand, his information leads him to think that the shares will fall, he argues: "I have no shares in this company; but if I can sell a number of shares for delivery on this day week, and they fall, as I expect they will, the purchaser will pay me the difference, or else someone else will give me a premium for transferring to him the benefit of my contract." The next step was a simple one: A agreed to sell shares which he did not possess, and did not intend to acquire; B agreed to buy these shares, though he had not the money to pay for them, because he never meant to complete the contract by taking a transfer. The agreement for a sale and purchase of £1,000 shares in a railway company in such cases is really of this character: "If the shares in the company rise within the next week, I will pay you the difference computed on £1,000 stock; if they fall, you are to pay me the difference computed on the same amount of stock." The stock or shares themselves are here non-existent; the number or amount is only mentioned as a convenient mode of fixing the amount of the bet on the rise or fall. And there may be also an understanding between the parties that, after the time originally named (whether a week or a fortnight, or some other length) has expired, the time may be ex-

tended on terms fixed by the state of the Stock Exchange on the day appointed for payment and delivery.

But then came the intermediaries. A employed his stockbroker X, and B employed his stockbroker Y. The two stockbrokers, having made arrangements with their principals, which they regarded as sufficient to protect themselves against loss, proceeded to deal directly with each other without disclosing the names of the persons for whom they were acting. These stockbrokers could not be said to be gambling; they gained nothing beyond a commission from their principals, and the transactions are carried on, as already stated, in such a manner that even judges are often deceived. When the day of settlement arrives, and it is agreed to postpone the settlement for a week or a fortnight, B is described as selling the stock which he had purchased at the price named in the contract note, and repurchasing the same amount of stock to be delivered at a future date; and some judges have treated these transactions as genuine resales and repurchases, although perhaps neither A nor B ever held a single share in the company named in the contract notes. As a result, the employment of the two intermediaries is often held to render transactions valid which would be void under the Gaming and Wagering Acts if the parties dealt with each other directly. The transaction between A and B would be valid under these laws, although A was a mere gambler who had no shares in the company, provided that B was a person who wished to purchase shares, and believed A's statement that he had shares to sell. Both parties must be gambling in order to render the transaction void. But how is the gambler who seeks to invalidate the transaction to prove that the other party to the contract is a gambler also? for the stockbrokers do not disclose the names of the persons for whom they are acting. The question usually arises in this way: A loses. X, who is A's stockbroker, pays the amount of the loss to Y, who is B's stockbroker, and then sues A for the money thus paid. A takes defence

on the ground that the whole transaction is void under the laws against gaming. X replies that he was legally bound to pay Y, and that neither he nor Y were bound to inquire whether their principals were gamblers or genuine buyers and sellers of shares; and A, not being able to prove that all parties were aware that the transaction was a gambling transaction—or even to prove that B was a gambler, inasmuch as he cannot find out who B was—fails in his defence, and has to pay the money to X. And this may occur even when Y and B are the same person—a gambler acting without an intermediary. For how is A to prove that this is so?

I mentioned that there are persons who live by making bets on horse-races. Something of the same kind occurs with gambling on the Stock Exchange. The amateur betting man in both cases is ready to bet *on* something, but not equally ready to bet *against* it. He is ready to *buy* into something that he expects to rise, and ventures to buy more than he can pay for, because he expects to be able to realise the profits without actually raising and paying over the money; but the idea of *selling* shares that he does not possess because he expects them to fall, and he will be able (if necessary) to purchase them at a lower price before the time for delivery arrives, never occurs to him. Indeed, when it is first suggested to him to sell shares that he does not own, he probably shrinks from it as a fraud. Now, there are two classes of speculators on the Stock Exchange—those who buy (for delivery and payment at a future date) in the expectation of a rise, and those who sell (for delivery and payment at a future date) in expectation of a fall. The former belong to the class known as Bulls, and the latter to that known as Bears. The amateur gambler is almost always a Bull, and the Bear with whom he bets is a professional gambler, who seems to be often described by the term “stock-jobber.” These men make it their business to ascertain the prospects of a rise or fall in any kind of stocks and shares, and they

regulate their bets accordingly. If the amateur wishes to buy shares for delivery at a future date on the chance of a rise, they take care to demand a price for their (imaginary) shares that is likely to exceed the rise, and, of course, they need not sell unless they consider the price offered satisfactory. But there are usually plenty of sanguine amateurs who overrate the chances of a rise, and stake (and lose) their money accordingly. And there are tipsters on the Stock Exchange also—men who for a fee will advise you what to buy, if not what to sell, and whose fees, like those of the tipsters on the turf, come out of the pockets of the gamblers—and chiefly those of the amateur class. In betting the amateur is never a match for the professional. The latter always wins in the long-run. On the Stock Exchange, moreover, it would appear that the intermediaries often gamble on their own account, and the gambler may, in fact, be purchasing from his own broker without knowing it. Stockbrokers or stock-jobbers, too, not infrequently adopt the rôle of tipsters and give advice as to what you should invest your money in ; and there are newspapers in which similar advice is given. The amateur gamblers, in short, on the Stock Exchange are situated in pretty much the same way as the amateur gamblers on the turf, but with this difference—that if sued by a more successful gambler (through the intermediary) the law affords them much less protection.

Frauds on the Stock Exchange as well as on the race-course are common enough, but my chief object is to show that gambling is a losing game to anyone except a professional, even when honestly conducted. Gambling on the Stock Exchange, however, holds out peculiar temptations to persons who have the control of other people's money. "I am sure to win," thinks the gambler ; "these shares are certain to rise. If I invest M.'s money in them I shall be able to replace it very soon and make a good round sum out of it without M. knowing anything of it or being in the least the worse." And the stockbroker is himself often in

this position. The gambler lodges with him money or share certificates or some other security to cover the differences that the stockbroker may have to pay on his behalf. Of course, this money or these securities ought not to be touched except for the purpose of making good these differences. But the stockbroker is himself a gambler, and wishes to make a profit on what his client has deposited with him. He ventures it and loses, and perhaps becomes bankrupt; and though the client's speculations may have been successful, his money and securities are gone.

There is much gambling on games of cards, lotteries, etc., on which I need not dilate. There are some people who earn their livelihood in this way—supported by the losses of the amateurs. Intermediaries and tipsters, indeed, have here no place, but cheating is undoubtedly prevalent. And lotteries as well as some other forms of gambling are avowedly based on principles which show that the gamblers must lose on the whole. For example, there are 10,000 tickets at £1 each, and the prizes only come to £8,000. Here the purchasers of tickets taken collectively must be at a loss, and for that reason no purchaser can reasonably expect to gain. A minority of the purchasers will no doubt be gainers, but why should any man expect to find himself in that minority? Speaking generally, the only persons who make money by gambling (other than swindlers) are those who devote a great part of their lives to the subject, and these men do no useful work, although perhaps capable of doing something that would benefit society if they applied their talents differently. They live on the money of other people just as much as professional thieves or beggars do, and society would be as much benefited by getting rid of them as by getting rid of the same number (or perhaps a larger number) of thieves or beggars. They are, in fact, social parasites.

I ought before closing to distinguish between speculation and gambling, though a good deal of what is commonly placed under the former head may perhaps be referred to

the latter. Risk is a necessary element in most of our mercantile transactions—not that it is a thing to be desired, but that the uncertainty of human affairs renders it unavoidable. A man takes a contract to supply some large public institution with bread or meat for a year at a certain rate. In the course of the year the price of these commodities may rise or fall. He may be a loser instead of a gainer, or he may gain more than he expected. But there is here no gambling. The gambling would only arise if his contract was to supply meat to some institution that did not want meat, and to which he did not intend to supply meat, but with the heads of which he had an agreement that he was to pay or to be paid the difference between the price of so much meat at the date of the contract and the price of the same quantity at the date when it terminated; nor would this contract cease to be a gambling one by such a mere salvo as “You can have your meat if you want it,” or “We will take your meat if you deliver it”—both parties knowing that there was no intention of selling or buying on either side. There is nothing of a gambling character in a man undertaking to deliver at a future date and at a fixed price goods which he does not possess at the time that the contract is entered into. Contractors who supply public institutions or even private establishments often enter into such contracts. The test of gambling in such cases is this, Is the contract meant to be carried out or meant to be broken? Contracts are constantly entered into on the Stock Exchange which neither party ever intended to fulfil. The question—the bet—was as to which of them would become entitled to damages for the breach. To me it appears that, when the contract is a sham, no damages ought to be recoverable for the breach of it.

These remarks are applicable only to gambling on the Stock Exchange and other transactions of a similar character. Betting on horse-races or any similar events are not contracts intended by both parties to be broken.

They are meant to be kept, though the law will not enforce them. And this very fact, I think, sometimes facilitates swindling—as, for instance, in gambling with cards. The man who cheats could hardly be convicted of a criminal offence, because the payment of the money which he won by fraud is regarded by the law as a voluntary payment. The loser might have refused to pay, and the debt could not have been enforced if he had done so. Prosecutions for gambling frauds are, in fact, very rare, though the frauds are frequent enough.

Many speculative investments approach closely to gambling, and frauds in connection with them are frequent. A new company is started. The investor knows nothing about it, but is carried away by the flourishing prospectus which it issues, and resolves to run the chance. He may lose, but he may also gain, and the prospectus holds out such a hope of gain that he stands the cash; for in a new company the purchases must be real. There are not many of these prospectuses that tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth; and even when the project succeeds and the investor can sell out at a profit, untrue representations may have been made and money won thereby. The real value of a mine, for instance, cannot in many instances be ascertained beforehand, and it may prove rich enough to yield a handsome profit to the investors even after a good deal of money has been obtained from them by means of misrepresentation and concealment. But I fear that the number of new companies which fail is largely in excess of those which succeed. In the case of a mine, those who purchase the shares have usually to pay the full value of the mine, together with the expenses of the promoters and a liberal *douceur* to them besides.

Writing for ordinary people, I need not enter into gambling on a gigantic scale by millionaire gamblers, which is more frequent in the United States than here. A great capitalist buys up, for example, a large part of

the supply of flour in the country in expectation that the people would be driven to buy from him, when he could almost dictate his own terms. But it may happen that more corn is left than he is aware of, or that a new supply arrives from abroad, and instead of making a profit he has to sell at a loss. Ordinary men cannot attempt anything of this kind. Of all gambling in the strict sense, however, it may be said that it adds nothing to the wealth of the country, and that if any gambler makes money by it this money is unearned, or perhaps, I should rather say, it is not earned by doing any useful work. Its object is to transfer money from the hands of A to those of B, which is no gain to the public. But a good deal of the money drops by the way, and perhaps both A and B may find themselves losers at the end of the process. The money thus lost is usually paid to intermediaries who do no useful work, but are in many cases quite capable of doing useful work if they did not find their present occupations more profitable. Gambling deprives society of the services of these men. It, moreover, promotes various forms of cheating, lying, swindling, embezzlement, and other crimes or moral errors, while the unsuccessful gambler, though quite capable of supporting himself and providing for his family, often ends by leaving both dependent on the rates. I am not criticising a man who occasionally makes a bet of small amount which he can lose without any inconvenience, though he ought to recollect that if he employs and pays an intermediary he is helping to sustain a bad system. There is the same difference between such a man and a gambler as between a man who occasionally takes a glass of wine or grog and a drunkard. But no man who regards the good of society ought to gamble in large sums or indulge in gambling as one of the businesses or occupations of his life.

NEMO.

THE SPORTSMAN AT BAY

EVERYONE knows the old story of the Wildgrave, that spectral huntsman who, for the wrongs done by him in the past to his suffering fellow-creatures, was doomed to provide nightly sport for a troop of ghostly pursuers.

The Wildgrave flies o'er bush and thorn,
With many a shriek of helpless woe ;
Behind him hound, and horse, and horn,
And "Hark away !" and "Holla ho !"

If we may judge by the signs of the times, a similar fate has now overtaken the modern sportsman, who finds to his dismay that his proud vocation no longer goes unchallenged, but that he is compelled to stand on his defence before the force of ethical opinion, and to play the part less of the pursuer than of the pursued. Nowadays it is the humanitarians who, in the intellectual discussion of sport, derive keen enjoyment from the "pleasures of the chase," and having "broken up" the Royal Buckhounds, after a ten years' run, are hunting the sportsman from cover to cover, from argument to argument, in their exposure of the cruelties of that "amateur butchery" which seeks a selfish pleasure in the infliction of pain and death.

The sportsman, in fact, is now himself standing "at bay"; and it may be worth while to consider what value, if any, attaches to the excuses commonly put forward by him in justification of his favourite pastime. On what moral grounds are we asked to approve, in this twentieth century, such seemingly barbarous practices as the hunting

to death of stags, foxes, and hares; the worrying of otters and rabbits; or the shooting of vast numbers of game birds in the battue? The hunted fox, as we know, has many wily resources for throwing his pursuers off the scent. What are the corresponding shifts and wiles of the hunted sportsman?

The first, perhaps, that demands notice is the frequent appeal to "Nature," and even (when the hunter happens to be a man of marked piety) to the savage instincts which the Creator, it is assumed, has implanted. "Were not otter-hounds created to hunt and kill otters?" asked a devout correspondent of the *Newcastle Daily Journal* in a recent discussion. "Therefore," he continued, "let me ask these persons (the opponents of sport) what right they have to place their own peculiar faddism against the wisdom of the Creator?" In like manner a distinguished hunter of big game, Mr. H. W. Seton-Karr, has defended himself as follows in the *Daily Chronicle*:

"If a person experiences pleasure in the chase, such as in fox-hunting or deer-stalking, or even in lion-hunting, the rights and wrongs of that natural instinct are a personal matter between that man and his God. That, in common with all carnivorous creatures, we do possess God-planted instincts of the chase is a fact. Why did Almighty God create lions to prey nightly on harmless animals? And should we not, even at the expense of a donkey as a bait, be justified in reducing their number, sacrificing one for the good of many?"

The answer to all this pious verbiage is, of course, very simple. In view of the fact that the sportsman of the present day professes to be *civilised*, and is at any rate nominally a member of a civilised state, it is quite irrelevant to plead that the propensity to hunt is natural to the *savage* man. We are continually striving in other departments of life to get rid of ferocious instincts, an inheritance from a savage past, which may or may not be "God-planted," but are certainly very much out of place in a society which regards itself as humane. Why, then, should it be assumed that an exception is to be made in favour of the hunting

instinct? The charge against modern blood-sports is that they are an anachronism, a survival of a barbarous habit into a civilised age; nor can it possibly be any justification of them to show that Nature herself is cruel, for as we do not make savage Nature our exemplar in other respects, there is no obvious reason why we should do so in this. And as for the statement that a man's treatment of the lower animals is a "personal" affair "between that man and his God," it can only provoke a smile. For man is a social being, and not even the sportsman, belated barbarian though he may be, can be allowed the privilege of thus evading the responsibility which he owes to his fellow-citizens in a matter affecting the common conscience of the race.

But the wild animals, it is argued, put themselves outside the pale of consideration because they prey on one another. One searches in vain for justice and mercy among the lower animals—such is the strange reason advanced by Sir Herbert Maxwell as an excuse for showing no justice or mercy to *them*.^{*} But, in the first place, it is not a fact that these qualities are non-existent in the lower races, where co-operation is as much a law of life as competition; and secondly, if it were a fact, it would have no bearing whatever on the morality of sport. For why should we base human ethics on animal conduct? Still more, why should we imitate the predatory animals rather than the sociable? And finally, why, because some animals kill for food, should *we* kill for pleasure? The cruelty of Nature can afford no possible justification for the cruelty of Man, for, as Leigh Hunt wrote in that trenchant couplet which may be commended to the notice of the sportsman:

That there is pain and evil is no rule
That I should make a greater, like a fool.

Next we come to the kindred sophism drawn from "the necessity of taking life." To kill, we are reminded, is

^{*} *Blackwood's Magazine*, August, 1899.

unavoidable ; for wild animals must be "kept down" or the balance of Nature would be deranged. That, of course, is undeniable ; but unfortunately for the sportsman's argument, it is a fact that the breed of foxes, rabbits, pheasants, and other victims of sport, is artificially kept up, not down, in order that there may be plenty of hunting and shooting for the idle classes to amuse themselves with. So far from securing the effective destruction of noxious animals, sport indirectly prevents it ; more than that, it causes the killing to be done not only ineffectively, but in the most demoralising way, by making a pastime out of what, if done at all, should be done as a disagreeable duty. But here we must in justice mention a new and ingenious excuse for blood-sports which (to add to its zest) was put forward by a clergyman. It is necessary to take life, he argued, and what is necessary is a duty, and it is right, as far as possible, to make a pleasure of one's duties, and therefore—but the conclusion is plain ! Presumably the reverend gentleman, had he lived a century back, would have found the same pious justification for the practice of making up pleasure parties to see felons hanged.

Speaking generally, we may class the sportsman's remaining arguments under two heads—those which aim at showing that sport is of benefit to mankind, and those which actually discover it to be a blessing to the animals themselves. In the former and more prosaic category must be placed the queer assertion that sport "adds to the food-supply" of the nation. We have all read how, after some aristocratic "shoot," a number of pheasants or other palatable game were presented to the local hospital. Sport, it is seen, goes hand in hand with the charitable and the philanthropic—truly a touching picture ! But the fact remains that the cost of the animals who are thus reared primarily for sport, and secondarily for the table, is far in excess of their market value as food, and this at once knocks the bottom out of the sportsman's patriotic contention. Every stag that is stalked, every pheasant

that is mown down in the battue, and every hare or rabbit that is knocked over in covert-shooting, has cost the country much more to produce than it is worth when butchered; and the game-preserve, far from being helpful to the community in this respect, is a positive encumbrance to it, as wasting labour in the production of what is not a food, but a luxury. Game is reared not for the benefit of the many, but at the cost of the many, to gratify the idle and cruel instincts of the few.

Not less illusory is the plea so frequently made in sporting journals, as a justification of sport, that hunting and shooting "give employment" to a large number of people. "Do these hyper-humane faddists," asks the *Irish Field*, "ever consider how, by doing away with many of what they are pleased to call spurious sports, they would be taking the actual bread and butter out of the mouths of thousands of men and their families? Hunting, shooting, and other sports give employment to such a vast number of people, directly and indirectly, that it would be nothing short of a national calamity if they were discontinued for any cause."

In like manner, the author of a pamphlet entitled "Sport a National Benefactor" has calculated that fourteen millions of money are expended annually in Great Britain on hunting, shooting, and fishing, and jumps to the conclusion that these pastimes are a national benefit on that account. What is really proved by such statistics is that blood-sports are a terrible drain on the resources of the nation, and that fourteen millions are annually diverted from productive labours to be employed on the silliest form of luxury—the killing of animals for the mere amusement of rich people. It is the old fallacy of supposing that *all* expenditure of money, without regard to the nature of the commodities produced, is beneficial to the community at large.

Then there is the much-vaunted "manliness" of sport, so important a quality, we are told, in an imperial and

military nation. Yet what could be more flagrantly and miserably *unmanly* than for a crowd of men to sally forth, in perfect security themselves, armed or mounted, with every advantage of power and skill on their side, to do to death with dogs or guns some poor skulking, terrified little habitant of woodside or hedgerow? This is what Sir Henry Seton-Karr has to say on this point :

“ Only those who have experienced it can realise the strength of the hunter's lust to kill the hunted, though they may find it difficult to explain. It is certain that no race of men possess this desire more strongly than the Anglo-Saxons. . . . Let us take it that in our case this passion is an inherited instinct—which civilisation cannot eradicate—of a virile and dominant race, and that it forms a healthy natural antidote to the enervating refinements of modern life.”

The obvious answer to this claim is that civilisation is eradicating the destructive instincts of sport—with extreme slowness, no doubt, as in the case of all barbarous inherited tendencies, but surely and certainly nevertheless ; and the fact that blood-sports are already condemned by the majority of thoughtful people is a clear indication of what verdict the future will pass on the profession of killing for “ fun.” That good physical exercise is provided by field sports none will deny, but it is just as undeniable that such exercise can be as well or better provided in other ways—by the equally healthful and far more manly sports of the gymnasium and the playing-field, which, be it noted, are capable of being utilised by a much larger number of people than the privileged pastimes of the crack huntsman and “ shot.” There is no reason why the mass of the population should not, under a juster social system, have leisure to derive benefit from cricket, football, boating, hockey, and the other rational sports ; but it is very evident that only a very few can ever find recreation in those blood-sports which are absurdly called “ national.” The rational and humane sports may be for the many ; the “ national ” and cruel sports must be for

the few: that is not the least of the striking differences that distinguish them.

And as for the justification of sport as a training for war, the question arises, What kind of sport and what kind of training are intended? Training is either physical or mental. As far as physical training is concerned, blood-sports are no better preparation for war than ordinary athletics: but if it is mental and moral training that our patriots have in mind, it may be granted that there is nothing so efficacious as blood-sports as a school for one quality—callousness. It all depends on the type of character that we desire to produce. If we wish our country to be a peaceful, sympathetic, and considerate member of the family of nations, then assuredly it is not wise to encourage its youths in the practice of blood-sports. To break up hares, to worry stags, to shoot pigeons from traps, to dig foxes out of their holes, and to course bagged rabbits—such sports as these cannot possibly conduce to generosity of character or to that much misunderstood quality which is called “manliness.” And finally, if the Japanese have become a great military nation without the practice of field-sports, what can be the sense of repeating—in the face of experience no less than of reason—that hunting and shooting are an essential training for war?

But it is when he is demonstrating that sport comes as a boon and a blessing to the non-human races which are the victims of it, that the sportsman is most entertaining. “They like it,” he asserts, when any pity is expressed for the hunted fox or stag. This love, on the part of certain animals, for being hunted to death is surely one of the most curious facts in natural history, and makes it seem almost an injustice to horses, cows, pigs, and other domestic creatures, that they are denied a privilege which is so freely accorded to their wilder brethren. Why should deer, for instance, be specially favoured in this respect? The stag, as Lord Ruthven once remarked at the meeting of the

Sporting League, is a most pampered animal. "When he was going to be hunted he was carried to the meet in a comfortable cart. When set down, the first thing he did was to crop the grass. When the hounds got too near, they were stopped. By-and-by he lay down, and was wheeled back to his comfortable home. It was a life that many would like to live." It appears, therefore, that it is a loss, a deprivation, not to be hunted over a country full of barbed wire and broken bottles by a pack of stag-hounds. Life is mean and poor without it; for, to humans and non-humans alike, sport, as Lord Ruthven expressed it, is "the gift of God."

But the sportsman can be considerably more "slim" than this when hard pressed in controversy by his implacable pursuers, and among his many devices for confusing the issue, the most subtle, perhaps, is the metaphysical argument which pleads that it is better for the animals to be bred and killed in sport than not to be bred at all, and that it is to the "preservation" which sport affords that certain species owe their escape from extinction. When a Bill was introduced in Parliament in 1883 for the prohibition of the cruel sport of pigeon-shooting, it was opposed by Sir Herbert Maxwell on the ground that a pigeon would rather accept life, "under the condition of his life being a short and happy one, violently terminated," than not be brought into existence; and the same sportsman has since stated, as a "salient paradox," that one who takes delight in pursuing and slaying wild animals may claim to rank among their best friends. It escaped Sir Herbert Maxwell's notice, as it escapes the notice of all who seek refuge in this amusing piece of sophistry, that it is beyond our power to ascertain the feelings or the preferences of a pigeon, or of any other being, *before* he is in existence; what we have to deal with is the sentience of animals that *already* exist.

And as for the contention that animals are "preserved" by sport, it is sufficient to point out that it rests on a

mental confusion between the individual animal and the species. It would be little comfort to the individual fox who is torn to pieces by the hounds to know, if he could know, that his species is preserved by his tormentors, and that the same process of death-dealing will thus be perpetuated. When Sir Herbert Maxwell asserts that but for fox-hunting the fox would have been exterminated in England, like the wolf, the answer, of course, is that of the two methods extermination is far the more merciful. Can it be pretended that it would have been kinder to wolves to keep a number of them alive in order that sportsmen might for ever pursue and break them up?

And, really, if it is so kind to animals to preserve them that they may be worried with hounds, we ought to feel some compunction at having allowed the humane old sport of bear-baiting to be abolished; for, according to the same "salient paradox," the bear-baiter was Bruin's best friend. It is sad to think that there used to be bears in many an English village where now they are never seen! Yet, strange to say, Sir H. Maxwell refers to bear-baiting as "rightly relegated by law to the catalogue of outrage," forgetting that his sporting predecessors defended *their* brutal pastimes by the same fallacies as those in which the modern sportsman confides.

It is for the fox, perhaps, that the sportsman's solicitude is most touching and most characteristic. "If we stay fox-hunting," it has been said, "foxes will die far more brutal deaths in cruel vermin traps, until there are none left to die." How tender, how considerate, is this disinterested regard for the welfare of the hunted animal! The merciful sportsman steps in to save a noxious species from extinction, and in return for such "preservation" demands that the grateful fox shall be hunted and worried and dismembered for the amusement of his gentle benefactor. But are not our fox-hunting friends just a trifle too clever in making, at one and the same time, two quite incompatible and contradictory claims for their beloved

profession—first, that it saves the fox from extermination; and, secondly, that it rids the countryside of a very mischievous animal? “For six good months,” says the *Sportsman*, “he is allowed to frolic at his ease, with all his poultry-bills paid for him.” The argument here is that there can be no cruelty in fox-hunting, because the fox is preserved; but, in that case, what about the following defence of fox-hunting by the editor of the “Badminton Library”? “The sentimentalist,” he says, “does not consider those other tragedies for which the fox is responsible—the rabbits, leverets, poultry, and game birds that he devours daily. The death of a fox is indeed the salvation of much life.”

So the farmer is to be grateful to the fox-hunter because the fox is killed, and the fox himself is to be grateful to the same person because he is *not* killed! It is obvious that the sporting folk cannot have it both ways; they cannot take credit for the destruction of a pest and also for preventing that pest being exterminated by the injured farmer. Let them choose one of the alternative arguments and keep to it.

The more one considers it, one cannot but smile at the sportsman's “love” for the animals whom he so persecutes and worries. Tom Tulliver, we remember, was described by George Eliot as “fond of animals—fond, that is, of throwing stones at them”; and so it is with this affection of the sportsman's. “What name should we bestow,” says an old writer, “on a superior being who, without provocation or advantage, should continue from day to day, void of all pity or remorse, to torment mankind for diversion, and at the same time endeavour with the utmost care to preserve their lives and to propagate their species in order to increase the number of victims devoted to his malevolence, and be delighted in proportion to the miseries which he occasioned? I say, what name detestable enough could we find for such a being? Yet, if we impartially consider the case, we must acknowledge that, with regard

to the inferior animals, just such a being is the sportsman."*

Such, then, are the arguments which are advanced in all seriousness, and without a suspicion or twinkle of humour, to prove that blood-sports are a benefit to mankind and to the lower races alike. But before concluding I must mention one other piece of reasoning which is as amusing as any specimen of sportsman's logic—the "trust the specialist" fallacy, which asserts that none but sportsmen can fairly pass judgment on sport. For example, when a memorial was presented to a former Prime Minister against the Royal Buckhounds, a certain paper gravely remarked that "what proportion of the protesting gentlemen had ever been on horseback, it was not easy to determine." The assumption, it will be seen, is that when any cruel practice is arraigned before public opinion, we are not merely to trust the specialist on technical matters that rightly lie within his ken, but we are to let him decide the wider *ethical* issues, on which, being no more than human, he is certain to have the strongest professional prejudice. It is an argument worthy of the Sublime Porte itself.

In like manner Lord Ribblesdale, when defending stag-hunting in his book on "The Queen's Hounds," expressed the sportsman's case as follows: "Most people will agree that conclusions founded on practice must always have a slight pull when placed in the scales with conclusions based upon theory, hearsay, or conjecture—even granting the fullest credit for sincerity and *bonâ-fides* to the opponents of stag-hunting."

Now, it is, of course, absurd to represent the ethical objections to sport as "based upon theory, hearsay, or conjecture," for the methods of sportsmen are well known and beyond dispute, and many of those who most strongly condemn such practices have been sportsmen themselves

* Soame Jenyns, 1782.

and are thoroughly conversant with the facts. But what I wish to point out is that Lord Ribblesdale's description of the sportsman's defence of sport as "a conclusion founded on practice" might be just as logically applied to the criminal's defence of crime. To invoke the judgment of an expert on the morality of a practice in which he is professionally interested is an error similar to that of setting the cat to watch the cream.

On the whole, it is not surprising that the sportsman who can devise no cleverer modes of escape from his humanitarian pursuers than the sophisms above mentioned is already being brought to bay, and stands in imminent danger of being, controversially, "broken up." Indeed, considering the nature of the arguments adduced in its favour, one is inclined to think that sport must be not only cruel to the victims of the chase, but ruinous to the mental capacity of the gentlemen who indulge in it. It can hardly be doubted that the ludicrous aspect of modern sport will more and more present itself to those who possess the sense of humour; and we may even hope that the poverty-stricken caricaturists of our comic papers will some day relinquish their threadbare jokes over the blunders of the hunting-field and the shooting-box, to discover that the subject of sport is rich in another kind of comedy—the essential silliness of the habit of sport itself, and the crass absurdity of the arguments put forward by its apologists.

HENRY S. SALT.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE VIVISECTION COMMISSION

TO THE EDITOR OF THE *HUMANE REVIEW*

SIR,—Inasmuch as the present Cabinet, in the person of its Home Secretary, is now pledged to the early appointment of a Commission—entitled Royal—to inquire again (after the lapse of thirty years) into the pretexts, and presumably into the methods, of the pseudo-scientific inquisition, it is opportune and necessary to remind the humaner public of one or two truths hitherto not sufficiently emphasised by the enemies of that “peculiar institution.”

But first of all, doubtless with every humane thinker, I wish to enter protest against the claiming by the Home Office of any merit or credit whatever for conceding to repeated demand such belated and tardy investigation. For both the infamous atrocity and the medical uselessness—or, rather, the positive maleficence to the healing art—of the legalised inquisition and its unnatural methods (upon the constantly repeated assurances of every independent and really instructed scientific authority, whether here or abroad) have been notorious to all humanitarians for at least a quarter of a century. Rather, the severest possible censure is due to the supreme governing authorities of the country—legislative and executive—for their indifference and fainéantism during all this long period of time. And that to Tory and Liberal Governments alike. So far from lessening the number, or even from controlling (in good faith) the methods of the torture-dens, successive Cabinets and Legislatures actually have enlarged the entirely secret operations, and sanctioned the infliction—even without employment of the sham “anæsthetic”—of the most frightful and the most agonising sufferings, often protracted for several weeks, vouchsafing but the most curt responses

to the occasional remonstrances or to the inquiries of a better class of the national representatives in the Legislature—the champions of the helpless victims of the “Science.”

Equally, I will add, is an ineffaceable stigma of infamy and dishonour deserved by the rulers in State and Church conniving at, during long ages and at the present time—in spite of the strongest protests—the torture and death of the victims of the national gluttony in the innumerable dens of butchery known as “private slaughter-houses.” And if the present supposed progressive Government do not speedily bring in or support a Bill for the suppression of these two great iniquities, or if the present House of Representatives—the first really democratic House in the whole history of the government of these islands—do not force the self-elected Cabinet to free the country, forever, from these so special and so enormous iniquities—in the name of democratic virtue, now conspicuously on its trial—indeed, be forever disgraced, and may well be derided by every just thinker.

A further consideration—insufficiently emphasised—is this: When the legislators of this country at last have the conscience or the courage enough to suppress these frightful crimes against humanity, justice, and decency—a thing deserving the name of “civilisation” or of morality—however the religious and the ecclesiastical world may sanction them—if it do not at the same time attach the severest penalties to infraction of the protective laws—let the high-placed criminals be let off with fine or merely nominal punishment, while the comparatively venial and trifling offences of the impoverished and ignorant classes—such as petty larceny, or pickpocketing, or fighting against the laws (*e.g.*, stealing or pilfering) continue to be penalised in the severest manner, then most assuredly will our laws and legislators deserve more than a sneer and scorn and contempt of all rightly-thinking persons.

Yours faithfully,

CRIT

THE RACE-BUILDER

FOR SEPTEMBER

CONTAINS ARTICLES ON

PROGRESS IN RUSSIA. Specially communicated.

THE ANIMAL QUESTION AND THE SOCIAL QUESTION.

By HENRY S. SALT.

AN ENGLISHWOMAN'S VISIT TO A CHINESE COMPOUND:

DR. L. HADEN GUEST COMMENTS THEREON.

FOOD *VERSUS* DRUGS. By MARIELLA JOHN, Principal of the Eustace Miles Cuihary School.

THE DIET OF DO-THE-GIRLS' ORPHANAGE. True History of Twentieth Century.

HIS OWN PETARD. A real Romance from Russian Police Records.

2d. Monthly, of all Newspapers; 2d. post free, from

THE RACE-BUILDER'S OFFICE, OXFORD.

The Herald of Health.

Edited by G. LEIGH HUNT WALLACE,

President of the Physical Regeneration Society.

Object.—The Physical Regeneration of Man, by means of educating its readers in such ways of living as will enable them to cure, eradicate, and prevent disease, and at the same time maintain and develop the highest possible standard of health.

Specimen copy free.

Price Twopence. Post free 2/6 per annum.

LONDON: 11, SOUTHAMPTON ROW, W.C.

Price 2d.; Post free for one year, 2s. 6d.

THE ANIMALS' FRIEND:

A Humane Monthly Magazine, containing Articles, Notes, and News on all Subjects connected with the Humane Treatment of Animals. Well Illustrated. With Children's Supplement.

ANNUAL VOLUME for 1908, with numerous Illustrations, price 2s. 6d.

Edited by ERNEST BELL.

YORK HOUSE, PORTUGAL STREET, LONDON, W.C.

THE NATIONAL ANTI-VIVISECTION SOCIETY.

Offices: 92, VICTORIA STREET, LONDON, S.W.

President: LORD LLANGATTOCK.

Hon. Secretary and Treasurer:

THE HONBLE. STEPHEN COLERIDGE.

BRANCH SOCIETIES.

Banbury.—H. WOODLIDGE GREEN, Esq.,
New Street, Deddington.

Bath.—Miss K. DOUGLAS FOX, 3, Wid-
combe Terrace.

Bedford.—Miss B. L. ROSS, 18, St.
Augustine's Road.

Birmingham.—Miss E. GREEN, 7, Sir
Harry's Road, Edgbaston.

Bournemouth.—Mrs. EDITH ROOPER,
Pen-Selwood.

Brighton.—Mrs. WALLIS, 32, Adelaide
Crescent, Hove.

Bristol and Clifton.—F. W. ROGERS,
Esq., 2, Kensington Villas, Clifton.

Cardiff.—Miss SARAH TIMMES, Llan-
ishen.

Cheltenham.—Miss EVA HENRY, 1,
Argyle Villas, The Park.

Chester.—Mrs. TYLER, Miss Newton.

Clapham and Battersea.—Miss RIA
CROOK, 3, Cedars Road, Clapham
Common.

Coventry.—Rev. A. G. ROBINSON, St.
John's Vicarage.

Derby.—Miss F. EDDOWES, 30, Kedleston
Road, Derby.

Eastbourne.—Mrs. BROWNE, 3, Old
Orchard Road.

Exeter.—W. LINFORD BROWN, Esq., 15,
Castle Street.

Hampstead.—Mrs. MENZIES, 333, Ford-
wych Road.

Hastings and St. Leonards.—Secre-
taryship Vacant.

Ipswich.—Mrs. OWEN, The Mount,
Westerfield; and Rev. T. J. HUSSEN,
Sandridge, Christchurch Street.

Ireland.—Mrs. H. D. CONNER, 16, Fitz-
william Place, Dublin.

Leamington.—Secretaryship vacant.

Leeds.—Mrs. ARNOLD LITTON, 5, De
Grey Road.

Leicester.—Miss MARION ELLIS, Cross
Corners, Belgrave.

Liverpool and Birkenhead.—Mrs.
CHAS. MORRISON, Beech Leigh, Waver-
tree, Liverpool; and Rev. E. N. HOARE,
All Saints' Vicarage, Stoneycroft.

Nottingham.—Miss EAMES, 195, Derby
Road.

Oxford.—Rev. VERNON HENFORD, Percy
Street, and Mrs. FREDERIC CHARLES,
Bedford Lodge, South Parade.

Reading.—A. H. CUNNINGHAM, Esq.,
47, London Road.

Romsey.—Mrs. CARTWRIGHT GEORGE,
St. Michael's.

Scotland.—Miss NETTA IVORY, 6, White-
house Terrace, Edinburgh.

Sheffield.—J. SWINSCOE, JUNE, Esq.,
Beech Dell, Collegiate Crescent.

Southampton.—Miss L. MACNAGHTEN,
Heathfield Lodge, Bitterne.

South Devon.—Miss MONTGOMERY, 5,
Hartley Road, Exmouth.

Southend-on-Sea.—A. C. ENDACOTT,
Esq., The Myrtils, 63, Baxter Avenue.

Stockport.—Mrs. NORRIS, The Haldens,
Disley, Cheshire.

Streatham.—Mrs. BATEMAN, Glendwy,
Criffel Avenue, Streatham Hill, S.W.

Sutton.—J. HOPKIN HART, Esq., Mul-
grave House, Sutton.

Swansea.—Mrs. J. C. WOODS, Rhinny,
Swansea.

Sydenham and Dulwich.—Miss OAK-
LEY, 27, Barry Road, Dulwich, S.E.

Torquay.—Miss SALTER, Rosedale,
Walnut Road.

Willesden.—ROLAND BROWN, Esq., 75,
Craven Park.

Windsor and Eton.—Mrs. BAKER, The
Cloisters, Windsor Castle, and Miss GEE.

Worcester.—Miss WICKHAM, Chase
Lawn, Thorncliffe Road.

92, VICTORIA STREET, LONDON, S.W.

ROBERT STEWART, Secretary.

Telephone: ABBEY, "ANTHONY'S LANE." TELEGRAMS: MR. T. B. BAKER, LONDON.

Printed by JAMES & SONS, LIMITED, DUBLIN, ENGLAND.

NO GREATER SHAME TO MAN THAN INHUMANITY. Spense

THE HUMANE REVIEW

JANUARY, 1907.

Stanford Library

MAY 12 1938

CONTENTS.

THOUGHTS IN A MEAT-MARKET. George Forester.

THOREAU AND THE SIMPLE LIFE Henry S. Salt.

TAKING THE NAME OF HOWARD IN VAIN.

H. J. B. Montgomery.

SNAKE-FEEDING AT THE "ZOO."

THE DECLINE OF VEGETARIANISM IN CEYLON.

Ananda K. Coomaraswamy, D.Sc.

REVIEWS:

Lloyd Garrison, by Carl Heath.

Sir Henry Hawkins, by Lex.

London:

Ernest Bell, York House,
Portugal Street, Lincoln's Inn.

CONTENTS

| | PAGE |
|---|------|
| THOUGHTS IN A MEAT-MARKET. <i>By George Forester</i> | 193 |
| THOREAU AND THE SIMPLE LIFE. <i>By Henry S. Salt</i> | 202 |
| TAKING THE NAME OF HOWARD IN VAIN. <i>By H. J. B. Montgomery</i> | 209 |
| SNAKE-FEEDING AT THE "ZOO" | 226 |
| THE DECLINE OF VEGETARIANISM IN CEYLON. <i>By Ananda K. Coomaraswamy, D.Sc.</i> | 233 |
| REVIEWS: Lloyd Garrison, by Carl Heath. | |
| Sir Henry Hawkins, by Lex | 241 |

THE NATIONAL ANTI-VIVISECTION HOSPITAL.

Chairman: Rev. J. P. FALLOWES. Treasurer: Dr. A. WALL.

This is the only **General Hospital** in Battersea, to supply the needs of a large and very poor district.

The Staff consists of Ten Qualified Members of the Medical and Surgical Professions.

The Operating Theatre is fitted with all the latest appliances, and every department, including the Eye, Ear, Nose, Throat, Dental, and Electro-Therapy, has a full equipment of valuable instruments.

Accident Cases are being received in **greatly increased** numbers, whilst the **Out-Patients** have totalled 8,440 in five months, or an average of over 20,000 annually.

WE PLEAD FOR ASSISTANCE to give help and relief to the ever-increasing number of suffering ones who come to us.

H. F. HARRISON, Secretary.

THE HUMANITARIAN LEAGUE'S PUBLICATIONS.

- Humanitarianism:** Its General Principles and Progress. By HENRY S. SALT. 2d.
- Humanitarian Essays.** Crown 8vo., 1s.
- The Treatment of Prisoners.** By W. DOUGLAS MORRISON, LL.D. 2d.
- The Death Penalty.** By HYPATIA BRADLAUGH BONNER. 3d.
- The Ethics of Corporal Punishment.** By HENRY S. SALT. 1d.
- Facts About Flogging.** By JOSEPH COLLINSON. 6d. net.
- Corporal Punishment in India.** By Sir HENRY COTTON, M.P. 1d.
- Empire in India and Elsewhere.** By EDWARD CARPENTER. 2d.
- The Need of a Rational and Humane Science.** By EDWARD CARPENTER. 2d.
- Humane Science Lectures.** 1s.
- Vivisection:** Two Addresses given before the Humanitarian League. By EDWARD CARPENTER. 3d. net.
- What it Costs to be Vaccinated:** The Pains and Penalties of an Unjust Law. By JOSEPH COLLINSON. New Edition. Illustrated. 6d. net.
- Animals' Rights Considered in Relation to Social Progress.** By HENRY S. SALT. 6d. net.
- The New Charter:** A Discussion of the Rights of Men and the Rights of Animals. 1s.
- Duty of Man to the Lower Animals.** By FREDERIC HARRISON. 1d.
- Literæ Humaniores:** An Appeal to Teachers. 2d.
- British Blood Sports.** 3d. net.
- Hunting the Carted Stag.** 1d.
- The Horrors of Sport.** By Lady FLORENCE DIXIE. 3d. net.
- Sports, Legitimate and Illegitimate.** By Rev. J. STRATTON. 1d.
- The Eton College Hare-Hunt.** By ETONENSIS. 1d.
- The Truth About the Game Laws.** By J. CONNELL. With a Preface by ROBERT BUCHANAN. 6d.
- The Meat Fetish:** Two Essays on Vegetarianism. By ERNEST CROSEY and ELISÉE RECLUS. 3d. net.
- The Foreign and Irish Cattle Trade.** By I. M. GREG. 1d.
- Humane Slaughtering of Animals.** By ERNEST BELL. 1d.
- Christmas Cruelties.** By ERNEST BELL. 1d.
- Slaughter-house Reform.** By Rev. JOHN VERSCHOYLE. 1d.
- Food and Fashion:** Some Thoughts on what we Eat and what we Wear. 3d. net.
- The Fate of the Fur Seal.** By JOSEPH COLLINSON. 2d.
- The Horse:** His Life, his Usage, and his End. By Colonel W. L. B. COULSON. 2d.
- Why Do Animals Exist?** By ERNEST BELL. 1d.

HUMANITARIAN LEAGUE, 53, CHANCERY LANE, LONDON.

— International —
Arbitration and Peace Association.

OFFICES: 40, OUTER TEMPLE, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

President: HODGSON PRATT. *Chairman of Committee:* FELIX MOSCHELES.

Among the objects of the Association are the following:

- 1.—To create, educate, and organise public opinion throughout the civilised world in favour of the substitution of **ARBITRATION FOR WAR.**
- 2.—To promote a better understanding and more friendly feeling between the citizens of different nations.
- 3.—To correct erroneous statements in the public press or in Parliament on International questions.

Concord, the monthly journal of the Association, edited by G. H. PERRIS, may be had at the Office, price 1d.; Annual Subscription, 1s. 6d., including postage.

Subscriptions and Donations should be forwarded to

J. FREDK. GREEN, *Secretary.*

“INDIA.”

(Established 1891.)

Published every Friday. Price 3d., with postage 3½d.

| | | |
|---------------------|------|----------------------|
| Annual Subscription | 10/6 | (including postage). |
| Six Months, | 6/- | “ |

“**INDIA**” presents the Indian view of Indian Affairs.

“**INDIA**” gives a continuous record of all proceedings in Parliament relating to Indian affairs. This record alone suffices to make the journal invaluable for regular perusal and permanent reference. Those who cherish the desire to do their duty by India and our fellow-citizens in that great Empire are under much disadvantage so long as they do not avail themselves of the facilities that are provided by this weekly journal designed to serve that Imperial purpose.

Publishing Offices: 85, PALACE CHAMBERS, WESTMINSTER, S.W.

The Social-Democrat:
A MONTHLY SOCIALIST REVIEW.

PRICE SIXPENCE NET.

Printed and Published by THE TWENTIETH CENTURY PRESS, Ltd.,
37a, Clerkenwell Green, London, E.C.

PERSONAL RIGHTS ASSOCIATION.
32, CHARING CROSS, LONDON, S.W.

FOUNDED 14th MARCH, 1871.

If you wish to join in our work—the defence of freedom and justice—send a subscription, not less than 2s. 6d. per annum, and not more than you can afford, to me at the above address, when *The Individualist* and a copy of each of the pamphlets and leaflets issued by the Association will be sent to you, by post, each month.

Cheques and Postal Orders should be crossed Parr's Bank, Charing Cross Branch.

J. H. LEVY, *Manager.*

A Beautiful Gift Book.

142nd Thousand. Attractively bound. Price 3s. 6d. net.

IN TUNE WITH THE INFINITE;

Or, Fulness of Peace, Power, and Plenty.

By RALPH WALDO TRINE.

It is a book that comes directly into the affairs of everyday life. Grateful letters telling how in some cases an entirely new life has been opened up, in others how long-continued failure has been turned into success, how others have been helped to better positions, how others have been saved from self-destruction, how others have been healed of disease, how others have had their characters entirely changed, have come by the hundred to the author from readers in all parts of the world.

Extracts from Letters received by the Author.

"I cannot withhold any longer the joy and peace that is mine since reading 'In Tune with the Infinite.' It has given me more inspiration, more joy, more peace, more love, and more of everything that is good, than any book I have ever read, and when I say this I do not except even the Bible."—A. S. F.

"It is absolutely the most interesting book I have ever read, and I shall read it again and again."—O. R. P.

"Nothing I have ever read so lifts my soul up to the Divine, so amazes me, creating new and better thoughts, greater aspirations and a determination to live up to its teachings. It is so grand, so elevating, yet so plain."—MRS. J. A. J.

"That book will carry blessings to multitudes. I congratulate the author on putting so profound a theme in so simple a way that the common people can get it."—REV. W. H. M.

"Every page gives me solid food. I want all my friends to take it and read it, but I cannot yet spare it. I must re-read it again and again, for it is such a help to my life."—MRS. J. T. H.

"It appears to me not merely strikingly apt in its counsels and precepts, but also a brilliant contribution to our literature. The style is clear and concise, and the teachings embodied in it are far more practical than those of any similar book it has been my good fortune to peruse. . . . I am sincerely grateful for the inestimable benefit it has been to me."—(MARQUISE) C. L.

"It has done me more good than any one book of all my reading."—A. M., M.D.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR, PRETTILY BOUND, 1s. NET EACH.

THE GREATEST THING EVER KNOWN. *37th Thousand.*

CHARACTER-BUILDING; Thought Power. *30th Thousand.*

EVERY LIVING CREATURE; or, Heart Trainings through the Animal World. *19th Thousand.*

**LONDON: GEORGE BELL & SONS,
YORK HOUSE, PORTUGAL STREET, LINCOLN'S INN**

HUMANITARIAN LEAGUE.

CRIMINAL LAW AND PRISON REFORM DEPARTMENT.

Offices : 53, CHANCERY LANE, LONDON, W.C.

General Committee :

RIGHT HON. SIR J. C. MATHEW, P.C.

THE LORD BISHOP OF HEREFORD.
REV. JOHN CLIFFORD, D.D.
HENRY BROADHURST.
MRS. COBDEN SANDERSON.
JOHN DILLON, M.P.
FRED BROCKLEHURST.
G. W. FOOTE, President National
Secular Society.
E. H. PICKERSGILL, M.P.
J. H. LEVY.
A. E. FLETCHER.
HERBERT BURROWS.

LORD COLERIDGE, K.C.
EDWARD CARPENTER.
W. H. S. MONCK, Registrar in
Bankruptcy.
H. W. MASSINGHAM.
GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.
LADY HENRY SOMERSET.
REV. J. PAGE HOPPS.
J. M. ROBERTSON, M.P.
MRS. FREDERICK PENNINGTON.
C. A. V. CONYBEARE.
EDMUND HARVEY.

WALTER CRANE.

Executive Committee :

ERNEST BELL (*Hon. Treasurer and Chairman*).

T. BATY, D.C.L.
ALFRED BINNS.
MRS. BRADLAUGH BONNER.
JOSEPH COLLINSON (*Hon. Sec.*).

REV. W. DOUGLAS MORRISON, LL.D.
HENRY S. SALT.
HOWARD WILLIAMS, M.A.
LLEWELLYN W. WILLIAMS.

OBJECT :

A thorough revision and more humane administration of the Criminal Law and Prison System, with a view to the institution of a Court of Criminal Appeal, the discontinuance of the death penalty and corporal punishment, and an acceptance of the principle of reclamation instead of revenge in the treatment of offenders.

SUBSCRIPTIONS and DONATIONS are earnestly requested, and should be made payable to the Hon. Treasurer, Mr. Ernest Bell. For Pamphlets, Leaflets, and all information apply to

JOSEPH COLLINSON, *Hon. Secretary*.

THE HUMANE REVIEW

THOUGHTS IN A MEAT-MARKET*

IT was a hot summer day, and I was wandering moodily through the noisy, dusty, unlovely streets in search of the ancient hospital of the Charterhouse—that quaint spot of old-world repose and peace which seems, though surrounded by some of London’s busiest thoroughfares, to be itself so far removed from the *fumum et opes strepitumque Romæ*—when lo ! I suddenly found myself in the midst of Smithfield Market. What a contrast ! I was dreaming of old Thomas Sutton and his *deo dante dedi*, his haven of rest for eighty “ancient gentlemen,” where Colonel Newcome said *adsum* to the last roll-call, and where the Poor Brethren yet do dwell ; dreaming too, of the long-gone time when the Carthusian monks had their priory on the same quiet spot of a thousand peaceful memories ; and from this day-dream I was rudely awakened to see around me, wheresoever my eyes might turn—carcasses, carcasses, carcasses ! Great lumps of raw, bleeding flesh, stacked one above the other in the market buildings, in number innumerable ; cartloads of flesh coming in, cartloads of flesh going out ; the smell of flesh heavy on the stifling, languid air ; blood, as it seemed, steaming from the dust in the sweltering August sun ; on the ground, here and there a hoof, here

* This article is included in a volume of essays entitled “The Faith of an Agnostic,” published by Messrs. Watts and Co.

and there a head. The day-dream had gone. A nightmare had come in its stead.

Verily it was a sight to make one think. How many innocent creatures—how many oxen and sheep—must be slaughtered and cut up daily to feed the millions of this one city of London alone! And what a fearful necessity is it that requires us to kill, kill, kill, in order that we may devour all this flesh of animals, our brethren in blood and anatomical structure!

Suppose—and there is nothing improbable in the supposition—that somewhere in the realms of space there be a planet inhabited by gentle beings who live solely on the fruits of their earth; and suppose, further, that one of these beings could be brought to this globe, and there should be shown our slaughter-houses, our meat-markets, and our butchers' shops. Would he not turn from us with loathing and horror? Would he not think that he had come to a land of ghouls and ogres? Would he not make haste to quit our blood-stained shores?

Such was the thought that took possession of my mind as I gazed upon this mass of human flesh-food. Surely, I thought, were it not for heredity and habituation, no civilised and thinking man could look for a moment without disgust upon raw, newly-skinned, blood-dripping limbs and lumps of sheep and oxen such as are daily exposed to view in our streets.

Is this mere useless, and perchance *maudlin*, sentiment? Oh, most practical man of the world, oh, most commonsensical, beef-eating, bourgeois Briton, I think not. Surely every man, on taking thought, must recognise that this flesh-eating necessity is at least a hideous and deplorable necessity. Is there a man who would deny that the human race would be beings of a far higher order if they could live without this daily slaughter of hecatombs; this endless shedding of blood; this eternal massacre of harmless, defenceless creatures, whom all good men love; if, in a word, man could only cease to be a beast of prey?

And so heavily did these thoughts oppress me on that lovely August afternoon that, for a moment, a foolish question flashed across my mind. Would a good and benevolent God have decreed this appalling slaughter of His creatures? Would He have created man, "the roof and crown of things," to be a butcher and a flesh-eater? But with the question came the answer: "Have you not long recognised the utter futility of trying to reason from Nature to Nature's God?" Yes, verily, for it is equally absurd to say that God must be good because of the good and beautiful things in this world as to say that He must be bad because of the bad and hideous things therein. If you point to the beauties of earth and sky and sea and sun, to the joys of life, to the delights of mind and imagination, to the blessings of law and order, to the harmonies of existence—in a word, to all that man finds good upon this earth, and say that therefore there must be a good God; with equal reason (and with equal futility) might I point to all that is hideous; to all the misery and suffering of the world and all that therein is; to the appalling catastrophes and the savage operations of Nature; to misery and disease, despair and death; to cruelty and crime; to cancers, physical and moral—in a word, to all that is evil; and contend that, therefore, the Creator of all this evil must Himself be evil. Both propositions are equally absurd. So I pass by "Natural Theology" as impossible, and cease to reason about that which is wholly beyond the sphere of human knowledge.

But now comes to me my friend the Vegetarian to tell me that I am profoundly mistaken in supposing that this flesh-eating is a necessity. It is, says he, a loathsome custom, which man can and ought to abandon. It has been abundantly proved that man can do without meat—nay, that he is far better without it. Flesh-eating leads to a vile habit of the body, and to many diseases, such as tuberculosis, to give one example out of many. If man desires the *mens sana in corpore*

and there a head. The day-dream had gone. A nightmare had come in its stead.

Verily it was a sight to make one think. How many innocent creatures—how many oxen and sheep—must be slaughtered and cut up daily to feed the millions of this one city of London alone! And what a fearful necessity is it that requires us to kill, kill, kill, in order that we may devour all this flesh of animals, our brethren in blood and anatomical structure!

Suppose—and there is nothing improbable in the supposition—that somewhere in the realms of space there be a planet inhabited by gentle beings who live solely on the fruits of their earth; and suppose, further, that one of these beings could be brought to this globe, and there should be shown our slaughter-houses, our meat-markets, and our butchers' shops. Would he not turn from us with loathing and horror? Would he not think that he had come to a land of ghouls and ogres? Would he not make haste to quit our blood-stained shores?

Such was the thought that took possession of my mind as I gazed upon this mass of human flesh-food. Surely, I thought, were it not for heredity and habituation, no civilised and thinking man could look for a moment without disgust upon raw, newly-skinned, blood-dripping limbs and lumps of sheep and oxen such as are daily exposed to view in our streets.

Is this mere useless, and perchance *maudlin*, sentiment? Oh, most practical man of the world, oh, most common-sensical, beef-eating, bourgeois Briton, I think not. Surely every man, on taking thought, must recognise that this flesh-eating necessity is at least a hideous and deplorable necessity. Is there a man who would deny that the human race would be beings of a far higher order if they could live without this daily slaughter of hecatombs; this endless shedding of blood; this eternal massacre of harmless, defenceless creatures, whom all good men love; if, in a word, man could only cease to be a beast of prey?

And so heavily did these thoughts oppress me on that lovely August afternoon that, for a moment, a foolish question flashed across my mind. Would a good and benevolent God have decreed this appalling slaughter of His creatures? Would He have created man, "the roof and crown of things," to be a butcher and a flesh-eater? But with the question came the answer: "Have you not long recognised the utter futility of trying to reason from Nature to Nature's God?" Yes, verily, for it is equally absurd to say that God must be good because of the good and beautiful things in this world as to say that He must be bad because of the bad and hideous things therein. If you point to the beauties of earth and sky and sea and sun, to the joys of life, to the delights of mind and imagination, to the blessings of law and order, to the harmonies of existence—in a word, to all that man finds good upon this earth, and say that therefore there must be a good God; with equal reason (and with equal futility) might I point to all that is hideous; to all the misery and suffering of the world and all that therein is; to the appalling catastrophes and the savage operations of Nature; to misery and disease, despair and death; to cruelty and crime; to cancers, physical and moral—in a word, to all that is evil; and contend that, therefore, the Creator of all this evil must Himself be evil. Both propositions are equally absurd. So I pass by "Natural Theology" as impossible, and cease to reason about that which is wholly beyond the sphere of human knowledge.

But now comes to me my friend the Vegetarian to tell me that I am profoundly mistaken in supposing that this flesh-eating is a necessity. It is, says he, a loathsome custom, which man can and ought to abandon. It has been abundantly proved that man can do without meat—nay, that he is far better without it. Flesh-eating leads to a vile habit of the body, and to many diseases, such as tuberculosis, to give one example out of many. If man desires the *mens sana in corpore*

sano, let him give up killing, and eat of the fruits of the earth.

It is no part of my purpose to discuss this question. It may be that it is not possible for all men in all latitudes and in all walks of life to live on a purely vegetarian diet. It is certain, I think, that but a very small minority will endeavour to do so for, at any rate, a very long time to come. Habit and heredity are potent forces, and they will be hard to conquer. But, however this may be, it seems to me that those who treat vegetarianism merely as a vehicle for scoffs and jeers show but a poor and paltry spirit. The vegetarian idea is a noble one; and, though it may appear Utopian to the majority of mankind, it is surely worthy of all reverence. If a man says to me, "I loathe the thought of all this slaughter and flesh-eating, of all the suffering that it causes to animals, and all the injury that it does to men's minds as well as to their bodies, and therefore I will eat no flesh while the world standeth," it appears to me that he is deserving, not of ridicule, but of much respect.

But when vegetarians go further, as some few do, and endeavour to establish their teaching upon the basis of the Bible, then I confess that I am obliged to part company with them. "Kill and eat" is the teaching of the Bible from first to last. Cain, we are told, "brought of the fruit of the ground an offering unto the Lord." But Abel "brought of the firstlings of his flock, and of the fat thereof." And we read that the latter offering was acceptable unto the Lord; "but unto Cain and to his offering He (the Lord) had not respect." The reflection at once arises, how infinitely preferable in our eyes would this Hebrew deity have been if He had decided just the other way; if He had accepted the bloodless offering and rejected the flesh and the fat! In saying this, of course, I am merely criticising what I believe to be an interesting legend concerning a tribal god, the significance of which may simply be that the pastoral life was at that time regarded as superior to

the agricultural. Yet thousands are still taught to identify Jahveh, or Jehovah, with the God of the universe, and look upon all these stories not only as historical, but as a direct revelation of His will; thousands still believe that the God of the universe, under "the old dispensation," as they term it, required to be appeased by the continual slaughter of His creatures, so that His altar literally reeked with blood.*

Again, I should be interested to learn how the Biblical vegetarian gets over the fact that the "Son of man came both eating and drinking"—*i.e.*, eating flesh and drinking wine.† It appears to me that he is in much the same case as the Biblical teetotaller, who has never yet been able to explain why, if wine-drinking be a deadly sin, Jesus not only omitted to say so, but was Himself a drinker of wine, and actually turned water into wine—this, moreover, after the guests at the marriage feast had already "well drunk"! Nay, did He not also institute a memorial supper in which wine was an essential?

But there is a more serious question than these. If

Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn,

how many countless millions are made to mourn by man's inhumanity to animals? Surely there are few more sacred duties than the duty of kindness to animals. And should we not expect to find special stress laid upon this duty in any revelation of the will of the merciful Creator? How strange, then, that it should be ignored in the Christian Bible! It is true that, if we search the Old Testament, we shall find, among much that is savage and cruel, two or three injunctions conceived in a humane spirit, such as the often-quoted command, "Thou shalt

* See, among many examples, Lev. viii. and ix., which give many disgusting details. The anthropomorphic Jehovah was supposed to take pleasure in the "sweet savour" of burning flesh. See Gen. viii. 21.

† Matt. xi. 18; Luke vii. 33.

not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn"; but we all know how the truculent Christian Apostle treats that behest. "Doth God take care for oxen?" asks Paul, as though the question contained its own answer. The idea to him is absurd, so he proceeds to give to the passage what he conceives to be a meaning of human interest, and ingeniously evolves from it an argument in favour of the remuneration of preachers. "If we have sown unto you spiritual things, is it a great thing if we shall reap your carnal things?" Muzzle not the Apostle that treadeth out the spiritual corn! Poor oxen! I think of the long cattle-trains that I have seen going through Southern France under the glaring sun of the *midi*; those trucks full of crowded, frightened, thirsting beasts, with their large brown *souffre douleur* eyes full of unutterable pathos: I think of the unspeakable horrors of the cattle-ships—of a swaying mass of cattle tightly wedged together till their ribs are raw and every joint is aching; forced to stand from embarkation to landing; trampling and broken limbs for them that fall; goring and misery and pain for them that stand! Good heavens! imagine such a voyage from Argentina to England through a stormy sea! Can such things be done while we are singing of "peace on earth and mercy mild"? And thinking of all these things, I ask myself, "Doth God take care for oxen?" And then comes the answer swift and sure: "Thou fierce fanatic, if thy God careth not for oxen, wherefore should we think that He will care for men?"

Then, there is the story of the devils who were sent into the herd of swine, only to drive the poor creatures over a steep place into the sea, where they were all drowned. To those of us, indeed, who think with the late Professor Huxley in these matters, this marvellous tale causes no heart-searchings. We look upon it simply as an instance of the natural and inevitable growth of legend in times when the critical faculty was undeveloped, and when miracles were supposed to be matters of every-day occur-

rence. But what of the orthodox believer? Will he solace himself with the question, "Doth God take care for swine?"

The truth is that the recognition of this duty of kindness to animals has been a matter of very slow growth in Christian countries. It is a product of evolution, the child of progress and enlightened thought. "In the range and circle of duties inculcated by the early fathers those to animals had no place," says Mr. Lecky. And again, "Catholicism has done very little to inculcate humanity to animals. The fatal vice of theologians, who have always looked upon others solely through the medium of their own special dogmatic views, has been an obstacle to all advance in this direction. The animal world, being altogether external to the scheme of redemption, was regarded as beyond the range of duty, and the belief that we have any kind of obligation to its members has never been inculcated—has never, I believe, been even admitted—by Catholic theologians."*

Whether the parenthesis in the above passage can be entirely supported I do not know, but it is certainly the fact that those countries which have yielded the most blind obedience to dogmatic theology, and which have been most under the sway of sacerdotalism and priestcraft, such as Spain and Italy, have made themselves conspicuous by their callous disregard of the sufferings of animals. "*Non sono Cristiani*" is the well-known reply of the Italian cab-driver to the Englishman who expostulates with him on his brutal treatment of his miserable, tortured jades.

* "History of European Morals," vol. ii., p. 173. The argument is not in the least weakened by the fact that there were a few hermits, like Francis of Assisi, who inculcated love for animals. Mr. St. George Mivart, in his article on "The Continuity of Catholicism," in the *Nineteenth Century* (January, 1900), instances, among modern modifications of Catholic belief, that "many Catholics have come to recognise the ethical truth, *which only seems to have been clearly apprehended of late*—the truth, namely, that we are morally bound not to inflict needless pain on animals, and still more bound not to cause pain for the mere pleasure of producing it."

It must be confessed that in this matter Christianity has been far less enlightened than either Buddhism or Mohammedanism. Three hundred years before Christ, and "from the time of the charitable edicts of King Asoka for the establishment of medical dispensaries both for men and *animals*," hospitals for the relief not only of human but also of animal suffering began to overspread the Buddhist East.* As to the Mohammedan religion Mr. Bosworth Smith writes :

"Nor does Mohammed omit to lay stress on what I venture to think is as crucial a test of a moral code, and even of a religion, as is the treatment of the poor and weak—I mean the duties we owe to what we call the lower animals. There is no religion which has taken a higher view in its authoritative documents of animal life, and none wherein the precept has been so much honoured by its practical observance. 'There is no beast on earth,' says the Koran, 'nor bird which flieth with its wings, but the same is a people like unto you—unto the Lord shall they return,' and it is the current belief that animals will share with men the general resurrection and be judged according to their works. At the slaughter of an animal the Prophet ordained that the name of God should always be named, but the words 'the Compassionate, the Merciful' were to be omitted; for on the one hand such an expression seemed a mockery to the sufferer, and on the other he could not bring himself to believe that the destruction of any life, however necessary, could be altogether pleasing to the All-Merciful. 'In the name of God,' says a pious Mussulman before he strikes the fatal blow; 'God is most great; God give thee patience to endure the affliction which He hath allotted thee.' In the East there has been no moralist like Bentham to insist in noble words on the extension of the sphere of morality to all sentient beings, and to be ridiculed for it by people who call themselves religious; there has been no naturalist like Darwin to demonstrate by his marvellous powers of observation how large a part of the mental and moral faculties which we usually claim for ourselves alone, we share with other beings; there has been no Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals; but one reason of this is not far to seek. What the legislation of the last few years has at length attempted to do, and, from the mere fact that it is legislation, must do ineffectually, has been long effected in the East by the moral and religious sentiment, which, like almost everything that is good in that part of the world,

* "*Mohammed and Mohammedanism*," by R. Bosworth Smith, p. 214.

can be traced back, in part at least, to the great Prophet of Arabia. . . . Mr. Lane bears emphatic testimony to the fact that in his long residence in Egypt he never saw an ass or a dog (though the latter is there looked upon as an unclean animal) treated with cruelty, except in those cities which were overrun by Europeans."*

What a contrast to the revolting barbarities still seen in Christian countries! Yet some Christians continually claim credit to their creed for that advanced "humanity to animals" wherein they have been long anticipated by both the Buddha and Mohammed, and which in Europe is the belated offspring, not of theological teaching, but of a constantly advancing civilisation.

Pondering on all these things, I had turned my back on the horrible meat-market, and had at length found my way to the old Carthusian Oasis of Peace. Here at least, in those quaint old quads, all was quiet and repose. One of the Poor Brethren was dozing on a bench in the sun. I sat down wearily beside him, and soon sleep came to me also, to steep my senses in forgetfulness; and then in the land of dreams it seemed to me that some being of a superior order was speaking to me.

"Be comforted," he said; "God careth for oxen; God careth for swine; God hath never required sacrifice from men. If they *must* bring offerings, let them offer of the fruits of the earth."

"And the vegetarian idea," I said, "shall it prevail in the end?" But at that moment, and as he was about to answer, I most unluckily awoke.

GEORGE FORESTER.

* "Mohammed and Mohammedanism," p. 215 *et seq.*

THOREAU AND THE SIMPLE LIFE

THE issue of a new American edition of Thoreau's works in twenty volumes* is a reminder in this age of luxurious civilisation that the chief prophet of the simple life is yet a force to be reckoned with. How great a change in the world's estimation of Thoreau, since the day when he carried up to his little study, at the top of his father's house in Concord, the seven hundred unsaleable copies of his "Week on the Concord River" which had been returned to him by the publisher, and then recorded in his journal: "I have now a library of nearly nine hundred volumes, over seven hundred of which I wrote myself"! The "Rural Humbug" and "Yankee Diogenes," as his contemporaries styled him, is being more and more recognised as one of the greatest thinkers and writers whom America has produced.

Yet even to this day there is a tendency among literary men to misunderstand and depreciate Thoreau, just as there is a tendency to miss the true meaning of the principles expounded by him. It has of late become somewhat fashionable to talk and write of simplification, and Pastor Charles Wagner's little book on "The Simple Life" is said to have had a large circulation both in Europe and America, doubtless owing to the fact that his view of the subject is one which makes no demand on the conscience of his readers, but rather aims at obscuring an unpopular doctrine in a cloud of agreeable talk. Certainly the simplicity preached by the polite pastor, and discussed by the many well-to-do readers of his book, is

* "The Writings of Henry David Thoreau." "Walden" Edition. Boston: Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin, and Co.

a very different virtue from that which Thoreau had in mind, not only during his comparatively brief experiment at Walden, but through the twenty active years of his strenuous life.

Now, simplification may be viewed under two aspects, the personal and the social. Personal simplicity is a sign, not of asceticism, as is often wrongly supposed, but of the triumph of genuine taste over traditional habit; a wise man simplifies, because, on the whole, he derives more satisfaction from simplicity than from abundance. But while it is important not to overburden one's self with "comforts," it is no less important not to overburden other persons with the labour of producing them; and it is this social and humanitarian view of the question which is so frequently evaded. The hard work of the world has to be done by someone. As Thoreau says: "If I devote myself to other pursuits and contemplations, I must first see, at least, that I do not pursue them sitting upon another man's shoulders. I must get off him first, that he may pursue his contemplations also."

Unfortunately, this humane consideration finds no expression in Pastor Wagner's essay. The simplicity preached by the pastor is a purely *personal* one, and amounts to little more than what might be called moderation and good taste in the various departments of life; he defines it as a "state of mind," and insists that it presents "no external characteristics." Much that he says of the virtue of simplicity is very true and sensible, so far as it goes, but he states only half of the argument; and when the other, the social side of the question, is overlooked, the doctrine of simplification of life is apt to become somewhat futile.

Look, for example, at the fashionable comments on Wagner's book in the "Letters on the Simple Life," reprinted from the *Daily Graphic* in 1905, where, in one case, we have a lady commended for her simplicity, because "she does not spend more than £150 a year on her

clothes." We have remembrance, too, of a delightful account which appeared in a London paper of a camping-out party which was to visit the Egyptian Desert last winter and to follow "the simple life" in picnics, shooting-parties, and shopping expeditions. The prospectus ran as follows:

"Each member of the party will have a separate double-roofed sleeping-tent, with an interior worked by Arabs in coloured linens. The floor will be spread with an Oriental carpet. There will be a big dining-tent for all, and a drawing-room tent for the ladies. The camp will be near the Pyramids, and within easy reach of Cairo by tram. In this desert camp 'the simple life' will really be followed. Everybody will follow his own inclinations—going to picnics, or shooting expeditions, or bazaar-shopping under the charge of the dragoman. The advantage of going with a party is that the inclusive expenses only come to £7 a week."

This is what comes of defining simplicity as "a state of mind, and as devoid of "external characteristics"!

"I cannot help wondering," says Mr. A. C. Benson in his recent work, "From a College Window," "whether the people who talk about the simple life have any idea what it means." But does Mr. Benson himself—does anyone whose outlook is from a college window—know what it means? When he argues that "the first requisite is a perfect sincerity of character," and that "the essence of the really simple character is that a man should accept his environment and circle, and if he is born in the so-called world, he need not seek to fly from it," and when he goes on to sketch the simple liver as a pleasant, comfortable, well-balanced person such as he himself has known "in every rank of life," it is evident that he does not in the least perceive what the *real* simplicity means—the simplicity which has found its highest expression in the writings of Thoreau.

For it must be clearly understood that though, on the one hand, simplification of life does not imply a rigid hard-and-fast rule of conduct, as that everyone should renounce the life of towns and live in a hut in a forest

(with all the other absurd misapprehensions into which Thoreau's earlier critics used to fall), it cannot, on the other hand, be whittled down to the mere vacuous, amiable concept to which Mr. Benson would reduce it. There is a practical side, as well as a spiritual side, in the simple life; and it is ridiculous to pretend that members of a fashionable and luxurious "society" may be living simply, because, forsooth, their simplicity is "a state of mind." It is quite true, as Charles Wagner points out, that a man who rides in his carriage may be naturally sincere, while a shoeless beggar may be "dreaming of idleness and pleasure"; it is true, but it is also irrelevant. A teetotaler may be dreaming of brandy and champagne, but that does not prove that it is as simple to drink strong beverages as to drink water. The simple life implies simple *action* no less than simple taste, and the practical moral view of the matter is not thus lightly to be set aside.

For there is, at many points, a very intimate connection between simplicity and humaneness; most of all, perhaps, with regard to the food that we eat and the clothes that we wear. Take the question of simplification in dress, and note how vitally it may promote the well-being of both our human and sub-human fellow-creatures. Fashionably-dressed men and women too often carry on their persons products of much needlessly inflicted suffering, their victims including the sweated tailor and the over-worked seamstress, with a long train of sacrificed animals, from the silkworm to the whale. The fur fashion alone means the torture of millions of animals yearly. Politicians may talk of "one man one vote"; but, really, when we study the world of dress, a programme of "one man one skin" seems more important. As Keats says of the thoughtless and luxurious rich:

For them the Ceylon diver held his breath,
 And went all naked to the hungry shark;
 For them his ears gush'd blood; for them in death
 The seal on the cold ice with piteous bark

Lay full of darts ; for them alone did seethe
 A thousand men in troubles wide and dark :
 Half ignorant, they turned an easy wheel,
 That set sharp racks at work, to pinch and peel.

So, too, with regard to the food question. It is a matter of the greatest concern to others—and thus, also, to himself—whether a man elect to live after the carnivorous or the frugivorous fashion—whether he ally himself to the beasts of prey or to the ranks of the social animals. Here and there, no doubt, a vegetarian *may*, in certain cases, be living less simply than a flesh-eater, but the exception does not vitiate the rule : a fleshless diet is more in accordance with the simple life than a diet of “ scorched corpses.” As Thoreau puts it : “ Having been my own butcher and scullion, as well as the gentleman for whom the dishes were served up, I can speak from an unusually complete experience. The practical objection to animal food in my case was its uncleanness, and besides, when I had caught and cleaned and cooked and eaten my fish, they seemed not to have fed me essentially. It was insignificant and unnecessary, and cost more than it came to. A little bread or a few potatoes would have done as well, with less trouble and filth.”*

How puerile it is, then, in the face of these facts, to treat the principle of simplicity as if it meant no more than a cheerful, contented disposition, which accepts its own “ environment,” even if it be born to “ the so-called world,” and (say) three thousand a year ! Simplification of life is something more genuine, more actual, than *that*. It is the deliberate abandonment of what is excessive and luxurious, with a view to one’s own comfort, both of body and of mind—of body, because, as all experience shows, the happiest men are they who live simply ; of mind, because to live otherwise than simply is to put a grievous burden upon others. “ All men,” as Shelley says, “ are called to participate in the community of Nature’s gifts. The man who has fewest bodily wants approaches nearest

* “Walden,” chapter on “Higher Laws.”

to the divine nature. Satisfy these wants at the cheapest rate, and expend the remaining energies of your nature in the attainment of virtue and knowledge."*

It is not surprising, perhaps, that, as the simple life itself is so entirely misunderstood by many who discourse of it, the character of Thoreau, a pioneer of simple living, should still be misconceived. He was a victim, according to Mr. Benson, of the fatal desire "to stimulate the curiosity of others." "The most conspicuous instance of this in literature," he says, "is the case of Thoreau;" and he asserts that "Thoreau was indolent rather than simple, and what spoilt his simplicity was that he was for ever hoping that he would be observed and admired. . . . He was for ever looking at himself in the glass, and describing to others the rugged, sun-browned, slovenly, solemn person that he saw there." And so on.

Now this sort of criticism not only exhibits Mr. Benson as totally incapacitated by his academical—not to say archiepiscopal—"environment" for understanding the simple life, but convicts him of complete ignorance of the charm of Thoreau's career. Is it believable that a man who was "for ever hoping to be observed and admired" should have taken a course such as Thoreau took, which cut him off from all possibility of recognition during his lifetime—that of spending a great portion of his life in solitary rambles, and entirely ignoring all the avenues which lead to what is known as "success"? Mr. Benson presumably imagines that the diaries in which Thoreau jotted down his thoughts were written with a view to publication, but this was not the case; indeed, as Mr. Sanborn has recently pointed out,† "it was never Thoreau's intent to print these Journals as they now appear, still less as they were partially published by his editor after 1876." When Thoreau died in 1862, a practically unknown man, with only two of his books, "The Week" and "Walden," published, nothing seemed more certain

* "Essay on Christianity."

† *The Dial*, October, 1906.

than that he had deprived himself of all likelihood of fame by his entire indifference to public opinion; and if it was his desire to stimulate the curiosity of his fellow-countrymen, he stultified himself completely by taking the utmost pains to secure the contrary result.

How far Mr. Benson is competent to discuss the question of simplification may be judged from his complaint that "it is almost true to say that the people who are most in love with simplicity are often the most complicated natures." I should say it is not "almost," but *wholly* true, and the reason is obvious. It is precisely because the spiritual needs of mankind are so complex that it is necessary to simplify our bodily needs, and therefore the most complex natures, such as Shelley's and Thoreau's, are those which have the strongest tendency to simplification. "Plain living" and "high thinking" of necessity go together. "Your physical wants," says Shelley, "are few, whilst those of your mind and heart cannot be numbered or described, from their multitude and complication. To secure the gratification of the former, you have made yourselves the bondslaves of each other." This is, of course, the very corner-stone of the whole principle of simplification; yet Mr. Benson has overlooked it.

After what we have seen of Mr. Benson's insight into the simple life, it is delightful to find him deprecating anything in the nature of a "movement" towards such reform. "There is nothing which is more fatal to it," he thinks, "than that people should meet to discuss the subject." Well, I am not so sure about that. If Mr. Benson had taken the precaution of attending some discussion of the question, it might at least have saved him from adding this ill-advised chapter to his book.

Certainly the simple life is not only "a state of mind," but a state of body also, which abstains, as far as may be, from all cruel customs and fashions which provide the superfluities and luxuries of one class at the cost of the sufferings of another.

HENRY S. SALT.

TAKING THE NAME OF HOWARD IN VAIN

RATHER more than twelve years ago I wrote a series of articles in a London weekly journal on the subject of the Howard Association, its aims and its methods. Those articles produced letters and a visit from Mr. Tallack, the then secretary of the Association, to the editor of the paper in which the articles appeared, the object of the letters and his visit being to prove that the writer was inaccurate in his judgment of, and criticisms upon, the Howard Association. As I have said, more than twelve years have elapsed, and in the interim I have closely watched that Society, and carefully read the sporadic effusions of its secretary. My investigations, and a perusal of these written utterances have confirmed me in the opinions I held in 1894 respecting the Howard Association, when I wrote as follows :

“We certainly cannot imagine John Howard as chairman of the association presided over by Mr. Francis Peek, and resting content with a few brief visits to prison and the circulation of a few more or less interesting leaflets on more or less abstract questions connected with penology and the prevention of crime. The work of Howard was effected amongst the criminals, and the object of that great man as we have before remarked, was to improve the lot of the prisoners, not only physically, but morally. In these respects what is at present being done? Nothing at all, or at any rate nothing practical. The prisons of this country are now closed to everyone save the prisoners and officialdom ; the prisoners are, accordingly, at the mercy of officialdom, and too often the mercy is far from tender. At no

previous period have prison officials had such unchecked license, and prisoners so little official supervision. In face of these facts the Howard Association comes along and asks us to read some excellent, no doubt in their way, but possibly academic remarks of its secretary on 'The Penalty of Death' or to interest ourselves in prison management in Scandinavia. The Howard Association has plenty of real beneficial work within its reach at a time when the management of our prisons and the treatment of our prisoners call aloud for investigation and drastic reform. Is the association prepared to set about the work, or has it no heart for the project? In the latter case it must be deemed to have outlived its utility, and be called on to give place to some younger and more virile organisation determined to carry on Howard's work in Howard's spirit."

As I have said, for twelve years I have been watching the career of the Howard Association with amazement not unmingled with amusement. The Howard Association, I may remark, is practically a synonym for its secretary, formerly for many years Mr. William Tallack, now Mr. Thomas Holmes. The Association has always been, in fact, what is called a "one-man show." Certainly it has been, and is still, able to boast of a goodly list of patrons and an enormous, and I should have thought unwieldy, general committee; but many, if not most, of its patrons, and the members of the committee, have been content merely to give the use of their names, and have not deemed it necessary to contribute even the smallest donation towards the society's funds. Its receipts have, in fact, rarely, if ever, exceeded £1,000 per annum, and after payment of the secretary's salary, office expenses, and the cost of printing a few occasional pamphlets, there has been practically nothing left for the purpose of carrying on propaganda work. The Association has in effect resolved itself into the secretary, and the secretary has, it must in justice be admitted, invariably kept himself before the public.

There can be little doubt that it is the name of Howard which has attracted to the Association most of its patrons. All, or nearly all, those men who are now or have been in

the past connected with the Association in that capacity, no doubt, believed they were in some way aiding to carry on the noble work of the great philanthropist in the direction of improving our prisons and ameliorating the lot of prisoners. I do not excuse men, and especially men occupying high positions, permitting their names to appear in connection with any society while at the same time taking no steps to exercise control over the same, or occasionally, at any rate, making investigations as to how far and in what degree it carries out its aims or objects. Unfortunately, in this country there are a large number of public men, especially men who hold high positions in the Church, who are guilty of grave dereliction of duty of this kind. They apparently think it is expected of them to belong to sundry societies with whose objects or ostensible objects they are more or less in sympathy, and accordingly their names figure on numerous reports and pamphlets, and they are assumed to have given their consent to sundry matters and opinions in regard to which they are often in absolute ignorance.

The name Howard has, I feel sure, imposed on numbers of these well-meaning but negligent persons. This name in connection with the Howard Association I have always regarded as a piece of rich humour. The man who fixed on the title originally, if he had any prevision of the policy and *modus operandi* of the Association, was a paradoxical humorist whose name ought not to be allowed to sink into oblivion. Because the Howard Association, ever since its inception right down to the present moment, has, so far as I have been able to study its record, and in so far as I have been able to study Howard's life—and get at the motives, sentiments, and aspirations of that great man—set itself to advocate everything, or almost everything, that would have been most repellent to Howard. It has advocated, and still advocates, ferocity to the criminal. Instead of ameliorating his condition it has striven, and still strives, to render it harsher and more

severe, to impress on him that he is a pariah, and must be treated as such. It has ever been on the side of officialdom, and it has basked, and still basks, in official smiles. It has been certified by the Prison Commission, and received the benediction of prison governors. One often wonders, could John Howard be reincarnated, what would be his opinion and expressed sentiments regarding the Association that takes his name in vain. There would assuredly be a new mission ready at hand for him—to suppress it.

The literature of the Howard Association is voluminous. It has been my painful duty to wade through it. I have arisen from the perusal marvelling at the fact that, during all the years of its existence, the Association, despite the many hundreds of patrons, vice-presidents, and members of the committee who have lent their names to it, has never evolved a man who assimilated the fact that all the efforts of the Association were the very antitheses of the principles and policy of the reformer whose name it had annexed. We can hardly imagine a Wilberforce Association inculcating slavery as not only permissible but desirable. I think I shall show before I conclude that there would be nothing more absurd in this than a Howard Association proposing to permanently lock up criminals, and suggesting the recrudescence of solitary confinement as a punishment for prisoners.

The literature of the Howard Association is voluminous, but it is, for the most part, the output of its late secretary, Mr. Tallack, a gentleman happily still alive, a man of great energy, both pronounced and cocksure in his opinions, but, I suggest, not in his proper place as secretary of a society bearing the honoured name of Howard. I have read Mr. Tallack's portly work, "Penological and Preventive Principles." I have also read his "Howard Letters and Memories." Nothing daunted, I have managed to get through the very numerous pamphlets Mr. Tallack has written on various

subjects. I confess that no little energy and determination have been needed to enable me to accomplish this task. I found the same sentiments running through all these publications. I might briefly dismiss them by quoting the terse head-line which a great London daily paper used for its review of "Penological Principles"—"Pure Reaction." This expressive truth seems to have so incensed the author of the volume that he took the somewhat unusual step of addressing an open letter to the editor of the *Daily Chronicle*, the journal in question, which letter was subsequently printed as a Howard leaflet, and was evidently deemed of so much importance that it has been presented to the Guildhall Library to be permanently enshrined, or entombed, there. "Penological and Preventive Principles" may or may not be a great work. I have my own opinion on that point. No one can, however, accuse the author of modesty. He states that it was "one of the books read by John Bright during his last illness," but we have no record of Mr. Bright's opinion in regard thereto. We know that Mr. Bright shortly afterwards died. I do not, of course, suggest cause and effect, but surely the fact of a man, a great man, reading a book during his last illness can hardly be regarded as testimony in favour of that book unless the man has left his opinion on record. I will content myself with remarking in regard to "Penological Principles" that when the *Daily Chronicle* described that volume as "Pure Reaction" it summed it up effectively and effectually. Reaction may be right or wrong, that is another matter, but that the principles advocated by Mr. Tallack are reactionary no unprejudiced man can deny, and that the policy of the Howard Association while Mr. Tallack was its moving spirit, as since he transferred his mantle to his successor, has been reactionary likewise, I shall, I think, clearly show.

Regarding Mr. Tallack's other work, "Howard Letters and Memories," I shall here say but little. In so far as it

is a record of Mr. Tallack's life and work outside the Howard Association I have no remarks to make, but the Association, like King Charles's head in Mr. Dick's memorial, crops up in almost every page of the book. In it Mr. Tallack narrates some of the criticisms his work and writings in connection with prisons have received—most of them laudatory. He, however, quotes, and dismisses rather contemptuously, the criticism of a great man—probably our greatest living scientist—Dr. A. R. Wallace. His criticism is one which, if Mr. Tallack had taken it to heart and inspired the Howard Association with the spirit thereof, might have rendered that society not only a useful but an influential body, a body which would have justified its existence and lived up to its name. I take the liberty of transcribing Dr. Wallace's remarks :

"Your chapter on 'Crimes of Society' is very powerful but too brief, especially the first part. To me it seems that society creates nine-tenths of the crime. You do not, I think, dwell on the greatest of all crimes of society in my opinion—the neglect to so organise itself that every man may live (and live decently and well) by his labour. While one honest and industrious man or woman remains unwillingly out of work, and therefore out of food and often out of warmth, clothing, and home, society and its delegate, government, are criminals. So long as we set property, gain, wealth, against the lives and well-being of the people who create that wealth, society is criminal.

"Again, I believe that all the present systems of punishment are wrong, that the first and second and third aim of all punishment should be the reform of the criminal, and that, having taught and reformed him mainly by kindness and work for his own benefit, arrangements should be made that he should have immediate work and means of an honest livelihood secured to him, as to all others. Till this is done all punishment is but an added crime.

"I entirely demur to the dictum that prisons should not be made attractive, so long as they are entirely self-supporting, which with proper organisation they can easily be made. Then it is better that all who cannot find other means of support should come into these prisons (which to them would not be prisons but houses) rather than be driven to the choice between starvation, crime, or that vile prison establishment—the workhouse."

In all probability I should not have once again taken up my pen to refer to this egregious Association had it not been that Mr. Tallack thought fit to take part in a correspondence which appeared in the *Times* in August last respecting the administration of the criminal law. In his letter Mr. Tallack bewailed the fact that the appeals of Sir Robert Anderson had been as "voices crying in the wilderness," and finding little practical response. Mr. Tallack, like Sir Robert Anderson, revels in scriptural quotations, and revels, likewise, in applying them to purposes which would seem to be directly at variance with the tenets and teaching of the Bible. In his first letter Mr. Tallack stated, and apparently gloried in the fact, that he gave evidence before a committee in 1894, and then suggested that habitual misdemeanants, instead of being committed to prison for uniform periods, should on each repetition of their offence be detained for a fortnight longer than previously, and also that professional criminals should on each fresh conviction have an addition of one or two years to the last sentence. When I read this effusion I knew what would happen. I said to myself, "Mr. Tallack will no doubt receive without delay the benediction of a prison governor." I was not disappointed. A few days subsequently "Prison Governor" turned up in the *Times* expressing his great satisfaction with Mr. Tallack's letter, and, with unconscious humour, he termed that gentleman "the veteran champion of amendment in the administration of the criminal law." "For years," remarked this prison governor, "Mr. Tallack and the Howard Society have fought their crusade against the crying evil of our present system of dealing with crime, and yet the futile system of short sentences still holds good."

One would have thought that the blessing of this prison governor would have rendered the Howard Association somewhat suspicious. It almost savours of the devil rebuking sin. Not so, however. There is another interval,

and then Mr. Thomas Holmes, the present secretary of the Howard Association, came on the scene, and informed the readers of the *Times* that he had perused "with interest and pleasure" "the admirable letter" from a "Prison Governor." "Frequent terms of imprisonment," said Mr. Holmes, "only serve to preserve to some extent the health and lengthen out the lives of persons so sentenced." He evidently hankers after Sir Robert Anderson's method of a short way with these people. He says he has studied them. I will accept the statement, but he has evidently studied them to little purpose, because, after his prolonged study, he assures the British public that it will do not only the wisest but the most merciful thing when it withholds liberty altogether from the determined habitual criminal. "For forty years," remarked Mr. Holmes, "the Howard Association has advocated the establishment of progressive or cumulative sentences." He, in fact, glories in what ought to be the Association's shame. I have no objection to any man or body of men advocating progressive or cumulative sentences, or any other policy they may deem advisable for the repression of crime; but I do object and strongly protest against an association annexing the venerable and revered name of Howard, a name which will always be honoured by the people of this country, and under the shadow of that name advocating projects and pursuing a course which would not only have been repugnant, but I believe positively nauseating, to the heart and mind of the great prison reformer.

It is necessary in effect, observed Mr. Holmes, to make it clear to habitual criminals that long periods—"possibly life-long periods"—of detention await them. A system of progressive sentences would, he urged, effect this desirable end, and would prove much cheaper and far more effectual than sending habituais to our inebriate reformatories. Mr. Tallack, Mr. Holmes, and Sir Robert Anderson are apparently all in the same boat. Preserving

the health and lengthening the lives of criminals Mr. Holmes seemingly regards as one of the evils of imprisoning the habitual. Society is not yet ripe for consigning him to the lethal chamber, so let him be locked up for life. The advocacy of such opinions by Sir Robert Anderson, an ex-Scotland Yard official, deplorable though it be, may to some extent be extenuated on account of his former environment, but that men affecting the name of Howard and claiming to carry on his work should not only hold but proclaim such doctrines is both saddening and humiliating.

I have referred to this comparatively recent correspondence in the *Times* as emphasising and voicing the demand of the Howard Association, through its secretary and ex-secretary, of perpetual imprisonment for habitual criminals. But such advocacy is only one out of the many inhumane proposals which this society has supported. It has persistently pleaded for the continuance or recrudescence of solitary confinement, that breeder of insanity, and for more drastic discipline in gaol. It has opposed prisoners being allowed to talk, or any relaxation being granted in this respect. On the subject of separate, or, as disdaining casuistry, I prefer to term it, solitary confinement, here is an excerpt from the Association's literature:

"But there is still a widespread indifference, even in many influential quarters at home and abroad, to the essential principle of the *separation* of prisoners from corrupting associations and the substitution of wholesome moral influences through properly-selected and trained officers and judicious visitors. The continuance of gang labour in the British convict prisons and the frequent re-committals of old offenders, both to these establishments and to the local gaols, indicate the necessity for a much greater advance in penal discipline than has yet been attained."

The Howard Association has not been content with advocating that most cruel and barbarous of all punishments—solitary confinement. It has in the past attempted to bolster up its advocacy thereof by testimony—suspicious

testimony. Dr. Gover, an ex-medical inspector of English convict prisons, is reported to have said: "Separate confinement in a modern English convict prison for two years not only does not injuriously affect the mental and bodily health, but is *frequently attended with benefit*" (the italics are mine). Every medical man connected with a prison, or who knows anything of the conditions of prison life, would now admit that Dr. Gover's statement, endorsed by the Howard Association, was wholly imaginary. Indeed, Sir E. Du Cane, the whilom champion of solitary confinement and other barbarous practices, in regard to prisoners, is said to have admitted that imprisonment as carried out under his ægis was an artificial state of existence absolutely opposed to that which nature points out as the condition of mental, moral, and physical health. Nevertheless Mr. Tallack not only, as I have said, endorsed Dr. Gover's preposterous assertion, but elaborated it.

"Generally speaking," Mr. Tallack remarked, "prison separation under reasonable humane conditions is every way advantageous, at least for periods up to two years. . . . Prayer, the Holy Scriptures, and meditation on eternity are chief and essential means for developing genuine moral improvement whether in prison or in free life."

That may or may not be so, but, admitting the fact, it is hardly an argument for placing prisoners in solitary, or, as Mr. Tallack prefers to term it, separate confinement. If "prayer, the Holy Scriptures, and meditation on eternity" be "essential means" which can be obtained to the best advantage in separate or solitary confinement, why do not Messrs. Tallack and Holmes, not to mention the patrons and general committee of the Howard Association, shut themselves up for a prolonged course instead of writing letters to the *Times*?

Speaking generally I confidently assert that the Howard Association during its existence has almost invariably been on the side of inhumanity, and the constant advocate of stern severity in regard to the treatment of prisoners.

It has taken its stand under the banner of officialdom; it has perennially received the blessings of officialdom; and when any point, either in regard to prison discipline or outside matters, has cropped up for discussion, it has almost without exception adopted the official view. Let it do so by all means, but let it not masquerade under the name of Howard. This society has advocated birching and flogging under the guise of "suitable punishment" for certain offences. Fifteen years ago it supported a Flogging Bill introduced by Mr. Thomas Milvain (now Judge-Advocate-General). This Bill passed the second reading in the House of Commons, but did not become law. A similar Bill was introduced by Mr. J. Lloyd Wharton in 1900, but it was defeated by a majority of 123. On this occasion the Howard Association sat on the fence. It took no action either in support of or in opposition to the Bill. Five years ago the Association identified itself with the proposal to flog male youths for every scheduled offence except homicide. Had the Bill become law, a boy could have been birched for trundling a hoop on the pavement. The Howard Association actually petitioned Parliament in favour of this atrocious measure. In a pamphlet which was issued under the authority of the Association, solicited letters from many well-known flogging J.P.'s, and other advocates of corporal punishment, appeared. The opinions of well-known public men absolutely opposed to flogging found no place in this ostensibly impartial pamphlet. Several of the writers, including Captain Nott-Bower, now Commissioner of the City of London Police, recommended the birching of young girls! Later, when the Howard Association was accused of advocating, tacitly at any rate, female birching, the charge was denied. But why? If birching, as the Association has contended, be good for boys, and "a real kindness" instead of sending them to prison, why not for girls likewise? Why should not girls be equally kindly treated?

The Howard Association has opposed the establishment of a Court of Criminal Appeal. It has not only advocated the continuance of imprisonment for debt, but supported the proposal, which was carried into effect and still obtains, to treat imprisoned debtors practically as criminals. In regard to capital punishment it has for years sat, and still sits, on the fence. It is, according to the Association, "an open question." A nice position, truly, on a matter of such importance for a society claiming to carry on the work of Howard! Why, oh why, has the Howard Association never developed a humorist? In a letter written by Mr. Tallack to a newspaper some years ago he stated that "a shrewd member of our executive committee" remarked: "I do not think any society has done so much for humanity and for the public at so small a cost." I am still endeavouring, and in vain, to discover what the association has done for humanity. Although it has never developed a humorist, it has in its publications been guilty of much unconscious humour. For instance, in its report for 1901, I find a reference to "The Dark Places of the Earth," these apparently being Morocco, and "Convict Camps and Chain Gangs in the United States." It does not seem to have occurred to the drafter of this report that there were "dark places" much nearer home—Dartmoor and Portland and Parkhurst for example, not to speak of 5 Bishopsgate Street Without. The Association has, indeed, had its eye everywhere—except on prisons at home. It has been successful in obtaining an enactment that the warders in New South Wales gaols should pass an examination in "criminology," Sir E. Du Cane's "Punishment and Prevention" and Mr. Tallack's "Penological Principles" being the text-books. Just think what a glow of satisfaction such a reform would have brought to John Howard's heart! It has advocated the rigid inspection of monasteries and nunneries!

The Howard Association has, I have said, from time to time received the benediction of officialdom, and this it has

reciprocated. *Apropos* to the discussions on prison administration, which eventuated in the Prisons Act of 1898, it stated in the report for that year that "Both in the discussion in Parliament and the Press there was a too exclusive regard to the darker and exceptional aspects of prisons, and an undue ignoring of the merits of many prison officials both in the higher and lower grades of the service." "A visiting magistrate of a prison, a very humane member of the Society of Friends," wrote to the Howard Association about this time expressing the hope that it "would not join in the present attempt to make prisons more attractive." This "humane" gentleman's wish was gratified. His humanity may be gauged by the fact that in the same letter he expressed a desire for the continuance of "whipping in gaol." The Howard Association published his letter, and in so doing may be taken to have accepted his views. It has had its reward. On Mr. Tallack's resignation of the secretaryship the Prison Commissioners expressed, and I am perfectly sure felt, "great regret." Mr. Tallack was a force in the direction of preventing obviously needed prison reforms and in the continuance of a barbarous system of prison administration. Hence the benediction he received from the Prison Commission. However, the present secretary of the Association has valiantly carried on Mr. Tallack's work in the same direction, and the Prison Commission is no doubt grateful, and in due course may be expected to bless Mr. Holmes likewise.

I will confess to the fact that in the course of my perusal of the Howard Association's literature, I did light on one pleasing statement. It appeared in the report for 1898, and was headed, "John Howard's Principles." It read as follows: "Owing, apparently, to a mistaken announcement in some newspaper a number of applications have recently been received for 'a pamphlet on John Howard's Principles,' presumed to be circulated by this Association. No such pamphlet is now issued." The applicants were, I feel sure, humorists. The writer of the paragraph I

have quoted was evidently not a humorist—save unconsciously.

I think I have said sufficient to show that a society which has almost invariably been found in opposition to prison reform, and has nearly always advocated increased harshness and rigour in the treatment of prisoners, can have no claim to the name of Howard. A Howard Association, blessed by prison governors and applauded by prison commissioners, is open to suspicion. What, may I inquire, has this society effected, or striven to effect, during all the years of its existence in English prisons? It has gone far afield I know—to Morocco and Japan and Scandinavia. But how of England? Take that wen on the face of the Earth—Dartmoor Convict Prison, that veritable Inferno at Portland, or the so-called “Home” at Parkhurst. What does the Howard Association know of these places? What do their inmates know of the Howard Association? What does it know of the average prisoner? Nothing. Has it ever asked for or attempted to get his testimony in regard to prison administration? Never. It has accepted the testimony of gaol governors and depicted English convict prisons as model establishments, deprecating the making of them more attractive. So model, indeed, were these hells upon earth in the opinion of the Howard Association that it had to go to Scandinavia and Morocco to find a field for its energies in the direction of prison reform. What, may I ask, is really the *raison d'être* of this Association? Be the answer to that question what it may, I have no hesitation in expressing my opinion that the Howard Association is a thoroughly reactionary body and exercises an evil influence, in so far as it has any influence at all. It has, I consider, degraded the name of Howard, and, under the shadow of that name, imposed on the public. The only thing that remains for such a society, if it have a vestige of self-respect remaining, is to decree its own dissolution. If it is not prepared to do that, let it change its name. The

"Tallack Society," the "Robert Anderson Association" by all means, but the Howard Association, a thousand times No. Howard is dead, but his memory and the record of his life and work remain, and we will no longer complacently view that name perverted to an improper use, annexed by a society which complacently responds to the nod of officialdom and does not hold a shred of one of those principles which permeated and moulded Howard's life and inspired him with that zeal, intrepidity, and enthusiasm which enabled him to do and dare great things.

In my impeachment of the Howard Association and consideration of its aims and methods, I have sought to deal with the whole subject impartially and solely in reference to its public record and printed literature. Let me at the close add a personal note. It has been my misfortune to have been an inmate of an English Convict Prison, one of those model establishments which the Howard Association fears may be rendered more attractive, and which it presumably desires to reproduce in Scandinavia, Morocco, and elsewhere. In the course of my experience I never met a man who had heard of the Howard Association. On the other hand, I never met a prisoner who had not heard of Howard, his life and labours. When I told my fellow-prisoners of the existence of this society, and of the direction in which its efforts were put forth, they invariably, some in temperate, many in very intemperate, language, expressed themselves astounded and disgusted that any society taking the name of Howard should advocate principles the very abnegation of those of the great prison reformer. The opinions of these criminals, many of whom the Howard Association proposes to permanently incarcerate, may, of course, be discounted. This is, I know by experience, a favourite, because somewhat effective, method with most writers on prison matters. This much may, however, be said, that every prisoner, however degraded or abandoned his condition, has an interest in

the name of Howard, and accordingly some claim to criticise any society annexing that name.

In all the publications of the Howard Association and its secretaries there is not a line—at any rate, though I have diligently searched for I have failed to discover it—in the direction of urging on society the duty which Dr. A. R. Wallace, in the extract I have quoted, sought to impress on Mr. Tallack—that of endeavouring to prevent crime by seeking to obviate or remove the causes which induce or produce it. In other words, to treat crime as disease is treated. On the contrary, the Howard Association assumes that the criminal, like the poor, is to be always with us, and that he, and not the disease which has made him what he is, is to be repressed or exterminated. This is the doctrine of despair, the creed of men who have no belief in humanity, who are sunk in the slough of pessimism respecting their fellow-creatures, and regard the thief as quite as natural a product of society as the millionaire. Both, I venture to suggest, are abnormal products, and when society has been remodelled and reconstituted on humanitarian lines both will cease to exist, for the simple reason that both will cease to be developed. It is, I confess, disheartening to find a society, torpid and uninfluential though it be, such as the Howard Association, in existence to-day. It is still more depressing to find, and impossible, for me at least, to comprehend that this Association consists, as it has always consisted, of men who make broad their phylacteries, so to speak, and express, as they no doubt feel, a profound belief in the doctrines of Christianity. The Howard Association has never attempted any propaganda of mercy, it has preached no gospel of humanitarianism. The great truth which adorns every page of the New Testament—the essential brotherhood of man—has no place in its literature. Repression, severity, drastic punishment, mercilessness, not to say ferocity, have, I am convinced after a close study of its publications, ever been the weapons with which it

proposes to improve the world. It is a sad indictment of a society bearing an honoured name, but the pity is that the indictment is so true. How high might have been the aims, how large was the field, how vast could have been the work, and how fruitful the success, of an association bearing Howard's name and carrying on Howard's work in Howard's spirit. When I contemplate the possibilities and view the actuality, I at least feel sad—sad, but not despondent. The work still remains to be done—but it must be done by others.

H. J. B. MONTGOMERY.

SNAKE-FEEDING AT THE "ZOO"

FOR many years protests have been made from time to time against the cruel custom prevalent at the Zoological Gardens of feeding the caged serpents on living animals, such as rats, mice, guinea-pigs, rabbits, sparrows, pigeons, and ducks. As long ago as 1870 there appeared a letter in the *Animal World* urging very sensibly that "no new knowledge is taught by the exhibition of the wretched victims waiting to be devoured," and that if the serpents cannot live on food already dead, "a stuffed snake is as good an illustration of its kind as our humanity ought to allow."

After some years these protests were so far successful that visitors to the Gardens were no longer permitted to be present at the feeding of the snakes; but it may be doubted whether this change was altogether beneficial, for the former publicity was succeeded by an official secrecy, which has tried to keep the public wholly in the dark as to the facts, and "out of sight, out of mind" is a saying which is only too applicable to such practices. At last, in 1903, the discovery that even such highly-organised domestic animals as the goat were being used to feed the pythons caused the Humanitarian League to make a public appeal on the subject, and after much discussion it was announced in the press* (and not contradicted by the Zoological Society) that henceforth, except in special

* *E.g.*, in the *Morning Leader*, July 3, 1903, in the report of an interview with Dr. Chalmers Mitchell, Secretary of the Zoological Society.

cases, the snakes would be fed on newly-killed instead of living animals.

Recently, however, it has been stated in certain papers that live goats are again being sacrificed to the python, and in the case of the smaller snakes, "we give them," so the keeper of the Reptile House is reported to have said, "live rabbits, ducks, rats, and so on." A letter of inquiry, addressed to the Secretary of the Zoological Society by the Humanitarian League, has produced only a most evasive reply, and a refusal to enter on any public correspondence, from which it is only too evident that the reform supposed to have been granted in 1903 has either been illusory from the first, or has been quietly abandoned.

Before we go further, let us quote some descriptions of the snake-feeding published by eye-witnesses before the time when the public was excluded from the spectacle. The first is taken from a matter-of-fact article on "The Commissariat of the Zoological Gardens," contributed by Mr. J. Lord, himself a Fellow of the Zoological Society, to the *Leisure Hour* in 1865 :

"It is not by any means a pleasant sight to witness the snakes at their meal, although it is, we believe, requisite to supply them with living victims. The big bull-frog demolishes his sparrow without even any attempt to kill it : stretching open the portals leading to its huge swallow, the panting little bird is crammed into it with his great flabby feet, like the hands of a demon. The yellow snakes pick up the cowering sparrows from the ground, as they hang by their tails from the dead branches : twisting their lissom bodies round the bird, like a living corkscrew, they crack its every bone to atoms. In like manner the boas and pythons destroy the rabbits they so relish. The mice and guinea-pigs are given to the venomous serpents, and rapidly die when punctured by the poisoned fang. . . . Sparrows cost 10d. per dozen, and are supplied by professed bird-catchers, who contract for the regular monthly ration of twenty dozen. The snakes get the larger share. The boas generally demolish a goodly lot of pigeons and rabbits."

The second description is a far more vivid one, and was written by no less keen an observer than Charles Dickens. We quote from Forster's "Life of Dickens," vol. iii., p. 146 :

"I have been (by mere accident) seeing the serpents feed to-day, with the live birds, rabbits, and guinea-pigs—a sight so very horrible that I cannot get rid of the impression, and am at this present moment imagining serpents coming up the legs of the table, with their infernal flat heads and their tongues like the Devil's tail elongated for dinner. I saw one small serpent, whose father was asleep, go up to a guinea-pig (white and yellow, and with a gentle eye—every hair upon him erect with horror); corkscrew himself on the tip of his tail; open a mouth which couldn't have swallowed the guinea-pig's nose; dilate a throat which wouldn't have made him a stocking; and show him what his father meant to do with him when he came out of that ill-looking Hookah into which he had resolved himself. The guinea-pig backed against the side of the cage—said, 'I *know* it! I *know* it!'—and his eye glared and his coat turned wiry as he made the remark. Five small sparrows, crouching together in a little trench at the back of the cage, peeped over the brim of it all the time; and when they saw the guinea-pig give it up, and the young serpent go away looking at him over two yards and a quarter of shoulder, struggled which should get into the innermost angle and be seized last. Every one of them then hid his eyes in another's breast, and then they all shook together like dry leaves—as I dare say they may be doing now, for old Hookah looked as dull as laudanum. Please to imagine two small serpents, one beginning on the tail of a white mouse, and one at the head, and each pulling his own way, and the mouse very much alive all the time, with the middle of him madly writhing" (1856).

Of the scene enacted when a live goat is given to the python no full description has been published, and the Zoological Society is not likely to give facilities for the writing of one; but a correspondent of the *Free Lance* (September 15, 1902) was able to give some suggestive particulars which he had obtained from an unwary keeper. Here is an extract from the dialogue:

"How will the python kill this fellow?"

"He'll get a coil round and squeeze him."

"Is it a quick death? Do visitors see these reptiles feed?"

"Not much. They wouldn't want to see 'em feed twice. The python hasn't much room to move about, so, perhaps, he only gets one coil round, and that grip forces out the entrails and breaks the goat's ribs. Keepers have feelings like other people, and if they see that the goat is being kept in torture, a man will give the python a touch-up with an iron bar. This irritates him, and he takes another turn."

The following letters are selected from a number that have appeared in the press:

SIR,—With the demands formulated by the Humanitarian League—how the British public can escape responsibility for the shocking barbarity of feeding reptiles with living beings infinitely higher in the scale of existence than their devourers, as practised in the Regent's Park Zoological Gardens—every right-minded person must be in entire sympathy.

What may justly be demanded of the Regent's Park Society is this: In view of the well-known fact that the process of capture and of deglutition is notoriously and confessedly attended by prolonged terror and suffering to the victim, and that the reptiles, to all intents and purposes, are scarcely more animated than mere logs, rarely moving but to seize their agonised prey, why are not the authorities content to exhibit them harmlessly and humanely? That is to say, why do they not present them to the public stuffed, in various natural attitudes?—Yours, etc.,

HOWARD WILLIAMS.

SIR,—I agree with Mr. Howard Williams that the reptiles at the Zoological Gardens which will only feed on living things should be killed and stuffed and exhibited to the public in various natural attitudes, instead of being kept alive under conditions which involve the commission of cruelty.

The cruelty is seen most clearly in connection with the feeding of a huge python with a goat.

When it is thought that the python is in want of food—which is at long intervals—amongst other creatures, a goat is put into the snake's enclosure. If the snake be hungry, he seizes the goat by the throat or neck, and sometimes by the stomach. According to the part of the goat's body gripped by the python, the victim's death will be quick or protracted. Those who witness this scene will frequently have to listen to the distressful cries of the goat. The ingestion of the goat, too, cannot be a very pleasurable sight, for it sometimes takes an hour for the reptile to accomplish it.

What I have stated here I have learnt by careful inquiry from an official person who has seen the feeding.—Yours, etc.,

(REV.) J. STRATTON.

Is it necessary to quote more? Have we not said enough to show that the Earl of Kilmorey was fully justified in the protest made by him at the annual meeting of the R.S.P.C.A. in 1903: "I think it is an

utterly unjustifiable piece of cruelty that a creature like the boa-constrictor should be fed with a live sensitive goat." Can there really be any doubt on the point in the mind, we will not say of an avowed humanitarian, but of any decent and civilised person?

Yet desperate attempts have been made—mostly, it is true, by interested parties—to justify this horrible practice. "Accidents will happen to men and other animals," says Mr. A. D. Bartlett, late superintendent of the Gardens, in his "Wild Beasts at the Zoo." "*We* take our chance in the struggle for life. The serpent kills its prey, as a rule, quickly; and should it by accident fail to accomplish this act perfectly, who [*sic*] shall we dare to blame?"

Again, Mr. W. E. de Winton, another ex-superintendent, has written that "animals have absolutely no fear or repulsion of a snake," and Dr. Chalmers Mitchell asserts that "neither a rabbit nor a pigeon has any instinctive dread of a serpent." But in view of the terrible descriptions of impartial eye-witnesses quoted above (written before the date when the Society took the alarm), what can be the use of making these official denials of a fact which we all know to be a fact?

Equally futile is the plea advanced in certain journals that the process being a "natural" one, based on a "divine" ordinance, it is "blasphemous" to describe it as "repulsive." Serpent-feeding at the Zoo is repulsive for this reason—that, so far from being a natural process, it is a highly artificial one. The pythons in their natural state are not the diseased and weakly creatures that captivity often makes them, unable to kill their prey with dexterity; nor are they confined in a small den, with insufficient room to use their coils effectively; nor, again, do they find domestic goats provided for them without the necessity of bestirring themselves. What could be less "natural," for instance, than the state of the "superb reticulated python" which died in the Jardin des Plantes in 1902 owing to his inability to take food? "He was

offered the most various foods," said a writer in the *Revue Scientifique*, "but all were obstinately refused. Sheep, rabbits, geese, ducks, and chickens, were in turn offered, but whilst at times he stifled them in his coils, he left them without touching them." And this is what our zoological friends condone as "a natural process"!

We hold, then, that there could be no adequate excuse for such hideous sacrifice of the higher life to these sluggish reptiles, even if it were a fact, as so often asserted, that snakes will only feed on living prey. *But it is not a fact.* By the courtesy of Mr. W. T. Hornaday, who, as director of the New York Zoological Park, speaks with peculiar authority, the Humanitarian League has been able to publish the following information:

"All our larger snakes," says Mr. Hornaday, "such as the pythons, boa-constrictors, and anacondas, are fed with freshly-killed animals. We do not find it at all necessary to offer them food alive, as we find that, if a snake is disposed to take food, it will accept a freshly-killed rabbit or fowl even more readily than if it were alive. It is necessary, however, to introduce the food-animal with some skill and judgment, in order that the serpent will be tempted to seize it promptly and proceed to swallow it. As a matter of fact, a serpent which is disinclined to eat can often be teased with a freshly-killed animal into seizing and swallowing it, when the chances are that a living animal, turned loose in the cage, would be ignored.

"If those who doubt the possibilities in feeding dead animals to serpents could see the business-like precision with which our keepers of reptiles distribute freshly-killed rats, mice, fowls, rabbits, and guinea-pigs, I think they would agree with us that it is much easier to feed with dead animals than with living animals, even if there were no objection to the latter on the score of cruelty."

He goes on to say that there are *some* snakes, the rattlesnakes and massasaugas, which are an exception to this rule, and must be fed on live animals or not kept in captivity.

This experience, it will be seen, is in almost direct conflict with the statement by which the public has for years been misled—that living food is a "necessity" for serpents. Why, then, we would ask, cannot this less

barbarous system, which has been successfully employed in New York, be practised also in London?

We are confident that, as the feeling of mankind toward the non-human races is educated and humanised, there will be less and less desire to keep reptiles (or, indeed, any animals) in useless captivity for purposes of morbid exhibition; but, pending that time, we would welcome a method of snake-feeding which is, at least, less sickening than that which the *savants* of the Zoological Society are so reluctant to abandon. How strongly genuine naturalists feel on this subject may be seen from the protest made by the Rev. F. O. Morris (*Animal World*, June 1, 1871) against feeding the seals at the Zoological Gardens on live fish—"an exhibition which is neither pleasing nor profitable." But if a repugnance is felt by real lovers of nature to sacrificing even fish in such a manner, how much more should we shrink from the disgusting cruelty of inflicting such a death on the highly organised mammals and birds, even of the domestic order. A person who can deliberately order a goat to be given alive to a python is, in our opinion, guilty of as gross an offence as it is possible to commit (though it may not be a *legal* offence) in the way of cruelty to animals; for to subject a sensitive animal of the higher species to the horrible fate of being devoured by a sluggish reptile is a shocking breach of man's duty to his lower fellow-beings. We are not called upon to interfere with the natural working of natural laws, but we *are* bound not to do violence to our own instincts of humaneness.

DECLINE OF VEGETARIANISM IN CEYLON

IN India from long ago the slaughter of animals has been regarded as wrong, an act unnecessary and selfish, and sooner or later bringing evil upon the slayer. One of the rock edicts of Asoka, that great king and apostle of Buddhism (270 B.C.), prohibited the killing of animals; another states that "not to injure living beings is good." By Asoka's son, Mahinda, Buddhism was brought to Ceylon, where it was soon adopted as the State religion. The first of the five precepts called *pansil*, which are repeated by Buddhists on Poya days (four times a month), forbids the taking of life; and there are few Buddhists that would not regard it as a sin at any time. Unfortunately they are not always quite logical, and will sometimes, and nowadays very often, eat the flesh of animals slain by others, and often do not hesitate to make use of animal products obtained by cruel methods for other purposes, such as tortoise-shell for combs. Even Buddhist priests are not strict vegetarians, for they must accept whatever food is offered them. Nevertheless the actual slaughter of animals is avoided by Buddhists, and blood-sports such as hunting have always been recognised as evil. This is well illustrated in the "Chhaddanta Jataka," a tale which in its inevitable tragedy has something of the atmosphere of Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner." A royal elephant had two wives; one of them, owing to an imaginary slight, conceived a grudge against her lord, and afterwards, when

she was reborn as the favourite wife of a certain king, she pretended to be ill and to have seen in a dream an elephant with six tusks; and in order to recover from her illness, she declared that his tusks must be obtained for her. A bold hunter after many difficulties at last found the famous elephant, who, aware of the reason of his coming, yielded the tusks without resistance, even himself assisting in their removal, but died immediately after from the effects. The hunter took the tusks and produced them to the queen; but the sight of them was too much, and "at the remembrance of the Great Being she was filled with so great sorrow that she could not endure it, but her heart then and there was broken, and that very day she died."*

Although, then, the eating of flesh is not especially prohibited, it will be understood that up to recent times the Sinhalese have been to all intents and purposes vegetarians, meat forming no part of their regular diet, and most persons invariably avoiding it; others would not object to eating venison, etc., killed by Mohammedans. There was certainly no regular trade in meat, no butchers and no butchers' shops such as are now to be seen.

Beside the Sinhalese, who are Buddhists, a portion of Ceylon is occupied by Tamils, who are Hindus, amongst whom strict vegetarianism is the rule. In the laws of Manu, a code embodying much that is very noble together with much that is far less admirable, and which is the corner-stone of the organisation of Hindu society, we read: "He who injures animals that are not injurious from a wish to give himself pleasure adds nothing to his own happiness, living or dead; while he who gives no creature willingly the pain of confinement or death, but seeks the good of all sentient beings, enjoys bliss without end." "Flesh meat cannot be procured without injury to animals, and the slaughter of animals obstructs the path

* "The Jataka," vol. v., H. T. Francis, 1905.

to beatitude ; from flesh meat, therefore, let man abstain,"* and "He who consents to the death of an animal ; he who buys it ; he who sells it ; he who dresses it ; he who serves it up, and he who makes it his food—these are the eight principals in the slaughter." This Code of Manu in its present form is not of vast antiquity, but embodies very ancient precepts, and has great weight and authority for all Hindus.

The same abstinence from flesh is insisted on in a purely Tamil work, the "Kurral" of Tiruvalluvar, composed somewhere about A.D. 900. This work is a moral code, broadly expounding the whole art of life, and is rightly revered by the Tamils as a literary masterpiece and a guide to conduct. Of its 133 sections, the twenty-sixth deals with "Abstinence from Flesh," the thirty-third speaks of "Not Killing"—and here again (as in Manu's reference to *confinement*) we meet not only with the injunction to avoid slaughter as a moral evil, on account of the effect upon the slayer, but with sympathy and tenderness for animals themselves. There is a pathetic appeal in the lines :

Who slays nought, flesh rejects, his feet before,
All living things with clasped hands adore.

And again :

How can the wont of "kindly grace" to him be known
Who other creatures' flesh consumes to feed his own ?
Whose souls the vision pure and passionless perceive,
Eat not the bodies men of life bereave.

The following lines contain a further reply to the common specious argument that lays the whole responsibility on the actual slayer and none on the eater :

"We eat the slain," you say ; "by us no living creatures die."
Who'd kill and sell, I pray, if none came there the flesh to buy ?

* I cannot regard the accompanying texts in the Code of Manu, excusing the slaughter of animals for sacrifices, as either consistent or commendable.

The position assumed is one of broad humanitarianism : one should disdain to profit at the cost of inflicting sufferings on others.

Though thine own life for that spared life the price must pay,
Take not from aught that lives gift of sweet life away.
Though great the gain of good should seem, the wise
Will any gain by slaughter won despise.

Finally, the necessarily degrading effect upon the butcher is also recognised.

Whose trade is "killing," always vile they show
To minds of them who what is vileness know,*

—a couplet also applicable to those whose trade is killing men.

It will be seen that abstinence from flesh is an ancient and almost essential element of the Indian view of life, and the principle has marked effect not only on diet, but on every aspect of Eastern culture. Indian civilisation relies hardly at all on animal products for the necessities of daily life, except in the case of products such as milk and ghee, which do not involve slaughter. I mean that, whereas in Europe men dressed in furs, decorated themselves with feathers, and continue to do so, and use leather for books and so forth, the Indian and Ceylonese wore cotton and wrote their books on palm-leaves; and whereas in Europe men are ready to torture animals in the pursuit of knowledge or in search of cures for diseases that themselves result from unnatural modes of life, in India men have erected hospitals for animals as well as for themselves, and their lives are frugal and abstemious. And though there are cruelties both to man and animal associated with some forms of religion, and cruelly obtained animal products (such as tortoise-shell) may be used, and cruelty is inflicted in branding or castrating cattle, and pet animals (dogs particularly) are atrociously neglected,

* "The Sacred Kurral," by the Rev. G. U. Pope, 1888.

nevertheless we do not find persons taking pleasure in deliberate cruelty, and it is only in Europeanised districts that you may see boys prowling about the hedges with catapults; and it is to adorn the heads of European ladies that king-fishers and egrets are shot by the bagful; while such degraded sports as rabbit-coursing and hunting carted deer are quite unheard of. All this shows that Easterns are at any rate not behind the modern Western humanitarian position, and their code embodies what is usually a logical and sane humanitarianism.

So much the sadder is it to observe that in modern times the practice of eating flesh has greatly increased in Ceylon and in India. The first impetus in this direction came from the Mohammedans, eaters of meat, and not unwilling to be slayers of animals, and thus providing flesh for any who would eat but would not kill. More important by far, however, is the European influence, which has led to a vast increase in flesh-eating in Ceylon. Nowadays meat is found on the tables of almost every well-to-do Sinhalese and on those of many Tamils, and if any, perhaps, abstain, it is the ladies of the last generation. The Ceylonese are painfully given to the imitation of European manners and customs, and those of eating meat and the use of intoxicating drinks have spread far and wide among them. Beside those Buddhists who, while remaining Buddhists, have taken to a meat diet, we have also to consider the Christians. Very few missionaries are themselves vegetarians, or encourage vegetarianism amongst their flock and their converts, and a few native Christians remain vegetarians; the majority of Christians, however, eat meat. The question is one that does not appear particularly important to most missionaries, whose aim is to "woo souls to Christ," and who have often eyes and ears for little else beside; they are themselves meat-eaters, and come from countries where meat-eating is a normal practice; and so when they do not actually encourage it (as "tending to vigour and strength"), they

rarely see much need for actively *discouraging* it. It is, of course, a common thing for missionaries to abstain from *drink* for the sake of example; but there is a fine saying of St. Paul in which flesh and wine are mentioned together—viz., Epistle to the Romans xv. 21: “It is good not to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor to do anything whereby thy brother stumbleth”—which they might reflect upon in this connection. Europeans in the East are ever ready to condemn and criticise Indian customs, but in fact they would be better advised in some cases to consider whether they might not rather learn than teach; and of those cases diet is certainly one. But the very fact that vegetarianism and non-slaughter are things bound up with the religious ideas of the Hindus and the Buddhists make the convert look askance at them, and inclines him to abandon them with every other aspect of the “heathendom” from which he has just been saved. Nevertheless, there *are* native Christians who remain vegetarians; the only pity is that they are so few that do so. One reason for the adoption of meat diet by Europeanised Ceylonese is that it becomes thus easier for them to mix with Europeans, for when doing so they are apt to be ashamed to make themselves peculiar by abstaining from the food taken by others. And there *are* some few difficulties in the way of the vegetarian; thus the vegetarian food provided in some English schools for some non-meat-eaters is not always satisfactory, because the managers of the school are not themselves vegetarians, and take no personal interest in the food values of different vegetables and the like matters.

Though there are hundreds and thousands of vegetarians in Europe and America, and vegetarianism is there on the increase, Ceylonese do not realise this nor reflect on it, but, in their haste to copy European manners, adopt the diet of the meat-eating Europeans with whom they come in contact.

And, by the way, this touches their pockets too.

Ceylonese suffer terribly in their attempts to live up to the European standard; the minor clerk earning a pound or two a month attempts to dress his family and feed them in the European style, and it is small wonder if debt and ruin are the ultimate result, as Mr. W. A. de Silva lately pointed out in the *Ceylon National Review* :

“ A misguided public opinion is enslaving the Sinhalese, the Tamils, and even the Conservative Moors. All these have sought to imitate the dress, the diet, and the customs of Europe. The man of independent means who was content to live a simple life in keeping with the conditions of the country was gradually tempted to imitate the Europeans; he adopted European dress on special occasions—he felt most uncomfortable in it—his children adopted it on all occasions and increased the expenditure of his income, though very often, being quite innovations, they were not able to do anything more than caricature the European, and that, too, at an expense that will, in the eyes of the European, be considered exorbitant. . . . Next came the diet. That, too, was started on special occasions for mere effect, for those of older generations could not enjoy a European meal; but their children learned to crave for it, and in spite of many drawbacks and inconveniences, to adopt it first as a matter of form, and eventually as a necessity. With intemperate food came intemperate drink, and once the habit is contracted by those who have been unused to it, they abuse it, in many instances with disastrous results. Weddings, festivities, and parties all become expensive. The man of independent means found before he knew where he was that he was exhausting his capital. He often lost his income during his own life, and left his children an encumbered estate, and with a taste for extravagance.”

There is another aspect of the question that weighs as much with me as any other. I mean the æsthetic aspect. There is no doubt that nearly everything connected with a meat diet is more or less ugly, from the slaughter-house to the “juicy beef-steak” itself. The butcher’s shop is a repulsive sight, and the Ceylonese have only themselves to thank if it is, as it indeed is becoming, like the tavern, more and more abundant in the land.

And, finally, there is the question of health; I will not refer to this in any detail, nor make extravagant claims for vegetarians, because anyone who knows anything of the

subject is aware that health and vigour are maintainable at least as well on a vegetable as on a meat diet, and that suffices for my present purpose ; but I will refer only to one thing—viz., the difficulty of getting fresh meat in good condition. In a country where the dead must be buried (or, better, cremated) on the first, or, at latest, on the second day, it is obvious that meat will not keep fresh very long. I leave my readers to think of this for themselves.

The spread of meat-eating, then, amongst Ceylonese, is regrettable on ethical, economic, æsthetic, and hygienic grounds, and it would be vastly to their advantage could they be persuaded to retain their older abstemious diet and simpler life. The strange thing is that it seems to be impossible for Indians and Ceylonese to change or “progress” without throwing over *everything* of the past, good and bad together, and taking on the outer life of a European in its place, also good and bad together. If they could keep the many excellent features of their own culture and civilisation, and profit only by adopting a few good ideas from the culture and civilisation of others, they might make real progress instead of progressing, as so often happens, backwards.

ANANDA K. COOMARASWAMY.

REVIEWS

LLOYD GARRISON*

"I am aware that many object to the severity of my language ; but is there not cause for severity? I will be as harsh as truth and as uncompromising as justice. On this subject I do not wish to speak, or think, or write with moderation. No ! no ! Tell a man whose house is on fire to give a moderate alarm ; tell him to moderately rescue his wife from the hands of the ravisher ; tell the mother to gradually extricate her babe from the fire into which it has fallen ; but urge me not to use moderation in a cause like the present. I am in earnest ; I will not equivocate ; I will not excuse ; I will not retreat a single inch, and *I will be heard*. The apathy of the people is enough to make every statue leap from its pedestal, and to hasten the resurrection of the dead."—*The Liberator*, January 1, 1831.

"I AM in earnest . . . and I will be heard." In this stirring sentence, from the first number of the famous *Liberator*, the great Abolitionist aptly summed up his own character. Rarely has an unlearned single-minded youth expressed in such burning words—words to be shortly converted into courageous acts—his determination to wrestle with a whole nation in the cause of humanity and justice to the slave. Well might S. May, a Unitarian minister in Boston, listening to one of his first addresses on slavery, exclaim : "This is a providential man ; he is a prophet ; he will shake our nation to its centre, but he will shake slavery out of it."

William Lloyd Garrison was twenty-six when he com-

* "Garrison, the Non-Resistant," by Ernest Crosby. London : A. C. Fifield, 44, Fleet Street, E.C. 1s. 6d. net.

menced the *Liberator*. In the memoir of Garrison just issued by Mr. Ernest Crosby, entitled "Garrison the Non-Resistant," we are given a graphic account of the steps which led up to its founding. It is a story well worth repeating—one, for courage and audacity, far more inspiring than the military deeds of heroism impressed on our school-children. It was, after a varied experience for several years in running anti-slavery papers that Garrison went to Baltimore in 1829 to join Lundy, the sturdy Quaker apostle of Abolition, in editing the "Genius of Universal Emancipation." In Baltimore he saw the wretched slaves bred, sold, and shipped to the New Orleans market, heard the whip and the "shrieks of anguish of the victims." It was here that he suffered seven weeks' imprisonment for libel, having denounced a fellow-townsmen by name for his share in the shipping of slaves to the South. Up to this point Garrison and Lundy had worked in partnership, if on different lines. Lundy's line was that of gradual emancipation, a method quite unsuited to Garrison's fiery temperament. Indeed, in running the "Genius of Universal Emancipation" they had agreed to a compromise, expressed by Friend Lundy thus: "Thee will sign thy articles and I will sign mine." But such a partnership could not last, and after Garrison's imprisonment the two men determined, in all friendliness, each to go his own way. Garrison left Baltimore, and proceeding to Boston, started a paper of his own. Thus the *Liberator* came into existence. Here, too, he began lecturing on slavery, and, ardent Christian though he was, he could not find a single Christian Church that would lend him a hall for the purpose, the only Society that responded to his appeal being "a certain society of infidels."

The *Liberator's* motto was in keeping with its humane teaching: "Our country is the world, our countrymen are mankind," and its novel character was its emphatic demand for "immediate and unconditional emancipation." As usual in such cases, it was the strong line that had

effect. "Gradualism" everybody listened to, everybody was willing to give a qualified support to, and nobody moved a finger for. But Garrison's trumpet-call immediately raised the storm he desired—"I will be heard!" The slave power was lashed by his merciless denunciation to a white heat of fury. Highway robbers, murderers, and man-stealers were the words with which he branded the slave-traders, and his supporters were no less strong, both in words and actions. One good man, Parker Pillsbury, the author of "Acts of the Anti-Slavery Apostles," and himself a great Abolitionist in his day, excommunicated the whole Congregational Church at Heniker, of which he was a member, because of its support of slavery.

The rage of the slave power against Garrison's effort knew no bounds. The legislature of Georgia went to the length of offering a reward of 5,000 dollars for his capture, and the postal officials throughout the slave states were instructed, in defiance of the postal laws, to rob the mails of all pamphlets and circulars reflecting on slavery. In 1835 the Boston mob, foiled in its attempt to tar and feather the English Abolitionist, George Thompson, turned its cry savagely to Garrison: "Garrison! Garrison! We must have Garrison! Out with him! Lynch him!" And but for two strong friends who seized him as he was dragged down the stairs by a rope, and who fought their way with him between them to the mayor's office, where the timid mayor could think of no better way of protecting him than by committing him to gaol as a disturber of the peace, the famous apostle of freedom would have been torn to pieces by the rioters.

The remainder of Mr. Crosby's little book is mainly occupied with the doctrine of non-resistance and Garrison's application of it. Whilst we are glad to have a clear presentation of Mr. Crosby's view of this question, we could have wished he had given us more of Garrison's own views as expressed in his writings. We should have been glad to know his attitude towards those who were not prepared

to abide fully by the non-resistant doctrine in regard to slavery. We are told, for example, of his patting a young friend on the back, who had obtained a commission in the Federal Army, and wishing him God-speed, which Mr. Crosby excuses by the rather lame remark that this was "very natural, very human." However, Mr. Crosby leaves us in no doubt as to his own view—a very reasonable one on the whole. He sets before us in a full manner the value of the non-resistant principle and the absurdity of physical force in the long run, but he concludes that "In the last analysis the secret of sane living is to go on compromising while shouting, 'No compromise!'" This for most is not alone the only possible line to take, it is also a perfectly reasonable one. The ideal life for which we struggle is in process of evolution. What a man needs to look to in an ethical sense is the possession of a right tendency of mind. If he imagines he can immediately live his ideal in this or that direction, he usually ends by seeing some particular evil out of all proportion to the rest of life—he becomes, in short, a fanatic. Was not this perhaps realised by Garrison in regard to his young military friend? He must have been conscious of the fact that the mass of the American people were not in the least ready to substitute moral for physical force in dealing with the monster of slavery, that the ideals of the very best took them no further than Ward Beecher when he said, "You might just as well read the Bible to buffaloes as to those fellows who follow Atchison and Stringfellow."

There are some serious omissions in this otherwise most interesting book. If Mr. Crosby had confined himself entirely to Garrison as non-resistant we could have understood them, but since he gives us a chapter on "Garrison and the Labour Question," is it fair to omit in any frank account of the man his keen and persistent endeavours on behalf of the freedom of women, his opposition to capital punishment, and his constant interest in psychic phenomena?

There is no doubt that in the course of his mission Garrison completely changed his religious standpoint. Garrison, the New England Puritan, Garrison, the orthodox evangelical, became Garrison, the free-thinking Christian and the student of psychic phenomena. That this change deeply affected the root ideas of his work is undoubted. Mr. Crosby gives us no great indication of it even in regard to the question of non-resistance.

There is another matter, however, in regard to which Mr. Crosby deserves the thanks of all workers in the humane cause, and that is the very able manner in which he assails the class of critics who ascribe every movement of reform to economic causes only, the people who formulate "the economic interpretation of history." "The real conflict," says A. M. Simons, writing on the Civil War in the *International Socialist Review of Chicago* in 1903, "was between the capital that hired free labour and the capital that owned slave labour." Such a doctrine is tantamount to saying that in this and other struggles the idealists and the apostles of humanity were and are foolish creatures wasting their time. Economic pressure will, in fact, solve every problem, and solve it in a certain direction whether we like it or no. It is not moral and humane growth but economic pressure that is at the root of all reform. It is not a constant stirring of the dry bones with the breath of life, a movement in the soul of the people that advances humanity, but a dull ache in the abdominal regions over which man, poor creature, has no control. The psychological moment of movement comes, and—the tail wags the dog! Perhaps this wanders into the region of free-will and determinism and had best not be here pursued; but Mr. Crosby's outburst is at least refreshing, and he duly points the moral in Garrison's life.

Readers of this little book will be led to further study the man, if they have not already done so. The fiery soul, the ardent humanitarian, the wielder of the fiercest in-

vective and the sternest denunciation, the tenderest of men, patient and of unbounded courage—few apostles of our day have done greater deeds than William Lloyd Garrison.

CARL HEATH.

SIR HENRY HAWKINS*

A review of this work may appear belated, but it comes opportunely in connection with the Home Secretary's letter to the clerks of Petty Sessions throughout the kingdom (why not to the magistrates?) with regard to the liberation of accused persons on bail pending trial; for it is to Lord Brampton's strong comments on this subject in these *Reminiscences* that we think this letter ought to be ascribed.

Lord Brampton's story is one not unusual with regard to successful men at the bar, and we may perhaps refer to the story of two other legal peers—Lord St. Leonards and Lord Russell of Killowen. Starting without fortune, without interest, and without any very high education, they made their way to the very highest rank partly by talent, but still more by industry and conscientious attention to every case entrusted to them however difficult it may have appeared. Good health and much natural energy is essential to this kind of success, and it probably depends more or less on fortune also; for men have gone down in the struggle who seemed to a large extent to possess the same qualities as those who succeeded. But such a success as Lord Brampton's will induce many young men to follow his example, and they will be the better for doing so even if they do not attain the same eminence. Personal ambition was perhaps a more prominent trait in his character than we should have desired, but he never

* "The *Reminiscences* of Sir Henry Hawkins, Baron Brampton." Edited by Richard Harris, K.C. London: Edward Arnold.

allowed it to interfere with his sense of duty. He records, indeed, with delight how he procured the acquittal of more than one guilty man. But in this we see nothing to blame. It is the duty of the prisoner's counsel to endeavour to procure an acquittal by all fair and honourable means, and the public would not be satisfied that the trial was a fair one unless he did his best. The position of an advocate is quite different from that of a judge; for which reason we always regret seeing a judge becoming an advocate, as we think Lord Brampton sometimes did. The advocate is bound to do his best to effect the object for which he is employed; but we think the object of the Crown counsel ought not to be to bring about a conviction, but to do justice as far as it is in his power to do it. A Crown counsel seeking to obtain a conviction by all admissible methods will only be tolerable when an equally competent and well-instructed counsel is employed by the State to make the strongest possible case for the prisoner. A judge acting as a second Crown counsel is, however, still more objectionable.

Much of the volumes before us will be found instructive and amusing, though the humour or witticism of Lord Brampton does not strike us as of the highest order. He was always a good-natured man, and we do not think he would have rejoiced at convicting an innocent man by an effort of legal skill at any period of his life. We have no fault to find with his conduct as a barrister. His fees were often very high, but he gave value for them, and we think many barristers might derive useful hints from this work, especially as regards cross-examination. Certainly if jurors were intelligent men the system of browbeating and puzzling a witness and driving him into apparent contradictions would only damage the cause of the counsel who resorted to it. The main object of cross-examination should be to elicit something that the witness (or rather, the counsel who examined him in chief) has been keeping back. Lord Brampton was an adept at drawing concealed

facts out of a witness, and sometimes when they were drawn out there was an end of the case. But he knew that bullying and browbeating a witness and trying to puzzle him was not the way to effect this. If a witness is telling lies, the fact will usually be elicited by a skilful but quietly-conducted cross-examination—which seems to have been Lord Brampton's forte—but a nervous witness who is telling the truth is most likely to be frightened into contradictions (or apparent contradictions) by a legal bully. Our author sometimes goes out of his way to have a sneer at the humanitarians, and he attended not only horse-races but prize-fights, and had friends among the fighting men as well as among the racing men. But his good-nature and his experience—for he was one of those who profit by experience, which is a rarer accomplishment than many people think—led him to decidedly humanitarian conclusions. He was a Balaam who if he came to curse the humanitarians blessed them instead.

The fact appears to be that, like some other judges, Lord Brampton had been too long an advocate to divest himself of that character when he became a judge, and he drew on himself the censure of some humanitarians by charging strongly against the prisoner in more than one instance. His first murder trial, as he states, was the once-famous Penge case. In that case all four prisoners were convicted of murder and sentenced to death. But one of them—Alice Rhodes—received a free pardon after a very short time, without, so far as we know, any new evidence. The ground of the pardon was, we believe, simply that the evidence was insufficient to justify a conviction; and if the judge had pointed out this to the jury, Alice Rhodes would no doubt have been acquitted. With regard to the other three prisoners, if they deliberately murdered Mrs. Staunton by (as the prosecutors alleged) starving her to death, we fail to see that any extenuating circumstances (such as the judge refers to) existed in their case; while if she died of consumption, and was merely neglected and ill-treated in

a manner that hastened her death, manslaughter would have been the extreme verdict justified by the evidence.

We pass from this to the last murder trial at which Lord Brampton presided, that of Horsford for the murder of Mrs. Holmes at St. Neots. We have little doubt that Horsford was guilty, but we think the judge assumed too much of the character of an advocate in trying him. Horsford had written a letter to Mrs. Holmes (assuming the handwriting to have been clearly proved), saying that he would call to see her on the following Friday. She died on a Friday night, and there seemed to be no doubt that her death was caused by poison—which she took after retiring to bed. Poison was found in the house with an inscription, "One dose. Take as told," alleged to be in the handwriting of Horsford. There was no other evidence that Horsford visited her on the Friday that she died. Even if the letter meant *that* Friday, which is very doubtful, something might have occurred to prevent the visit, and in the absence of any evidence that it took place, it should not have been assumed. But the judge relied on the words "take as *told*" as implying the visit. To us it seems to imply the very opposite. If he had gone to Mrs. Holmes's that day and told her how to take a powder that he knew to be poison, could he have done anything more foolish—more calculated to make evidence against himself—than to write on it "take as *told*"? What I think would naturally occur to an impartial person is that the writer had previously mentioned this powder to Mrs. Holmes and told her how to take it, and wrote "take as told" on it because he was sending it by the hands of a third person. A second parcel of poison was inscribed "Take in a little water. It is quite harmless. Will call in a day or two." Is it reasonable to think that he handed this parcel personally to Mrs. Holmes instead of sending it by a different hand? Apart from the visit the question became one of handwriting. The judge relied on the fact that Horsford did not prove any *alibi* for this Friday.

Why should he prove an *alibi*? Nobody supposed that he actually administered the poison or that she took it in his presence. If he visited her on that day it would not prove his guilt, nor if he did not visit her would it prove his innocence. The supposed visit was a mere circumstance, and not, perhaps, a very important one, but the evidence of it strikes us as utterly inadequate. The judge seems also to have laid stress on the fact that Horsford did not suggest that anyone else had given Mrs. Holmes the poison. Surely he must have known that nothing injures a prisoner's cause more than to suggest that another person (named) had committed the crime, when the suggestion must appear to rest on very slight grounds. The judge himself would probably have represented it as an attempt on the part of a guilty man to throw the blame on one who was innocent. It is not for the prisoner to find out the real criminal and bring him to justice. Probably he could never do so. It is for the Crown to bring home guilt to the prisoner by excluding everyone else—a remark specially applicable to circumstantial evidence.

We are surprised to find Lord Brampton concurring in the ridiculous charge against humanitarians that they sympathise with the murderer, not with his victim. In the first place, the humanitarian objection usually is that there is no conclusive evidence that the man was in fact the murderer. In the second place, we presume that his lordship does not adopt the old pagan idea that the *manes* of the murdered man roam about demanding the blood of the murderer, and cannot be appeased until that blood is shed. How, then, does the humanitarian show any want of sympathy with the murdered man in trying to spare the life of the murderer? We have no practical mode of showing our sympathy with the victim; and it is not fair to charge us with sympathising with the offender because we seek to moderate a penalty which we regard as excessive.

This remark leads us to consider Lord Brampton's views as to the object of punishment, which are to be

found in his chapter on "Sentences," which we commend to the attention of judges and magistrates. The great object of punishment, he states, should be that of deterring the prisoner from repeating his offence. He underrates, we think, its importance as a means of deterring others from committing similar offences, but we agree with his conclusion that "vengeance, or the infliction of unnecessary pain, especially for the sake of others, should never form part of a criminal sentence." Read in connection with the previous statement, the result is that the object of punishment should be to deter the offender from repeating the offence without inflicting any more pain on him than is necessary for that purpose. This is the theory of the humanitarians. But when he goes on to tell us that he is strongly averse to abolishing the death-penalty in cases of deliberate murder, he seems to us to have forgotten his own principle. How is it shown that nothing but the death-penalty will deter the murderer from repeating his offence? or does Lord Brampton advocate the hanging of a man whom he believes will never commit murder again in order to show his sympathy with the murdered man? Does not "vengeance" "form a part" of the sentence of which he approves in cases of deliberate murder?

There is, however, another kind of sentence with which Lord Brampton deals specially, and on it his sentiments are strongly humanitarian—we mean whipping. This experienced and intelligent judge is opposed not merely to the whipping of adults but to the whipping of boys. "I entirely disapprove," he writes, "except in cases of grave necessity, of whipping children. . . . Under no circumstances would I allow whipping to be administered by a constable or a warder. The effect of a judicial whipping by an officer of justice lasts throughout a lifetime, for the memory of it can never be wholly effaced; and being known by ill-natured or thoughtless persons, it may be most cruelly used"—of which he gives an example. He had already noticed that the infliction of the punishment is degrading to the official who inflicts it, and it seems to

us specially degrading and brutalising when the person to be whipped is a wretched, half-starved little boy, who is much more in want of a meal than a whipping. "I disapprove," writes our author, "of making a young boy a recipient of a judicial whipping if it can be avoided, *or of asking the father to act as a minister of the law, the legality of which proceeding I seriously doubt.*" We hope the Home Secretary (or the Lord Chancellor) will write a letter to certain well-known magistrates based on this last paragraph. Even if their procedure be in accordance with the letter of the law, it is in open violation of the spirit of it.

We have already referred to Lord Brampton's views on the admission of accused persons to bail. They are decidedly humanitarian, and admirably expressed. The detention of these persons in prison for months preceding trial is, as he says, a great injustice ; and it often happens that, when placed in the dock for trial, the prisoner has been already quite sufficiently punished on the assumption of his guilt. In the meantime he has been unable to do anything to maintain his wife and family, and is supported in prison at the expense of the ratepayers. "Innocent ratepayers are made to pay for an innocent man's incarceration." (This description very often fits a case of imprisonment for debt also, but with this subject Lord Brampton does not deal.) Space would fail us to examine all the matters touched on in the course of these volumes; but humanitarians will be specially interested in chapters lxxx.-lxxxii. And we think a perusal of the entire volume will go far to convince the reader that criminal trials are not so faultless as some people think, and that the element of advocacy, and even of chance, enters largely into their results. The tribunals, as described by Lord Brampton, can hardly be trusted without an efficient Court of Criminal Appeal ; and even with such a court we entirely dissent from his proposal to extend the jurisdiction of the magistrates—unless we reform the magistracy at the same time.

LEX.

The Herald of Health.

Edited by C. LEIGH HUNT WALLACE,

President of the Physical Regeneration Society.

Object.—The Physical Regeneration of Man, by means of educating its readers in such ways of living as will enable them to cure, eradicate, and prevent disease, and at the same time maintain and develop the highest possible standard of health.

Specimen copy free.

Price Twopence. Post free 2/6 per annum.

LONDON: 11, SOUTHAMPTON ROW, W.C.

BROTHERHOOD: A Quarterly Magazine.

Designed to help, through the spread of purer, truer thought, the reconstruction of souls and bodies, and the peaceful evolution of a juster and happier social order.

Edited by J. BRUCE WALLACE.

Post free 1s. 6d. a year. A Sample Copy sent post free to any inquirer on receipt of post-card.

17, PATERNOSTER SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.

The Vegetarian Society Health Food Stores,

237, DEANSGATE, MANCHESTER.

Depot for PURE FOOD SPECIALITIES.

Shelled Nuts—i.e., Pine Kernels, Hazel Nuts, Roasted Peanuts, Walnut Halves, Blanched Almonds. Pure finely-ground Whole-wheat Meal. Bruised Whole-wheat for porridge. Wholesome Biscuits. Vegetable Butters. Fruit and Nut Cakes. Macaronis, Fancy Shapes. Tea and Coffee substitutes.

PRICE LIST ON APPLICATION.

THE NEW INTERNATIONAL REVIEW

FOR DECEMBER CONTAINS

A GREETING FROM 60 M.P.'s TO THE INDIAN NATIONAL CONGRESS.—

A Message from Edward Carpenter—Socialists and India—Pastorism in India—Women's Suffrage—In Russia—Etc., etc.

2d. monthly, of all Newspapers.

LONDON: ELLIOT STOCK.

3d. post free, or 3s. per year, from

THE NEW INTERNATIONAL REVIEW OFFICE, OXFORD.

CONTENTS

| | PAGE |
|--|------|
| THE QUESTION OF CRIMINAL APPEAL. <i>By J. Scott Duckers</i> - - - - - | 1 |
| ERNEST CROSBY - - - - - | 12 |
| THE R.S.P.C.A. A CRITICISM - - - - - | 23 |
| THE PUNISHMENT OF FIRST OFFENDERS. <i>By H. J. B. Montgomery</i> - - - - - | 34 |
| SOME EIGHTEENTH CENTURY HUMANITARIANS. <i>By Howard Williams</i> - - - - - | 43 |
| JOHN BURROUGHS AS NATURE-LOVER - - - - - | 49 |
| REVIEWS: "The Making of the Criminal" - - - - - | 59 |
| "The Ethics of Diet" - - - - - | 61 |

Post 8vo., price 3s. 6d. net; postage 3d.

THE COSMIC PROCESSION

OR,

The Feminine Principle in Evolution.

By FRANCES SWINEY,

Author of "The Awakening of Women," "The Evolution of the Male," "Women among the Nations," etc., etc.

CONTENTS THE FEMININE PRINCIPLE IN CREATION—THE ULTIMATE OF AIM—THE DIVINE MOTHERHOOD—THE SON, THE WORLD-FABRICATOR—PHASES OF CONSCIOUSNESS—CONCLUSION.

PRESS NOTICES.

"Many who were startled at the outcome of her arguments will, nevertheless, be quite able to recognize the impregnability of many of her positions. The last life of the world is certainly in the path of progress which she indicates, whatever may be its goal."—*The New Age*.

"A full, lucid, and painstaking exposition of the reality and importance of the feminine principle in creation."—*Theosophical Review*.

"Never have we found biology and morphogeny so completely amalgamated with transcendental thought. We admire her sincere enthusiasm and her confidence in the future of mankind—or, rather, of womankind: the future is a remarkable one, according to her anticipations. She certainly illuminates the question of evolution with all the light that occult teaching can throw upon it."—*Light*.

LONDON: ERNEST BELL, PORTUGAL STREET, W.C.

Pages 291+x. Price 3s. 6d. net, cloth gilt.

Politics and Disease.

PART I.—By J. H. LEVY.

The Ethics of Vivisection—Vivisection and Moral Evolution—The Passover and Vivisection—The Bird that Laid the Vaccination Egg—Licensed Liberty: A Dream of the Vaccination Act, 1898—State Vaccination and Ancient Judaism—A Petition against State Vaccination—The Psychology of Pasteurism—Compulsory "Isolation"—The Lunacy Laws—The Contagious Diseases Acts—Freedom the Fundamental Condition of Morality—Epilogue.

PART II.—By A. GOFF.

Stray Thoughts on Hospitals.

P. S. KING & SON,

Orchard House, Great Smith Street, Westminster, S.W.

THE PERSONAL RIGHTS ASSOCIATION,

32, Charing Cross S.W.

THE NEW INTERNATIONAL REVIEW

FOR MARCH CONTAINS

Prison Reform, by Dora B. Montefiore—Russia's St. Bartholomews—Citizenship for Women, by Charlotte Charles—Our Indian Letter: Gerry-mandering the British Press—Esperanto Translation of The "Roots of Honour" (Ruskin), etc., etc.

2d. monthly, of all Newsagents.

LONDON: ELLIOT STOCK.

3d. post free, or 3s. per year, from

THE NEW INTERNATIONAL REVIEW OFFICE, OXFORD.

THE NATIONAL ANTI-VIVISECTION HOSPITAL.

Chairman: Rev. J. P. FALLOWES. Treasurer: Dr. A. WALL.

This is the only **General Hospital** in Battersea, to supply the needs of a large and very poor district.

The Staff consists of Ten Qualified Members of the Medical and Surgical Professions.

The Operating Theatre is fitted with all the latest appliances, and every department, including the Eye, Ear, Nose, Throat, Dental, and Electro-Therapy, has a full equipment of valuable instruments.

Accident Cases are being received in **greatly increased** numbers, whilst the **Out-Patients** have totalled 8,440 in five months, or an average of over 20,000 annually.

WE PLEAD FOR ASSISTANCE to give help and relief to the ever-increasing number of suffering ones who come to us.

H. F. HARRISON, Secretary.

The Humanitarian League :

What It Is, and What It Is Not.

THE HUMANITARIAN LEAGUE is a Society of thinkers and workers, irrespective of class or creed, who have united for the sole purpose of humanising, as far as is possible, the conditions of modern life. "It is proposed," so ran the preliminary circular of 1891, "under the title of the Humanitarian League, to form an association for the advocacy of humane principles on a consistent and rational basis. The object of the League will be to assert and apply these humanitarian doctrines by the issue of tracts, by personal influence, by lectures, by letters addressed to newspapers, and whatever other means may be suggested. However small a beginning is now made, it is believed that much good will be done by the mere placing on record a systematic protest against the numerous barbarisms of civilisation—the cruelties inflicted by men on men, and the not less atrocious ill-treatment of the lower animals."

It will be seen that what was primarily intended was a consistent, intellectual, well-reasoned protest against *all* forms of cruelty, not against this or that cruel practice in particular. It was our object to show that Humanitarianism is not merely a kindly sentiment, a product of the heart rather than of the head, but an integral portion of any intelligible system of ethics or social science. The Humanitarian League is not, as it is sometimes represented to be, a society for "kindness to animals," nor have we ever proposed, even if we had the means, to undertake the detailed investigation of particular cases of cruelty. The League is not a prosecuting Society. Its business is not to secure the enforcement of the existing laws (for that, we contend, is the duty of the police, rather than of any private

body), but to educate public opinion, and so pave the way for further and more advanced legislation.

In order to lighten the work of the Central Committee, and secure the co-operation of those who are in sympathy with some particular branch of the work, five special departments have been formed—viz., (1) Criminal Law and Prison Reform; (2) Sports; (3) Humane Diet and Dress; (4) Indian Reforms; (5) Children's Department. Each of these Departments issues literature of its own, in addition to the pamphlets and volumes published by the Central Committee. THE HUMANITARIAN, the journal of the League, contains a monthly record of the work done by the League and its Departments.

Among those who have associated themselves with one or another branch of the League's work, are the following :—Dr. W. E. A. AXON; The Rev. Canon BARNETT; Rev. G. C. BELL, of Marlborough College; Mr. HENRY BROADHURST; Mr. HERBERT BURROWS; Mrs. MONA CAIRD; Mr. EDWARD CARPENTER; The Rev. JOHN CLIFFORD, D.D.; Lord COLERIDGE, K.C.; Mr. JOHN DILLON, M.P.; Mr. J. PASSMORE EDWARDS; Mr. A. E. FLETCHER; Mr. G. W. FOOTE; Mr. J. KEIR HARDIE, M.P.; Mr. FREDERIC HARRISON; The BISHOP OF HEREFORD; The Rev. J. PAGE HOPPS; The Very Rev. G. W. KITCHIN, Dean of Durham; Mr. JUSTIN MCCARTHY; Mr. H. W. MASSINGHAM; The Right Hon. Sir C. MATHEW; Bishop MITCHINSON; The Rev. Dr. MORRISON; "OUIDA"; Mr. E. H. PICKERSGILL, M.P.; Mr. JOHN M. ROBERTSON, M.P.; Mr. G. BERNARD SHAW; Mr. WILLIAM TEBB; Count LEO TOLSTOY; Dr. ALFRED R. WALLACE; Sir WILLIAM WEDDERBURN, Bart.

The condition of membership of the Humanitarian League is the acceptance of the general principle set forth in the Manifesto, copies of which, with forms for enlistment, may be obtained from the office. The minimum annual subscription, entitling the subscriber to receive THE HUMANITARIAN monthly, is 2s. 6d.

HUMANITARIAN LEAGUE, 53, CHANCERY LANE, W.C.

The Herald of Health.

Edited by C. LEIGH HUNT WALLACE.

Monthly, 2d. ; Annual Subscription, 3s. ; Six Months, 1s. 6d.

SPECIMEN COPY FREE ON APPLICATION.

IT'S Object is the Physical Regeneration of Man, by means of educating its readers in such ways of living as will enable them to Cure, Eradicate, and Prevent Disease, and at the same time Maintain and Develop the Highest Possible Standard of Health.

PHYSICAL REGENERATION LITERATURE.

Post Free.

By C. LEIGH HUNT WALLACE.

Physianthropy, or the Home Cure and Eradication of Disease.

New and Enlarged Edition, 25,000 copies. 168 pages. Paper, 8d. ; cloth, 1s. 2½d.

Vaccination brought Home to the People. Containing Valuable Historical, Statistical, and Other Information upon the Subject. Second Edition. 44 pages. 5d.

Dietetic Advice to the Young and the Old. 12 pages. 1½d. Second Edition.

Flesh-Eating a Fashion. 1½d.

Salt in its Relation to Health and Disease. 19 pages. 1½d.

Mary Jane's Experiences among those Vegetarians. 72 pages. Paper, 7d. ; cloth, 1s. 1½d.

The Drink Mania: its Cause and only Cure. 2d. New and Enlarged Edition. (1906.)

The Other New Woman. A Story. With Portrait of the Author 7d.

Bound Volumes of the Herald of Health, from 1892. 3s. each.

By JOSEPH WALLACE.

Fermentation: The Primary Cause of Disease in Man and Animals. 8 pages. 1½d.

Cholera: Its Prevention and Cure (also contains "The Home Nursing of Cholera Cases," by Mrs. C. LEIGH HUNT WALLACE and Illustrative Cases of Treatment of Cholera by Coffee). 22 pages. 2½d. Second Edition.

Small Pox: Whence Comes It? Its Necessity in Nature as an Eradicator of Disease, and a Giver of a New Lease of Life, also its Rational Scientific Treatment. 1½d.

The Wallace System of Cure and its Uses in the Diseases of Children, more especially in Diphtheria. By OSCAR KORSCHULT, formerly Professor of Chemistry in the University of Tokio and Director of the Chemical Laboratory of the Geological Club in Japan. 8vo. 50 pages. 3½d.

A Brief History of the Wallace System up to the Present Time. By E. J. Wood. 3½d.

LONDON: THE "HERALD OF HEALTH" OFFICES,
11, Southampton Row, W.C.

TELEPHONE: 7099 CENTRAL.

THE HUMANE REVIEW

THE QUESTION OF CRIMINAL APPEAL

THE legal history of the last hundred years is a chronicle of continuous law reform. Throughout the legal system great changes have been made. The precedent-ridden Court of Chancery, the technical and dilatory Courts of Common Law, the cruel and debasing administration of criminal justice, have all come in for their share of reform. The machinery has been made less complex, many restrictions on the discovery of truth have been removed, and there has been a steady and sustained attempt to infuse some human feeling into the administration of the harsh letter of the law.

In criminal procedure the trend has been towards the attainment of that real justice which has been defined as "the constant and unswerving desire to render every man his due." To this end many of the rules of evidence have been altered, many justice-thwarting technicalities have been removed, and it is upon the ground that the interests of justice require it that the claim for a Court of Criminal Appeal is made.

If it can be shown that, in the interests of justice, such a court should be established; if at present there is no adequate protection for the liberties, and even the lives, of innocent men, no other consideration should delay or prevent the establishment of a Court of Criminal Appeal.

Perhaps it will be well, in the first place, to draw attention to the present systems of appeal in civil and criminal cases. Every wrongful act of which the law takes notice may be regarded as an offence against either the civil or the criminal law—that is to say, the individual against whom the wrong is done may bring an action for damages in the civil courts, or, if the wrong is one which is considered to affect public rights and liberties, the offender may be liable to punishment by fine or imprisonment upon criminal proceedings.

Take, for example, the owner of a patent, who finds that some unauthorized person is reaping a profit from the invention to which he is entitled. The proper remedy is to bring an action in the civil courts for damages and for an injunction restraining the unlawful use of the invention. That is a civil action.

On the other hand, you may be quietly enjoying your well-earned rest when, in the dead of the night, the house is entered and burglary committed. In this case the wrongful act is one which is considered to affect not only your own rights and liberties, but the rights and liberties of the public at large. You therefore do not sue your burglar in the civil courts, but he is handed over to the criminal law, in order that he may be dealt with in a manner which will tend to prevent a repetition of his offence. It will be seen that, while in the former case pecuniary compensation would probably be quite sufficient, in the latter the criminal has, in some measure, lessened the security of your neighbours, and unless prompt and effective measures are taken, no one knows whose house may be next rifled, and hundreds of persons may be disturbed for fear they may have their rights invaded and their homes upset.

It is necessary to clearly point out this distinction, because it is of the utmost importance in considering the question of appeal.

If the action is brought in a civil court there is full

liberty of appeal to higher tribunals, and every facility for doing complete justice to all parties.

It was said in a celebrated case that "It is the glory and happiness of our excellent Constitution that, to prevent any injustice, no man is to be concluded by the first judgment, but that, if he apprehends himself to be aggrieved, he has another court to which he can resort for relief; for this purpose the law furnishes him with appeals, with writs of error and false judgment." But from the decision of the criminal courts there is, strictly speaking, no appeal at all; the only things in the nature of appeals there possible are (1) the limited power to state a case for the opinion of the Court for Crown Cases Reserved, and (2) petition to the Home Secretary.

Perhaps this will make plain the very great difference which exists as to a person's right of appeal in civil and in criminal cases; but one of the most curious and unreasonable situations arises when proceedings may be taken in either the civil or criminal courts for precisely the same offence. For instance, a doctor may be sued in the civil courts for damages for negligence, or he may be criminally indicted for the same offence. A company promoter who has issued and obtained money by a fraudulent prospectus may be sued in the civil courts for money had and received, or criminal proceedings may be instituted against him in respect of the fraud of which he has been guilty.

Thus for precisely the same offence action may be taken civilly or criminally, and while in the civil courts there is full right of appeal, in the criminal courts the first decision is conclusive. This is not because the ancient framers of our law had any reason for this distinction; the reason is purely historical. The difference arises from the way in which the various courts have grown and extended their jurisdiction, applying their various methods of procedure to similar sets of facts. Until the last few years a defendant in a criminal case

was unable to give any evidence at all, while if sued in the civil courts for precisely the same offence, he was as fully entitled to be sworn and give his version of the matter as any witness who might be called. Years of agitation were required to effect this beneficial alteration in the law; all the forces which seem naturally to array themselves in favour of any time-honoured abuse struggled and struggled hard to keep the mouth of the prisoner for ever closed.

England is the only Western nation which has no right of criminal appeal, and as the forces of legal conservatism were at length unable to resist the movement for reform with regard to criminal evidence, so it is to be hoped they will be ineffective to longer delay that much-needed reform—the establishment of a Court of Criminal Appeal.

The power to state a case is one which is rarely used in practice, and does not lend itself in any way to a discussion of the merits of the case in the superior court. It was for hundreds of years the practice for judges in criminal cases, when confronted with any novel or difficult point as to the admission or rejection of evidence, or the validity of any technical objection taken by counsel for the prisoner, to reserve judgment until they had had an opportunity of consulting with their brother-judges on the point, and about the year 1830 this practice was legalized by an Act of Parliament, calling the body of judges thus assembled the Court for Crown Cases Reserved, and laying down the procedure to be adopted. Such an appeal can only be had when the question is a point of law, and when the judge feels a substantial doubt in his mind and is *willing* to state a case. There is absolutely no power to appeal on the merits, and no power to appeal at all unless the judge is willing to go to the trouble of drawing up a statement of the case for the opinion of the superior court.

The other method of appeal (so called) is by petition to the Home Secretary. The King, by virtue of the royal

prerogative of mercy, has the power of granting pardon to all offenders, and this power he exercises on the advice of the Home Secretary for the time being. The Home Office emphatically disclaims being a court of appeal or being a judicial tribunal in any sense of the word. It has no power—the King himself has no power—to declare that a prisoner has been wrongly convicted. All that the Home Secretary can do is to decide whether the prisoner ought to be granted a free pardon for an offence he has not committed, or to be left to languish in prison.

The Home Office is invoked by the petition of the prisoner, setting out the facts of his case and the grounds on which he asks for a review of his sentence. The petition goes to the Home Office, and is pigeon-holed.

In the course of six or eight weeks an official letter, couched in official phraseology and marked "On His Majesty's Service," is sent to the person forwarding the petition, stating that the writer is "directed by the Secretary of State to acknowledge the receipt of your petition, and to inform you that the same will receive his consideration."

Perhaps when the prisoner hears of this letter he thinks some desperate attempt is being made to tear the bandages from the eyes of Justice, to investigate his case and see that right is dealt out to him.

But he need have much more patience yet, for his petition is still lying in the dusty pigeon-hole, and probably will lie there for some time to come.

At length—assuming that it is one of the cases that is really gone into—the petition is pulled out of its hiding-place, and one of the clerks looks through it and endorses a brief memorandum or minute of the case on the back. If he thinks there is nothing in the case, or does not appreciate the point in question, or simply does not think about the matter at all, the poor prisoner is doomed.

His only faint chance of success is that he may have worded his appeal so as to impress his views with such force and earnestness that the official mind may be

influenced, and think that there may be something in the case after all. If this result is attained, a private inquiry is held, to which the prisoner is not a party, and as to which he has no information during its progress or after its conclusion, save that the result, which is almost always in the negative, is duly communicated to him. There are no published figures as to the number of inquiries held by the Home Office every year, but there is reason to believe that very few of the petitions sent in ever reach this stage. It is much less trouble for the officials to write and say that "The Secretary of State directs me to inform you that he has carefully considered your petition, and regrets that he cannot advise that the matter be re-opened."

In this inquiry anyone who is opposed to the prisoner can privately seek to influence the official mind. As to what that influence is the prisoner has no knowledge. Statements are made against him of which he is entirely ignorant. He is given, being ignorant, no opportunity of refuting them in any way. Nay, more, they are privately retained at the Home Office, and to his dying day the poor prisoner knows nothing of them or their effect. At the Home Office they are privately noted and preserved. Persons make, unknown to the prisoner, private reports and inquiries, which neither he nor his advisers know of or are allowed to criticise. The wonder, therefore, is not that so many people are condemned unheard, but that even one is occasionally released.

That this is no exaggeration may be seen in the report of the Beck Committee in 1904. The Committee regretted that the action of the Home Office was defective in dealing with the case in 1898. The officials misled Sir Forrest Fulton with regard to the distinctive marks of Beck and Smith, and also failed to place before him the whole of the information as to the identity of the handwriting in the incriminating documents of 1896 and 1897. As the result the recorder failed to apprehend points

specifically brought before him. This mistake by the Home Office led to Mr. Beck's continued detention in prison, and indirectly led to his re-arrest and conviction in 1904.

They said :

"The short fact is that if there had been anyone in the Home Office in the chain of subordination up to the Permanent Under-Secretary whose legal training had enabled him to convey in a minute the real nature of the miscarriage, the attention of that official must have been attracted to the case in such a manner as to compel intervention.

"Though mistaken identity was the root of all Mr. Beck's misfortunes, though it had never occurred to anyone concerned in the prosecution that he was any other person than Smith, yet when it had been conclusively proved to the Home Office in 1898, as the result of their inquiries addressed to the prison authorities that Mr. Beck was not Mr. Smith, he was, nevertheless, allowed to serve out his term, and no answer was given to his petition, except that he was accorded a new number, and the mark indicating a previous conviction was withdrawn. And, to add one new element to this extraordinary history, the fact thus discovered by the Home Office was never communicated by them to the Public Prosecutor or the police—an omission which seriously affected their action on the second arrest and trial."

As far as the Home Office is concerned, the report is an appalling one. Great authorities are entrusted by the country with immense, and perhaps excessive, powers of punishing wrong-doers. They are supposed to form parts of a great machine for the protection of the innocent, and in that security persons go about their business; but the Committee, both in their findings and in their evidence, exposed defects in our criminal system which are still uncorrected, and must seriously prejudice the fair repute of British justice.

It was shown that the system for handling and dealing with these matters was at fault. In truth, there was no

real system. There was no one whose business it was to make sure that convictions suspected of being possibly mistaken should be inquired into and cleared up, and there was no person competent to investigate such questions charged with the investigation.

The revision of criminal sentences should be conducted in a manner that will merit full confidence. The Home Office may have to deal with thousands of tedious and foolish appeals by prisoners, but that should never be made an excuse for treating all with carelessness or indifference. Rightly or wrongly, it falls to the duty of the Home Office to receive petitions from prisoners, and if the existing safeguards against the condemnation of innocent persons have broken down, some method of appeal should be found.

It is terrible enough that human beings should be subjected to such conditions of life as exist in State prisons, but it is even more terrible to realise, as one must realise from a consideration of the facts of several recent cases, that there is no adequate certainty of guilt. It used to be claimed that every possible presumption of innocence was allowed to the accused, and it should become our set design to remedy the defects of procedure which have now appeared, to have some method of adequately reviewing criminal cases upon their merits, to have a Court of Criminal Appeal. Before an accused person enters the dock to take his trial he knows that, however stupid the jury may be, whatever false inferences they may draw, or however wrong their verdict may be, or if the judge misdirects the jury, or wrongly excludes or admits evidence, there is absolutely no right of appeal. How much untold misery of individuals and family degradation could be avoided if even an imperfect system of appeal existed. Is it not the climax of injustice that if a man is sued for money he can appeal, but that if he is placed in a position in which his liberty, life, character, family, happiness, and all that life holds dear, are in jeopardy, his fate often

depends upon circumstances beyond his control, and there is no appeal?

It is sometimes difficult to picture the tremendous responsibility which devolves upon a judge. He is often the arbiter of life and death. He must be clear, cool, and decided. The weaknesses of other men are not for him. He must sit out the most wearying trial, balance evidence, rule and determine points of the utmost complexity. He must be attentive to all, courteous and ready to reply to any doubtful questions, and this from day to day. To note, to sum up, and lead a jury to a decision in a long case, is no light work for the best of men. And can we wonder that at times even the best judges and the best juries are led to condemn the innocent for crimes they know nothing of?

There have been numerous cases recently of persons who have been punished on evidence which would not for a moment stand examination in a court of appeal, and we have no means of ascertaining how many more are in the same position.

At present a litigant suing in a civil court for the recovery of a small amount is entitled, as his right, to appeal or have a new trial on the following grounds:

1. That the verdict was against the weight of evidence.
2. That the judge misdirected the jury.
3. Or that evidence was wrongly admitted or rejected.

Such appeals are allowed from verdicts and judgments in every court in the country except the criminal court, and it is suggested that a similar right of appeal should be extended to criminal cases.

Of course, the method of appeal should be restricted so as to prevent frivolous attempts to restrain justice, but a prisoner should, within such reasonable restrictions, be able, by himself or his solicitor, to give notice of appeal. The grounds of appeal would, in general, be the three with which practitioners are familiar in civil cases—

namely, verdict against the weight of evidence, misdirection, the improper admission or rejection of evidence.

Many great legal authorities have urged the establishment of a Court of Criminal Appeal on the lines suggested. Out of a long list of names may be mentioned the late Lord Herschell, Lord Chancellor of England, and the late Sir William Harcourt, who, beside his experience as a law officer of the Crown, was also Home Secretary during one of the Liberal Administrations. Among living lawyers are Lord James of Hereford and Sir George Lewis.

According to a Home Office return, no less than twenty-three Criminal Appeal Bills have been introduced since 1844, when Mr. Fitzroy Kelly (afterwards Chief Baron Kelly) took the matter in hand. Sir John Holker when Attorney-General tried to carry a measure twice—in 1878 and 1879—and Lord James of Hereford made attempts in 1883 and 1890. Sixty years of agitation have resulted in nothing, and we are precisely where we were in 1844.

The only serious objection which has been made to the proposal is that criminal appeal will rather provide a series of loopholes through which some of the guilty may escape than really safeguard the lives and liberties of the innocent; but perhaps those who raise this objection do not regard the matter from the right point of view.

We are apt to speak of human justice as if it were a system—frequently a complicated and cumbrous system—purely designed for the detection and punishment of offenders at all costs—a vast machine which, though it may grind slowly and often grind exceeding small, will yet grind on, marshalling facts, arraying evidence, unravelling clues, finding a criminal for every crime; a system which fails unless it avenges every wrong; a system which Lord Lytton compares to a gun which hits the pigeon if it does not kill the crow—if it does not punish the guilty, always injures someone else.

But criminal justice rightly understood is not so much a system for the punishment of crime as for the protection

THE QUESTION OF CRIMINAL APPEAL 11

and conservation of public rights and liberties. The law is not a code of morals. The law does not punish theft because theft is an act of moral turpitude, but because it is an infringement of a right of property which the law endeavours to protect. There are many things contrary to all systems of religion and all principles of morality which the law does not attempt to punish—not because those things are sanctioned, but because it is the policy of the law only to intervene when necessary to protect the person and property of the subject.

It is quite natural that some thought of punishment or revenge may come into the mind when a man is sentenced for some atrocious crime, but when the law steps in all private feelings are postponed to public interests. The supreme end of human law is to protect the innocent, and not to punish the guilty, to prejudge no one, to presume the innocence of every man until his guilt is clear, to extend protection over all with whom it has to deal. The punishment of an innocent man is of more consequence than the escape of many guilty, and it is no overwhelming objection to the establishment of a Court of Criminal Appeal to say—even if it be true to say—that the result would be that guilty men would escape punishment rather than innocent men have justice done to them. It has been well said that “God has given manhood but one clue to success in the achievement of right—utter and exact justice.”

We must do justice. We must give to every man a fair opportunity of establishing his innocence, and if, despite our efforts, the machinery of justice is occasionally abused, if in protecting the blameless we facilitate in some measure the escape of wrong-doers, we must be content to leave them in the hands of that Power which is unerring and from which there is no escape.

J. SCOTT DUCKERS.

ERNEST CROSBY

THE news of Ernest Crosby's death (January 3, 1907) brought not only a heavy blow to the humanitarian cause, but a sense of personal loss to many of us, for we had learnt to love the man as well as the writer ; and indeed there was in Crosby's character, as in his writings, something peculiarly manly and lovable. No one in recent years had stood up more courageously, or, withal, more ably, against the brute force of what is known as "imperialism" —the exploitation of one race by another race, of one class by another class, of the lower animals by mankind. He was, in fact, a strong, all-round humanitarian ; but his idealism went together with sound practical qualities, for he had the experience of a man who was well versed in public affairs, having been a member of the New York Assembly, 1887 to 1889, and having held a judgeship in Egypt from 1889 to 1894. "He also," said one of the inane obituary notices, "wrote verses." He did ; and, what is more, he wrote some verses which no other man could have written.

Ernest Howard Crosby was born November 4, 1856, the son of a well-known and much-beloved Presbyterian pastor in New York, Dr. Howard Crosby, who is described as "a man of infinite courage, who thought right, spoke right, and did right," to the best of his ability. On one occasion, it is said, Dr. Crosby "startled the respectable elements of New York society with a signed paper in the *North American Review* on 'The Dangerous Classes,'

which were neither the poor nor the criminal, but the rich." It will be seen from this that some of Ernest Crosby's finest characteristics of outspokenness and courage were a direct inheritance. He differed mainly from his father—so one of his friends has written of him—"in the wider and clearer vision of right with which a later time and deeper experiences had endowed him. A poet of exceptional insight and powers of rhythmical expression, a speaker of commanding presence, with a rare faculty of thinking coherently upon his feet, and composing extemporaneously with a simple eloquence and in an unimpassioned manner, a prose author of direct and lucid style, he gave vitality to these talents by the nobility of his ideals and a fine courage that never fell below the level of his convictions."*

In 1887 Mr. Crosby was elected as a Republican to the Assembly of New York State, but politics not suiting his temperament, he was appointed in 1889 to be a Judge of the International Court in Egypt, in which capacity he served for five years. Then his whole life was changed. "He has told me," says Mr. Leonard Abbott, "that quite suddenly, quite definitely, one day a radiant vision, an entirely new thought of life, came to him. He had been unhappy, and in great spiritual travail. The heartless and luxurious life around him, a growing sense of the hideous injustice involved in Egypt's slavery to the Powers, a growing disinclination to sit in judgment upon any man—above all, a chance book of Leo Tolstoy that had fallen into his hands—all these things had paved the way for a kind of spiritual re-birth." He resigned his judgeship in 1894, and before returning to America paid a visit to Tolstoy in Russia, whence resulted a close friendship which powerfully influenced his career. Through Tolstoy he became acquainted also with Henry George and his writings. On his return to America he settled at Rhine-

* *The Public*, January 12, 1907.

beck, on the Hudson River, where, though a lawyer by profession, he spent the greater part of his time in farming, with occasional visits to New York, or lecture-tours further afield.*

Ernest Crosby's chief works consist of—(1) three volumes of poems, mostly prose-poems, entitled "Plain Talk in Psalm and Parable," "Swords and Plowshares," and "Broadcast"; (2) appreciative sketches of the personality and literary work of certain other writers—viz, "Tolstoy and his Message," "Edward Carpenter, Poet and Prophet," and "Garrison, the Non-Resistant"; (3) "Captain Jinks, Hero," a satire on the military spirit; (4) miscellaneous essays, such as that on "The Meat Fetish," one of the very best things ever written in advocacy of a vegetarian diet; "Shakespeare's Attitude towards the Working Classes," in which it is contended that Shakespeare was wholly out of sympathy with democratic sentiment, a view which greatly impressed Tolstoy, and drew from him the remark that Crosby's paper had first revealed to him why he had never liked Shakespeare; or "The British in Egypt," a series of articles contributed to the *New Age*, and not as yet reprinted, which won the approval of such a well-known authority as Mr. Wilfred Blunt.† It is, however, of the poetical works that we wish more especially to speak.

Ernest Crosby's poems are perhaps as uncompromising an assertion of humanitarian feeling as is to be found in current literature. Hitherto humanitarianism has mostly had to borrow its poetry from the works of writers

* For further particulars respecting Crosby's life, the reader is referred to "Some Reminiscences of Ernest Crosby," by Leonard D. Abbott, in *Mother Earth*, and to interesting articles in *The Public* (Chicago), January 12, 1907, and *The New Age*, by Aylmer Maude, January 17, 1907.

† Ernest Crosby's works may be obtained (in part) from Mr. A. C. Fifield, 44, Fleet Street, London, or from the Public Publishing Co., First National Bank Building, Chicago.

who, like Robert Buchanan, made *occasional* use of such themes; but Crosby's work is born and bred of the humanitarian spirit, and he belongs avowedly to that literary school which, leaving the barren pursuit of "art for art's sake," makes Love, no less than Beauty, its watchword. It is not surprising, therefore, that such writings should find their first and fullest appreciation among humanitarian readers, and that critics of the academic order should be slow to recognise the qualities of Mr. Crosby's work. As in the case of Shelley and other original writers, so in the case of Crosby: the verdict of the "advanced thinker"—that is, the reader whose intelligence is quickened by sympathy with the purpose of the writer—proves, in the long run, to be far more trustworthy than that of the mere "literary man." Whatever the critics may say, the public is beginning to feel that there is a power in Crosby's writings—indeed, if adequate attention be paid to them, only a dullard could feel otherwise.

Of his three volumes of poems, perhaps the best is "Swords and Plowshares." It is written from much the same standpoint as that of "Plain Talk in Psalm and Parable," but the humanitarian sentiments are more keenly expressed: the condemnation of warfare, "imperialism," sport, butchery, vivisection, and other prevalent cruelties, is more direct; and there is a very marked advance (it seems to us) in literary workmanship and style. What the earlier poems appeared chiefly to lack was poignancy of expression; the thought, right and true and irrefutable as it was, too seldom took wings and soared from philosophy into song; the "Plain Talk" remained *too* plain in its utterance, and the "Parable" was unduly in excess of the "Psalm." In "Swords and Plowshares" this defect, in so far as it is noticeable at all, is noticeable in a much smaller degree; and there are not a few poems in the volume which, while quite naturally and simply expressed, touch a very high standard of

artistic excellence. Take, for example, the concluding section of "Godward":

The soul of the world is abroad to-night—
 Not in yon silvery amalgam of moonbeam and ocean, nor in the pink
 heat-lightning tremulous on the horizon ;
 Not even in the embrace of yonder pair of lovers, heart beating to
 heart in the shadow of the fishing-smack drawn up on the beach.
 All that—shall I call it illusion? Nay, but at best it is a pale
 reflection of the truth.
 I am not to be put off with symbols, for the soul of the world is itself
 abroad to-night.

I neither see nor hear nor smell nor taste nor touch it, but faintly I
 feel it powerfully stirring.
 I feel it as the blind heaving sea feels the moon bending over it.
 I feel it as the needle feels the serpentine magnetic current coiling
 itself about the earth.
 I open my arms to embrace it as the lovers embrace each other, but
 my embrace is all-inclusive.
 My heart beats to heart likewise, but it is to the heart universal, for
 the soul of the world is abroad to-night.

Making all allowance for the prejudice that still exists in many quarters against the use of unrhymed poetry (the critics of course describe Mr. Crosby's manner as "an imitation of Walt Whitman's"!), one would be surprised if the beauty of such a poem as that which we have quoted were not recognised by those who are by temperament qualified to judge. And even the most rigid sticklers for the old metrical forms may find here and there in "Swords and Plowshares" perfect gems of verse.* We will charitably hope that the critic (if he can be called so) who wrote in the *Academy* that "when Mr. Crosby drops into rhyme he is hardly more logical or inspiring" had overlooked the following on "Life and Death," which Browning might have been proud to write, and which we rejoice to see has been quoted far and wide in American and English journals :

* "Swords and Plowshares" is now published by Mr. A. C. Fifield at 2s. 6d. net.

So he died for his faith. That is fine—
 More than most of us do.
 But stay, can you add to that line
 That he lived for it, too ?
 In his death he bore witness at last
 As a martyr to truth.
 Did his life do the same in the past,
 From the days of his youth ?
 It is easy to die. Men have died
 For a wish or a whim—
 From bravado or passion or pride.
 Was it harder for him ?
 But to live : every day to live out
 All the truth that he dreamt,
 While his friends met his conduct with doubt,
 And the world with contempt—
 Was it thus that he plodded ahead,
 Never turning aside ?
 Then we'll talk of the life that he led—
 Never mind how he died.

Not less beautiful are "Love's Patriot," "The Epitaph,"
 "The Best and Greatest," and other lyrics that might be
 named. What could be more charming in its way than
 "Dreamers" ?

I choose to be a dreamer—
 A dreamer whose dreams come true.
 You may choose to fight if you like—
 To skirmish and strike—
 To worry and toil and build.
 You may count the towns you have founded, the men you
 have killed.
 You may fill the world with bustle,
 And shout and scream.
 You may jostle and hustle.
 I dream.
 I can see what is hidden to you—
 The army of man
 Passing along in review—
 The fighters and workers and all, from the rear to
 the van.

There they go with their banners and streamers,
 The best and the worst ;
 But lo ! the poor dreamers
 March first !

So I choose to be a dreamer—
 A dreamer whose dreams come true.

It will be a fortunate day for the world when Ernest Crosby's dreams come true, for they are very beautiful dreams—dreams of love and justice and happiness on earth that are as yet undreamt of by the many. His "Swords and Plowshares" will be a treasured volume among those who are working for the better time when "imperialism" and "sport" and other inhumanities shall be no more; for very shrewd and relentless is his exposure of the shams and sophisms by which such tyrannies are upheld. What reformer, for example, confronted with the immemorial hypocrisy which represents the victims of oppression—whether men or animals—as deriving *benefit* therefrom, will not recognise the force of the following lines ?

Oh, for the good old Roman days
 Of robbers bold and true,
 Who scorned to oil with pious phrase
 The deeds they dared to do—
 The days before degenerate thieves
 Devised the coward lie,
 Of blessings that the enslaved receives
 Whose rights their arms deny !
 I hate the oppressor's iron rod,
 I hate his murderous ships,
 But most of all I hate, O God,
 The lie upon his lips.

But strong as Crosby's denunciation of wrong can be, the spirit which pervades and underlies and inspires his work throughout is essentially that of love, the love which "has become brother to the lowest," and includes all men and all sentient beings in its scope. This short poem,

"Love the Oppressors," is full of its author's characteristic quality of mingled earnestness and humour :

Love the oppressors and tyrants !

Love the men of violence and the men of greed, the narrow men, and the stubborn laggards who hold the world back !

Love the scribes and Pharisees and hypocrites !

With love we shall dislodge them from their posts of vantage.

They will have to love us in self-defence, for love is hell-fire to the unloving.

We can mine and countermine their strongholds with love, for love is the dynamite of heaven.

Love the oppressors and tyrants !

It is the only way to get rid of them.

Of Crosby's prose writings we have little space to speak, but it must be said that the idea of "Captain Jinks," a satirical laudation of the modern "hero," is excellent, and Crosby cleverly seized and stigmatised the most vulnerable features in the military character—its mingled cruelty and sentimentality, its commercialism, its entire lack of humour, and, above all, its blank idiotic brainlessness. The defect of the book lies, we think, in its excessive length ; for it is dangerous to spin out a joke to the extent of nearly four hundred pages, and though there are not a few passages that have the true sting of satire, there are others that seem somewhat laboured and overdrawn. The book affects to be a biography of a "perfect soldier," Captain Sam Jinks, from the hour when he first plays with lead soldiers in his infancy to the time when, after being boomed as a hero by a journalistic friend, representing the *Metropolitan Daily Lyre*, he sinks into a state of premature childishness and decay. The leading characteristic of the perfect soldier is his abnegation of all right to think for himself, and his cheerful acceptance of every incident—shameful or otherwise—of the military profession.

Crosby's advocacy of the doctrine of non-resistance, so noticeable in many of his poems—as in the spirited "Tyrant's Song" with the refrain "The man with folded

arms"—is more fully elaborated in the book on Lloyd Garrison. He detested physical force in all its aspects, in the tyranny of the policeman no less than in the tyranny of the soldier, and his position in respect to all these modern problems is practically the same as that of Tolstoy.* Brotherhood and neighbourliness were the sum of his social creed. Here is a characteristic extract from a letter written by him in 1905 :

I made a little tour of over a week to Canada last month, lecturing at Ottawa, Toronto, and Kingston, chiefly on topics relating to peace. By some accident I was invited to talk to the Empire Club of Toronto, whose idol is Mr. Chamberlain. Somehow or other, however, I succeeded in making friends of them. My subject was "Next-door Neighbours." I am actually ashamed to go to Canada on account of our tariff. There, along an imaginary line, we "hold up" all travellers and relieve them of an average of 60 per cent. of their goods ! We spend millions to bridge rivers and pierce mountains, and then deliberately create artificial obstructions beside which the Atlantic Ocean, the Himalayas, and the Andes would be trivial. Along the whole Canadian frontier of 3,000 miles we have done what we could to shut out the narrow strip of habitable land in a sort of outer darkness. It is the utterly irredeemable bad manners of it that impresses me the most. People discuss protection as if it were a matter of economics. It is really a matter of common decency.

Nor was it towards mankind only that Crosby felt this guiding sense of friendliness and goodwill, for to him—humanitarian and vegetarian as he was—the lower animals also were "neighbours and brothers." Witness the following message sent by him to a meeting of the Humanitarian League :

* For the benefit of those who may imagine some connection between non-resistance and effeminacy, it may be stated that in personal appearance Crosby was in a marked degree strong and manly, even to bluntness, and gave the impression not of a pale idealist of the study, but of a hearty country-dweller. We have heard of a case where a correspondent whom he unexpectedly visited during his last stay in England spent a whole afternoon with him without discovering that it was *the* Mr. Crosby, of whom he had formed a different mental picture.

Two thousand years ago, in answer to the question "Who is my neighbour?" the parable of the Good Samaritan was told, to show that a despised foreigner and heretic was also a brother. You may remember that this philanthropic man, so much kinder than priest and Levite, dressed the wounds of the highwaymen's victim, set him on his "beast," brought him to an inn, and took care of him. The part which the "beast," played in this labour of rescue has generally been overlooked, but if the parable were to be told anew to-day, we should insist upon it, I am sure, that the "beast" was a neighbour and brother too, for the idea of brotherhood and neighbourhood has of late been quietly developing and extending its skirts.

The fact is that we ought to be something more than *men*, and we need a term that will include all sentient beings with ourselves. I should be ashamed to boast of being human in the presence of some dogs of my acquaintance. Such epithets are too narrow. They are sectarian. To our deepened and widened consciousness they have come to sound like mere party names and faction labels, and they are so fossilised that we cannot infuse into them a new and broader meaning. Let us drop them, then, as distinguishing terms, and the aloofness which they imply, and claim the more plastic and comprehensive titles of "neighbours and brothers," for these names are as live as we are, and have the inherent capacity of growing with our conceptions and of embracing to the uttermost our expanding horizons.

The modern writers by whom Crosby was most influenced were Leo Tolstoy, Edward Carpenter, Walt Whitman, and Henry George. His first volume of verse bears a dedication to Tolstoy ("Hail, Tolstoy, bold archaic shape"), his last to Carpenter ("Seer beholding things divine"); and his indebtedness to these two thinkers, though not in the least impairing his own originality, is apparent to all who study his writings. The resemblance between Ernest Crosby's unrhymed poetry and that of Edward Carpenter, though superficial enough, has sometimes led to confusion, of which we had a strange instance some five or six years ago, when a literary friend, to whom we had vainly recommended Carpenter's poems, suddenly made the discovery that the two "E. C.'s" were, in fact, one and the same, and that "Plain Talk in Psalm and Parable" was a pseudonymous work by Carpenter. "I owe you a confession," he wrote. "I have not been able

to find in Carpenter hitherto anything that substantiated your warm admiration for him. But now a flood of light is illuminating his 'Towards Democracy.'" We communicated this discovery to both the poets concerned, and they were equally charmed by it.

Crosby's personal life is described by his friend Leonard Abbott as "almost austere in its simplicity and loneliness"; he belonged entirely to no political or social school.

"His vegetarianism was not a fad, but a deep-rooted conviction, which he lived out at much personal inconvenience. His hatred of militarism was a passion with him. . . . He lived at Rhinebeck-on-the-Hudson, in a palatial house, surrounded by nine hundred acres. The property was vested in his wife's name. I always felt that Crosby was a prisoner, waited upon by servants and lackeys. He had quite definitely turned his back on the 'respectable' classes; his sympathies were all with that nether world that struggles upward to the light. . . . No one who knew Crosby would doubt his absolute sincerity. The man was honest and pure to the very core. I never detected a false note in him, and I have seen him in all kinds of situations. There was not the slightest trace of egotism in his nature; he was as humble as a little child. . . . With his magnetism, his magnificent presence, his great abilities, he could have won the highest political honours. He might have been Mayor, or Governor, or President. Instead, he chose to become an apostle of unpopular ideas, despised and rejected of men. And who can dare to say that he was ineffectual?"

In conclusion, we will say this—that if we were to seek among Crosby's poems for one which tersely symbolised his life-work, we should choose the following triplet, entitled "The Search":

No one could tell me where my Soul might be.
I searched for God, but God eluded me.
I sought my Brother out—and found all three.

THE R.S.P.C.A. : A CRITICISM

THE recent changes in the management of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals marked a fit moment for pressing on the attention of the committee the urgent need of bringing the society more into accord with the modern humanitarian spirit. As a rule, it is an invidious task to suggest that reforms are required in the policy and methods of an old institution like the R.S.P.C.A.; but when an epoch in a society's career was drawing to its natural close, and a reconsideration of policy was inevitable, there could be no just reason for offence if those who were not directly connected with the work of the society, yet were fellow-workers in the same cause, took the opportunity to appeal to the executive on a matter which concerns all true friends of animals alike. We greatly regret that the appeals thus made have proved to be wholly unsuccessful.

A RIP VAN WINKLE AMONG SOCIETIES.

For, to come to the point at once, it is beyond doubt that there is a very deep dissatisfaction, among the more intelligent and active workers for the welfare of animals, at the stupor (the word is no whit too strong) into which the R.S.P.C.A. has of late fallen with respect to the advancement of the cause and the fuller recognition of animals' rights. Go where you will among the men and women who are to-day doing the most active work on behalf of animals, you hear the same thing said, the

same disappointment expressed at the failure of the wealthiest and most powerful zoophilist society to keep abreast of the times, and you find the same conviction that the R.S.P.C.A. has become not only useless as a fighting force, but by its dead-weight of inactivity a positive obstacle to progress. The wheels of the R.S.P.C.A. have, in fact, for many years been in a rut; the society has been living on the memories of its past, forgetful that it ought rather to be laying up material for the future.

It has to be remembered that more than half a century has passed since those great Acts of Emancipation which first condemned cruelty to animals in English law and prohibited bull and bear baiting, and that since that time no measure of first-class importance has been passed by the instrumentality of the R.S.P.C.A. There has been a great advance in the sense of our obligations towards animals, but the chief cause of the advance must be sought in the humanising spirit of the age, and in that breaking-down of the barriers between human and non-human which was apprehended by our poets and philosophers first and by our scientists afterwards. The work of the R.S.P.C.A. has been chiefly in the maintenance and enforcement of the *present* law for the prevention of cruelty to animals; the task of showing the utter inadequacy of that law, in view of the rapid growth of humane sentiment, has been mostly undertaken by others. In a word, the R.S.P.C.A. has become a prosecuting organisation and little more.

THE EVILS OF PRIVATE PROSECUTING AGENCIES.

Now the position of such private prosecuting agencies as the R.S.P.C.A. and the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children is, in our opinion, essentially wrong in principle, and ultimately injurious in practice to the very cause which the societies are intended to promote. It is the legitimate function of a private society

to work for the passing of a law; but when once the law is passed, it is the duty not of any private persons, but of the police, to secure its proper enforcement. We do not mean to be pedantical in this matter, and we readily admit that it is better that children and animals should be protected by private agencies than not be protected at all; but we wish to point out that, in the long run, this system of relieving the police of their duties necessarily does more harm than good, for it practically creates a *lower grade* of laws—*i.e.*, those which are not of sufficient importance to be carried out by the police themselves, and have, therefore, to be taken up by some private association—and thus lowers in public esteem the very class of beings whose status it is desired to raise. Already signs are not wanting that this view of the matter is beginning to be recognised on the Bench and in the Press. “I think it is wrong,” said a judge in a recent case of cruelty to children, “for the police to leave cases like this in the hands of the officers of this society. They have no right to do that. It should be the duty of the police to take up all such cases as these.” And with regard to the Penruddocke case, a well-known journal remarked that “it is scandalous that the conduct of the prosecution in such a case should be left in the hands of a private society supported by voluntary contributions.” We would draw the attention of all lovers of animals to the fact that by undertaking the work of prosecution—*i.e.*, the carrying out of the *present* law—they are greatly crippling their own efforts for the amelioration and strengthening of the law. Why fight our old battles over and over again, when the police could do the work far better and more effectively?

WHERE THE R.S.P.C.A. HAS FAILED.

At any rate, there is urgent need for a forward department of the R.S.P.C.A., which shall work to improve and

strengthen the law, not merely to carry it out; for the failure of the society in this respect has of recent years been most lamentable. To show the truth of this statement, it is only necessary to glance at the attitude which the society has taken up towards the following most important questions:

1. *Vivisection*.—Here we have the spectacle of the R.S.P.C.A. being completely dispossessed of the place which it *ought* to occupy, in the prevention of scientific cruelty to animals, by the National Anti-Vivisection Society and other such associations. Why is this? Is it that these officious anti-vivisection societies have needlessly run in where good work was already being done, and have robbed the R.S.P.C.A., so to speak, of its pre-eminence? Not at all. The reason is that the R.S.P.C.A. has stood aloof from the anti-vivisection movement because it is unpopular, and has left to others the burden of making protest against the most awful of all cruelties that are inflicted on the lower races. One would think that, in such a matter, *noblesse oblige*, and that a *Royal* Society would be in the forefront of the fight. Alas! the case is precisely the reverse; it is the Anti-Vivisection Societies which are bravely battling against this great wrong, while the Royal Society spends its time and money in prosecuting carters and others who ill-treat their horses—that is, in doing the work which the police would otherwise be bound to do! Not only has the R.S.P.C.A. not aided the anti-vivisection movement, but by its timid and hesitating policy it has greatly retarded it.

2. *Sport*.—Here, again, much the same process has been at work. For the last sixteen years a persistent and vigorous agitation against the more debased and cruel forms of blood-sports has been kept up by the Humanitarian League, which has already resulted in the abolition of the Royal Buckhounds, the introduction and widespread advocacy of the Spurious Sports Bill, and the dissemination of a higher ethical standard on the whole

subject of "sport." Far from helping in this endeavour, the R.S.P.C.A. has throughout damned it with the very faintest of faint praise. Its timidity during the League's long crusade against the Royal Buckhounds first, and then against the Eton Beagles, has been positively laughable. On one or two occasions it has been nearly driven to take some feeble action, and then such counsels have been overruled by the more timorous and conservative of its members, and it has sunk back into its former apathy and sloth.

THE QUESTION OF CRUEL SPORTS.

We desire to speak more particularly of this question of cruel sports, because it is here that the abdication of the R.S.P.C.A. from the high position which it once held, and which it ought to hold, as foremost champion of the rights of animals, has been most marked. Up to the year 1905 the society did at least give its official support (however feebly translated into action) to the attempts made by the Humanitarian League to obtain further legislation; but the committee, never very progressive in its policy, has now actually retroceded in this respect, and the recent withdrawal of its support from even such a moderate measure as Mr. Luttrell's Spurious Sports Bill, which would prohibit only the degraded pastimes of tame stag-hunting, rabbit-coursing, and shooting pigeons from traps, lends a new proof to our contention. The importance of the position held by the R.S.P.C.A. is largely owing to its having been entrusted with the work of prosecution; it has thus come to be regarded as an authority, not only in the application of the existing laws, but in the question of further legislation. Here it is that the influence of the R.S.P.C.A. appears to us to be a mischievous one, because the very reason that makes it so powerful in the prevention of what is at present defined as cruelty, makes it equally impotent in extending the legal definition of that offence—viz., the fact that among

the subscribers to the society are many devotees of sport and other callous practices, who, while quite willing to comply with the existing law, are extremely anxious to avoid any such strengthening of the law as might affect their own recreations, and who, therefore, resent any forward movement by the organisation to which they belong. Subscriptions given to the R.S.P.C.A. may thus become a sort of investment on the part of the sportsmen—a security that their sport is by so much the less likely to be interfered with. In the oft-quoted words of “Hudibras,” the sporting folk

“Compound for sins they are inclined to,
By damning those they have no mind to.”

Here is the explanation, possibly, of the otherwise incomprehensible attitude of the R.S.P.C.A. towards the Spurious Sports Bill, and its eagerness to play off the Wild Animals in Captivity Protection Act, of 1900, against any more drastic humanitarian measure.

THE WILD ANIMALS IN CAPTIVITY ACT.

Now the Act of 1900 was practically the result of a “deal” between the society and the sportsmen, who, while stipulating that the provisions of the Act should not apply to anything done in the sacred name of sport (unless the animal were released in a mutilated condition), were graciously pleased to allow “wild” animals in menageries, etc., to come within the sphere of protection. Even thus it would have been impossible to pass the Bill, had it not been for the strong humanitarian agitation carried on for eight years previously against rabbit-coursing, stag-hunting, and similar sports, which had so thoroughly alarmed the sporting fraternity that they were willing to acquiesce in a small “non-controversial” measure, lest a worse thing might befall them.

So far, well and good; for any useful instalment of reform, however small in itself, should be welcomed by

all sensible men ; and it is only because an attempt is being made to exaggerate the scope of the Act of 1900, and so depreciate the need for further legislation, that it is necessary to protest. The difficulty of the position of the R.S.P.C.A. would seem to be this—that while, on the one hand, it is afraid of alienating its sporting members if it goes forward, on the other hand, it is afraid of offending its humanitarian members if it hangs back ; hence it is driven to take up a dubious attitude between the two, and to pretend that in the glorious Act of 1900 a law has been passed which may well satisfy the ideal of the humanitarian, while the interests of the sportsman are preserved. In a book lately published under the auspices of the society, and described in its annual report as “a guide for humanitarians,” namely, “The Law Relating to the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals,” the following poetical account is given of the scope of the Act of 1900 :

“Whereas the Cruelty to Animals Acts, 1849 and 1854, only protected domestic animals, this Act sweeps into its net almost every other act of cruelty to any other animal which it seems possible to conceive of. . . . Section 4 is important as protecting persons preparing animals for food, and also persons engaged in genuine sport.”

Certainly a section which, by exempting sportsmen of every kind, “genuine” or the contrary, from liability to the Act, permits rabbit-coursing, stag-hunting, etc., to be carried on as before (with the single exception above referred to, that relating to maimed or mutilated animals), must be considered “important.” It is more “important,” in truth, than the Act itself ! The half, as in the Greek proverb, is “greater than the whole.”

Now, why should the two legal gentlemen who wrote this book (one of them is, we believe, a member of the committee of the R.S.P.C.A.) have so preposterously exaggerated the scope of that useful but narrowly-restricted little measure, the Act of 1900 ? Presumably because the Act is the straw, so to speak, to which a sinking committee must cling—the only result the society

has to show, as far as "sport" is concerned, since bull and bear baiting were abolished—for the abolition of the Royal Buckhounds was effected, sad to say, by the bold bad Humanitarian League, whose very name is treated as unmentionable in Jermyn Street!

One might have supposed that an Act which "sweeps into its net" every conceivable act of cruelty to wild animals had left no further work for zoophilists to accomplish; but even since the passing of this all-comprehensive measure the R.S.P.C.A. has not been permitted to sleep the sleep of the just, for the wicked humanitarians not only worried the Jermyn Street Committee into using the Act for the suppression of certain malpractices in rabbit-coursing (if there can be said to be any particular malpractice in a sport where all is so infamous), but have continued to promote the Spurious Sports Bill as busily as before, with the result that many of the most influential branches of the R.S.P.C.A., less timid than their central committee, have passed resolutions in favour of the Bill.

LEGISLATION "NOT DESIRABLE AT PRESENT."

Finding itself thus "between the devil and the deep sea," the R.S.P.C.A. felt impelled to make a public statement, and an amazing statement it was! Here it is, as issued by the secretary of the society in the autumn of 1906:

"The committee consider that the promotion of legislation, and especially of controversial legislation, is not desirable at present, and should be undertaken as far as possible by individuals; but they will always readily give information and assistance in any way in their power to those who are attempting to procure legislation for the prevention of cruelty to animals."

Surely this is the most marvellous announcement ever made by a zoophilist society! We have apparently reached such a pitch of humaneness in our treatment of wild animals that no further legislation is desirable "at present." Now, seeing that there has been practically no legislation, as far as sport is concerned, since bull and

bear baiting were prohibited more than half a century ago, that such hideous barbarities as tame stag-hunting, rabbit-coursing, pigeon-shooting, etc., are in full swing around us, and that the present Parliament is notoriously favourable to humanitarian reforms, it is difficult to understand what the R.S.P.C.A. could precisely mean by its strange reference to "at present." The reform has been overdue for a generation—there is an excellent chance of accomplishing it now—and we are told that "at present" it is not desirable even to ask for it!

Then there is the not less surprising statement that the promotion of legislation "should be undertaken by individuals." But if legislation is not desirable "at present," how does it become more desirable if individuals, rather than societies, promote it? We fear the remark can only mean that the R.S.P.C.A. is afraid that it might lose the subscriptions which it "at present" receives from wealthy sportsmen if it were to take any active part in agitating for a reform.

Finally, why, if legislation is not required, is the society willing to "give assistance" to the misguided individuals who attempt to secure what is so undesirable?

But even this was not the end of the humiliating process, for, after announcing that legislation is "not desirable at present," the committee of the R.S.P.C.A., alarmed by the strong line taken by many of their branches, and by internal dissensions at Jermyn Street, have themselves introduced legislation, in the form of a new Bill to amend the Act of 1900—evidently in the hope of taking the wind out of the sails of the humanitarian agitation by using it (as in 1900) as a means of passing another uncontroversial measure, and then claiming what credit can be got by the achievement.

A SPURIOUS "SPURIOUS SPORTS BILL."

And now for the Bill itself. We advise all of our readers who relish a Gilbertian comedy to get a copy of

the *Animal World* for January last, and read the report presented to the R.S.P.C.A. by its farcical sub-committee "appointed to consider the Spurious Sports Bill." This sub-committee, which appears to have been selected on the principle of setting the cat to watch the cream, contained among its members Mr. H. D. Greene, Sir Howard Vincent, M.P., Sir Frederick Banbury, M.P., three stalwart opponents of reform,* and Mr. Guillum Scott, who, to express it mildly, is not exactly an advocate of progressive measures; and the result of the deliberations of this charming little coterie was that, in their anxiety to prevent Mr. Luttrell's Bill from becoming law, they deemed it politic to draft another Bill of their own. We would hazard the guess that it was the legal mind of Mr. H. D. Greene that hit upon a specious method of leaving the well-to-do stag-hunter and pigeon-shooter outside the clutch of the law, while making it apply, or seem to apply, to the humble rabbit-courser†—viz., by making the Bill prohibit "the hunting or coursing" (not shooting, mark!) "of any animal which has been liberated *in an enclosed place* for that purpose." Now, we frankly admit that the Bill would be a very fair one *if* it were the practice to hunt or course pigeons instead of shooting them, and to carry on stag-hunting in enclosed places; but, as it happens, the two brutal sports of hunting the carted stag and shooting pigeons from traps would not be touched by this precious piece of legislation!

To crown all, some misguided persons have given the Bill the same heading as that which it is intended to upset, and have called it the "Spurious Sports (No. 2)

* Sir Frederick Banbury, thus appointed to aid in a judicial examination of the Bill, was actually the person who "talked it out" in 1903!

† We say "seem to apply," because it is evident that if the Bill passed, the rabbit-courers would evade it by holding their meetings where there is no enclosure, but where the circle of spectators would as effectually prevent the escape of the quarry.

Bill." We grant that in one sense it deserves the title, if it be understood that it is the Bill itself, and not the sport only, that is "spurious."

A QUESTION FOR THE RANK AND FILE.

With the rank and file of the R.S.P.C.A. we have no quarrel whatever, for we believe the large majority of its members to be sincerely anxious for genuine reform in blood sports—as, indeed, was shown by a recent vote at the annual meeting. Our dispute is solely with the little self-elected clique of sportsmen, or friends of sportsmen, who dominate the Jermyn Street committee and dictate the policy of the society. If these men succeed in their present object of thwarting the genuine "Spurious Sports Bill" by the introduction of a counterfeit Bill to safeguard the cruel amusements of their stag-hunting and pigeon-shooting supporters, while condemning the cruel pastime of working men, it will be the R.S.P.C.A. itself that will suffer, for it will have to bear the lasting disgrace of having sided, at an important crisis, with the sportsmen against the humanitarians, only to find that a still stronger agitation has been set on foot. We trust that the branches and active members of the R.S.P.C.A. will give their immediate attention to this matter, and call the Jermyn Street committee to strict account.

We appeal, then, to the rank and file of the R.S.P.C.A. to utilise the present opportunity for reorganising the society on a more effective and intelligent basis, even at the risk of losing some of the aristocratic figure-heads and sportsmen who adorn the society's list of patrons? After all, the active support of live men and women is worth more, in the long run, than the patronage of wealthy "dead-heads" and Rip Van Winkles.

THE PUNISHMENT OF FIRST OFFENDERS

MR. THOMAS HOLMES, ex-police-court missionary and now secretary of the Howard Association, recently contributed to a popular magazine an article under the above heading. As that article does not appear to me to suggest any practical proposal for the solution of what is undoubtedly an extremely difficult and a very important problem, I am induced to make some remarks and criticisms thereon, with a view of enlightening public opinion in the matter. Mr. Holmes, quite correctly, observed at the commencement of his article that "many societies have been called into existence for the purpose of studying criminals, or for the purpose of advocating reforms in dealing with them." Mr. Holmes, as I have said, is himself now the secretary of one of these very societies. It has always appeared to me that these societies regard the problems they propose to cope with from an academic rather than a practical standpoint, and that their "remedies," if carried into effect, would accentuate the very evils it is suggested they would cure. The announcement that the writer of the article in question was an ex-police-court missionary will, doubtless, have led some persons to suppose that he must know everything about crime and criminals and the best means of dealing with both. It is possible that some of these persons may desire to know my qualifications to criticise Mr. Holmes' suggestions. I am not, and I have not been, a police-

court missionary. My experience of crime and criminals is more extensive, and I would suggest that my opportunities for forming some correct opinions and acquiring knowledge in respect thereof are greater, inasmuch as my experience has been gained as an inmate of a convict prison. I therefore can at least claim to possess that practical knowledge which Mr. Holmes has obviously had no opportunities of acquiring.

Now I have no desire to minimise the importance of the functions of a police-court missionary or the value of his work. Such a man has great opportunities and great responsibilities, but he has also great temptations. One of those temptations is to become in some respects the Mentor of the presiding magistrate, and to mix up missionary with magisterial functions. Mr. Holmes in his article gave an exemplification of this very fact. In alluding to the First Offenders Act, Mr. Holmes remarked that its provisions may be extended too far. He urged that what are sometimes called "first offenders" are in reality not so. Many of them, he says, committed offences previously but were not caught, and when caught they plead they are first offenders. And so they surely are, legally. There are, no doubt, many thousands of offenders in this country who have never been, and never will figure, in a police-court. The law obviously can only take cognisance of charges legally made; it has no machinery for making psychological inquisitions as to whether a legal first offender is or is not a moral second, or third, or fourth offender. Mr. Holmes is, however, apparently of opinion that what the law itself cannot do a police-court missionary may assist it in doing. He relates the case of a young woman who stole nine pounds, was arrested, taken before a magistrate, and remanded for a week. She was seen by the visiting ladies, who promised to intercede for her with the magistrate, in order that she might be dealt with under the First Offenders Act. She was also seen—in the cells—by Mr. Holmes, who cross-

questioned her as to whether she was sorry for and ashamed of her act, and asked her whether she would, if released, "make restitution." The woman declined to pledge herself, and told Mr. Holmes she was going to be dealt with—the visiting ladies had apparently so assured her—under the First Offenders Act. "Supposing he doesn't, will you make restitution then?" inquired Mr. Holmes. "No," was the answer. The girl was placed in the dock, "the very picture of injured innocence, and as demure as any typewriter" (typist is, I presume, meant). The ladies came forward to receive and care for the prisoner, and the magistrate was about to comply with their request, bind over and release this legal first offender. What, however, happened? Let Mr. Holmes relate. "I told him of the girl's frame of mind, and *had the pleasure of hearing him say, 'You must go for three months' hard labour.'*" The italics are mine. Elsewhere in his article Mr. Holmes remarked, and I agree with him: "At present prisons do not deter, neither do they reform, and it invariably happens that the man or woman that has been once committed to prison is most likely to get there again." One, accordingly, fails to understand Mr. Holmes' glee on hearing this woman sent to one of these institutions where she would "most likely" be manufactured into a professional criminal. Be that as it may, I am inclined to think that the interference of a police-court missionary in reference to magisterial discretion and decisions is inadvisable and altogether outside his proper province.

Restitution appears to be, in effect, Mr. Holmes' pet panacea not only for the first offender but for other offenders. "It would be well," he says, "for the wrong-doers to realise that no absolution can be obtained until reparation—so far as possible—has been made. I entirely fail to understand what Mr. Holmes means by "absolution," and "so far as possible" in reference to restitution is somewhat vague. I must, however, point out that

restitution as a legal penalty is a novel and a dangerous doctrine, and Mr. Holmes in advocating it shows that, police-court missionary though he has been, he does not comprehend the essential principles of English law, and, indeed, of the law of every civilised state. Those principles, briefly, are that a prisoner is punished, not for his offence against the individual, but for the infringement of his country's laws. Once the law is set in motion the individual injured is merely a witness in the matter; the prisoner has to answer for his crime against the State. The State has nothing, and obviously should have nothing, to do with restitution. This is a matter for the individual's conscience, if he have a conscience. It would be a fatal day for the jurisprudence of this country were this principle of restitution recognised or sanctioned in the matter of punishment for crime. How frequently do we see the friends of "the man of good family" who has broken the law coming forward and not making restitution in the proper sense of the term, but planking down money with a view, if possible, of getting their relative off, or, if not possible, of lightening his sentence. Readers of this magazine no doubt remember the case of a well-known scion of the aristocracy who some years ago received a sentence of five years' penal servitude in respect of a contemptible fraud on a moneylender. His friends reimbursed the moneylender, but the judge declined to take the fact into account in sentencing the prisoner. Here restitution had been made, and, according to Mr. Holmes, the State should compel restitution, and withhold the complete discharge of any offender against the law until some *bond fide* restitution has been made. This, says Mr. Holmes, "would prevent a large number of individuals being committed to prison at all, a consummation to be devoutly wished." It certainly would prevent offenders with rich relatives going to prison. The aristocratic scoundrel, the felonious financier, and all the most dangerous kind of rascals, would make restitution, either personally or by

proxy, and so escape incarceration. The vulgar criminals who swindle, not in thousands but in silver or copper, would still fill our gaols, and, were Mr. Holmes' suggestions adopted, would never be "completely discharged" until they had made restitution—that is to say, they would be till then either on ticket of leave or else under police supervision. What would, of course, happen would be that an additional impetus would be given to the manufacture of professional criminals. As it is, the discharged prisoner too often lapses into crime, just because he finds the problem of earning an honest living an insoluble one. Mr. Holmes proposes that, in all cases of fraud, he should be discharged weighed down with a pecuniary liability, and that until he has made this good he should remain under the supervision of the authorities. Quite obviously the getting rid of the liability and the accompanying restrictions would be the initial object of the discharged prisoner, and the simplest and quickest means to that end would be to purge one crime by committing another.

Mr. Holmes urges restitution in all cases, but he suggests that "all persons who have robbed or injured others should be compelled to make restitution or reparation to those they have wronged before they should be considered entitled to the privilege of a first offender." As I have said before, the law has nothing to do with restitution, and there is no class of criminals in regard to whom the application of such a principle would be more pernicious than the first offender class. Were Mr. Holmes' proposals adopted, the first offender with moneyed friends would invariably go scot free; the first offender with no friends, or whose friends had no money, would go to prison, which, according to Mr. Holmes, "neither deters nor reforms"; while the man or woman who has been once there is most likely to go there again. Restitution or gaol for the first offender! Were this principle in vogue, it may be taken as certain that the law would be far more frequently set in motion than is now the case. Not for

the purpose of asserting its majesty, but of putting pressure on a culprit's relatives or friends to pay up to avoid disgrace. Blackmail, in fact, under the ægis of the law.

The punishment not only of first offenders but of all offenders is, I admit, a difficult and highly important question. The difficulties, however, ought not, in my opinion, to prevent some serious attempt being made to solve the problem. To send a first offender to gaol is to severely handicap him on the paths of redemption and rehabilitation of character. The moral atmosphere in which he (or she) will pass the sentence is foetid, and no reformatory influences whatever are brought to bear upon him. I do not call a plethora of religious books and a number of sermons in the prison chapel reformatory influences. They are, I fear, for the most part regarded as part of the punishment. Imprisonment as it exists to-day has undoubtedly a weakening effect on the moral fibre, and on the prisoner's release, unless he be a man of extraordinary energy and determination of character, his experiences will assuredly tend to still further weaken it. On the other hand, I am not an advocate of the indiscriminate discharge of first offenders, who are often more culpable than second or third offenders, inasmuch as the temptations and difficulties of the former have not been so great as those of the latter. But in regard to all offenders what is needed and what does not at present exist is intelligent treatment of each case—individual punishment, in fact, not punishment *en bloc*. Under existing conditions prisons in this country, whether local or convict, are neither deterrent nor reformatory. They are establishments in which routine is rampant, the officials of which are the veriest slaves of routine. To one like myself, who had to spend 1,382 days and nights in these establishments, that long period in retrospect, save as regards the several days spent in railway travelling from one prison to another, seems as one day. The deadly

dull monotony is horrible, awful. It drives some men mad, others it makes stupid, many it renders malevolent, enemies of society which has dealt with them thus. But to the man who attempts to cultivate a philosophical temperament, who determines to exercise patience, and to utilise his opportunities for study of various kinds, including that of the establishment in which he is, what is it? It is dull, deadly dull, as I have said; the food is awful, but is sufficient to maintain one in a condition of vitality. The officials are, as a rule, brutal in their attitude and tone, but one gets used to that. There are abundance of opportunities for reading, books are plentiful—and there is always the future. The end comes, and then the past seems merely a horrible nightmare with no events standing prominently out to mark the flight of time. But there is nothing deterrent in all this, and most certainly if there is any reformatory influence it emanates from within the prisoner himself, and does not come from outside. No one sought to reform me; indeed, the subject was never referred to unless indirectly in those marvellous platitudinous exertations—prison sermons. Mr. Holmes asserts that the "Prison Commissioners are making serious attempts to so alter British prisons that they shall exercise a reforming influence." I do not believe it. The reforming influence must come from elsewhere, and if there is one thing the Prison Commissioners and all prison officials are and always have been determined on, it is to keep all extraneous influences out of English prisons. They have struggled for years, and they are still struggling, with that object in view.

"To submit men and women to the deadening monotony that now exists" (in prisons) "is certain to conduce to that condition of mind and body which makes it almost certain that they will repeat their offences when again at liberty." So writes Mr. Holmes, and I cordially agree with him. But so thinking, why, may I ask, does he suggest imprisonment as the alternative of restitution, and

why do he and the society of which he is the secretary advocate the permanent incarceration of habitual offenders? In many articles I have written on the subject of the treatment of crime and criminals since my release from penal servitude, I have, in the light of my experience, advocated not only the educational and reformative treatment of the prisoner when in prison, but, more important still, a total change in the attitude of society to him when he is released. As things now are he is driven from pillar to post, a social pariah whom no man will employ and no man will trust. Indeed, he can only get employment by deceit and on false pretences, and in nine cases out of ten he reverts to crime not from choice but from necessity. Society is, accordingly, responsible for that continual manufacture of professional criminal which is constantly in progress, and until society changes its attitude in this matter the habitual criminal will remain with us, a disgrace to our civilisation, a discredit to our Christianity.

"The total of concerted crime—omitting company promoting—is, after all, but small," says Mr. Holmes. Company promoting, I may observe, is not a crime. Some company promoters, no doubt, commit crime just as do persons engaged in other pursuits. To run a tilt at the company promoter as such is, I regret to say, the practice of a good many people who ought to know better. Company promoting in a commercial country like Great Britain is a necessary calling. It, I admit, affords excellent opportunities for roguery, and accordingly has attracted, perhaps, a larger proportion of black sheep than have other flocks. But to classify company promoters generally as criminals is both unjust and inaccurate. Concerted crime is, I quite agree, small in extent, smaller even than is generally believed. The natural honesty of man to his fellow-man is greater than some people suppose. The larger, in fact the vast, proportion of crime is due to accidental and removable causes. Un-

fortunately, society is more concerned about wreaking its vengeance on the infringer of its laws than in seeking to investigate the causes which produce the disease that induced the crime. And when it has caught the criminal, instead of educating him in the direction of guarding against a return of his malady, it places and keeps him amidst those conditions and surroundings which are most conducive to a relapse. Society has the remedy in its own hands—not society in the abstract, but the concrete individuals that constitute society.

This is an ex-prisoner's contribution to a solution of the grave problems of crime and the habitual criminal. Prisoner I have been, but I am no pessimist. Deep down in human hearts in gaol, as out of it, there are human feelings, and the glorious gospel of humanity can and should be preached alike to prisoner and philosopher—the gospel that teaches that in an ideal but not an impossible condition of civilisation man would not hurt his fellow-creature in thought, word, or deed. The prisoner is as ready for that gospel, and would be as receptive of it, as any other class of the community. Up to now the very antithesis of it has been impressed on and expressed to him in prison, and in the world on his release from prison. The time is ripe for a change in this respect. I hope every one of my readers will do what in him or her lies to bring about this happy consummation. When achieved much will have been accomplished in the direction of solving many great problems, and a marked advance will have been made in the direction of abolishing—abolishing because no longer necessary—those wens on the surface of a civilised world—prisons and penal establishments.

H. J. B. MONTGOMERY.

SOME EIGHTEENTH CENTURY HUMANITARIANS

ONE name in the eighteenth century towers above all others in general service to the humanitarian cause. By extraordinary comprehensiveness of intellect, by unrivalled critical acumen, by unsurpassed power of satire, above all by intense hatred of injustice and untruth, Voltaire came in the later part of his career to be perforce recognised as the undisputed leader in the tremendous conflict with the forces of inhumanity and wrong. But it is as the pre-eminent critic rather than as the practical reformer (as was the great social revolutionist Rousseau) that the philosopher of Ferney has distinction. By unflinching and unceasing exposure of the atrocities and absurdities perpetrated in the name of religion, the arrogant pretensions of an all-powerful sacerdotalism, the iniquitous barbarities of the criminal codes of Christendom; by holding up for universal detestation the equally irrational and atrocious "experiments" of the pseudo-scientific Inquisition; by frequent reprobation of the revolting inhumanities of diet; by exposure of the iniquitous modes of taxation, and, in particular, of the crushingly oppressive tyranny of the farmers-general and financiers—one of the chief causes of the abounding misery of the French proletariat; by constantly repeated vindications of the rights of conscience and reason, to which are to be added his eloquent appeals to the conscience of the enlightened part of Europe against particular injustices of judicial tribunals—by all these incessant labours, the award of impartial

judges that he is altogether entitled to be regarded, not alone as the greatest name in philosophy and literature, but as one of the greatest benefactors of the species, has been fully justified.

Of all the numerous surviving barbarous institutions of Christian civilisation, its criminal codes flourished most flagrantly conspicuous. In the year 1764 appeared the famous "*Dei Delitti e delle Pene*" ("Crimes and Punishments") of the Italian Beccaria, in which, for the first time with any fulness, the iniquitous cruelty of these sanguinary codes in general, and of legal torture in particular, was held up to reprobation :

"Open the histories of people, and we shall see," he affirms, "that laws which are [or ought to be] compacts of free men have been chiefly but the instrument of the passions of the few, or that they have sprung from a fortuitous and temporary necessity. Never have they been dictated by a candid and impartial investigation of human nature and needs. As for the frightful cruelty of legal penalties, or the irregularities of criminal tribunals—that part of legislation so important and so treated with contempt or neglect in almost the whole of Europe—very few have combated the accumulated blunders of so many ages even so far as to check these authoritative and long continued examples of cold atrocity. And yet the groans of the weak, sacrificed to cruel ignorance and the callousness of the powerful ; the barbarous tortures, multiplied with lavish and useless severity for crimes either not proved or by their nature impossible (*chimerici*) ; the horrors and wretched squalor of prisons augmented by that most cruel torturer of the unhappy accused—uncertainty—ought to have excited the indignant compassion of those who direct the opinions of men."

Between crimes and penalties, insists Beccaria, there should be some sort of proportion. He asserts with equal justice the very grave responsibility of legislators for crimes called into existence by their own inequity, and he denounces the equal atrocity and absurdity of the torture-chambers, where the pretended criminal was *forced* to accuse himself.

"where the power of resistance to the most excruciating agonies is made the crucial test of truth, as if its criterion resided in the nerves and muscles. This infamous test is a still existing monument of the

old and savage legislation, when proofs by fire and boiling water and the uncertain event of arms were called *judgments of God*, as though the links of the eternal chain in the breast of the first Cause were at every moment to be disarranged and disordered for the sake of paltry human institutions (*frivoli stabilimenti umani*)."

Two years later than the "*Dei Delitti*" Voltaire published his equally meritorious "*Commentaire sur les Délits et les Peines*," in which he emphasises the protests of Beccaria and ensures far wider currency for them than they would have had unaided by his commanding name.

In a preface recording with eloquent indignation the shocking, barbarous fate of a young girl who had been lately hanged for involuntary infanticide, he admonishes the legislators and judges:

"It would have been far better to *prevent* these miseries, which are sufficiently common, than to be content with barbarously punishing them. The true jurisprudence is to *prevent* crime, and not to inflict an ignominious death upon the feeblers sex, especially when it is evident that the fault has not been accompanied by evil intention, and that it has been at the cost of the most sacred feelings. Assure as far as possible to you a resource for whoever shall be tempted to do ill, and you will in that case have fewer to punish. . . . On whatever side (of the laws) we cast our eyes are found contradictions, cruelty, incertitude, arbitrariness."

That this admonition is quite as applicable to English criminal law as it was, and in some measure as it still is, as to that of France or any other country, is known to all who have any knowledge at all of English history and English law, which abundantly illustrate the old Roman saying, *summum jus summa injuria*, as expressed by the Constance of Shakespeare, "perfect law is perfect wrong."

Of the insane atrocities of torture by (so-called) scientific experiment, in all the "Laboratories" of Christendom, Voltaire thus speaks, in affirming the reasoning faculties of the higher non-human races—of the canine in particular:

"There are barbarians who seize this dog, who so greatly surpasses man in fidelity and friendship, and nail him down to a table, and dissect him alive, to show you the mesaraic veins. You discover in

him all the same organs of feeling as in yourself. Answer me, Machinist [believer in Descartes' theory of mere mechanical movement], has Nature arranged all the springs of feeling in this being to the end that he might *not* feel? Has he nerves that he may be incapable of suffering? Do not imagine such impertinent contradictions in Nature" (Art. "Bêtes" in *Dict. Phil.*).

Again, in the "Elémens de la Philosophie de Newton" (1734), he protests:

"There is in man a disposition to compassion as generally diffused as his other instincts. Newton *cultivated* this feeling of humanity, and extended it to the lower animals. With Locke he was strongly convinced that God has given to them a proportion of ideas and the same feelings which He has to us. He could not believe that God, who has made nothing in vain, would have given to them organs of feeling *that they might have no feeling*. He thought it a very frightful inconsistency to believe that they feel, and at the same time to cause them to suffer. On this point his morality was in accord with his philosophy. He yielded but with repugnance to the barbarous custom of supporting ourselves upon the blood and flesh of beings like to ourselves, whom we caress, and he never permitted in his own house the putting of them to death with exquisite [*recherchées*] modes of butchery for the sake of making the dish more delicious. This compassion which he felt for other animals culminated in true charity for men. In truth, without humanity, the virtue which comprehends all virtues, the name of philosopher is little deserved."

This higher morality he inculcates again and again in passages of his various writings—in his masterpiece, "Les Mœurs et l'Esprit des Nations," and other graver works, as in his exquisite fictions, "La Princesse de Babylone" and "Lettres d'Amabed."

The merits of Rousseau as an apostle of humanitarianism depend not so much upon profound intellectual and critical power, nor even upon excellence of style, but upon the genuine enthusiasm and persuasive eloquence with which he urges his arguments for reconstruction of the corrupt social system. Not excepting the "Contrat Social" and the "Essai sur l'Inégalité," the "Emile" has most significance of the writings of the apostle of Nature; and it is as the *educational* revolutionist that his

teaching is most important, for right training obviously must be the basis of all real reformation of society.

"He revolted," says one of his latest critics (in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, 1898) "against the false civilisation which he saw around him. He was penetrated with sorrow at the shams of Government and Society, at the misery of the poor existing side by side with the heartlessness of the rich. He lays great stress on the *earliest* education . . . Educate the heart to wish for right actions; before all things study Nature. The chief moral principle is *do no one harm*."

In detail there is not a little in this most influential of treatises on education—especially in what respects the feminine sex—that is open to criticism; but none the less by exposing, with minute examination, the fatal evils originating in the orthodox, traditional methods of training (or of not training) the beginning and development of the mind Rousseau performed a service to the world the value of which cannot be over estimated. No passage in the "Emile" has more of universal significance than this:

"At birth an infant cries, its first infancy is passed in weeping. Sometimes it is rocked, caressed, to appease it. Sometimes it is threatened, beaten, to make it hold its tongue. Either we do *its* pleasure or we make it do *ours*. Either we submit to *his* fancies, or we submit him to *ours*. No middle course or moderation; he must either command or obey. Thus his first ideas are those of domination and of servitude. Before he is able to speak he commands; before being able to act he obeys; and he is often punished before he can even know his faults, or, rather, can commit any. It is thus that there are early poured into his young heart the passions which afterwards are imputed to Nature, and that, after having been at the pains to make him bad and wicked, they complain that they have *found* him so. . . . After having stifled the natural character by the passions which they have brought into existence, they hand over this artificial being to the hands of a tutor or teacher, who finishes by developing the artificial germs which he finds already quite formed, and teaches him everything except to know himself, to form his own opinions, to know how to live and to make himself really happy. At last, when this child, slave and tyrant, stuffed with knowledge, and bereft of judgment and right understanding, feebly equally in soul and in body, is thrown upon the world, by exhibition of folly, pride, and every vice, he makes

us deplore human perversity and wretchedness. We deceive ourselves: it is the creature of our own perversity and caprice; that of Nature is otherwise constructed."

Of the many other humane writers of the eighteenth century it must suffice here to mention the following: Steele, on "Sport," in *Tatler*; Pope, on culinary cruelties, in *Guardian*; Mandeville, in "The Fable of the Bees"; Hecquet, on the humaner living; Thomson, in "The Seasons"; Cheyne, in his essay "On Regimen," etc.; Goldsmith, in his "Citizen of the World," etc.; Samuel Johnson, in the *Rambler*, on torture by scientific experiment; Chesterfield, on dietetic cruelties, in the *World*; Howard, in his "State of the Prisons"; Granville Sharp, in treatises on the Slave Trade; Clarkson, in speeches and writings on the same subject; William Cowper, in "The Task"; Robert Burns, in his poems; Romilly, in "Observations on the Criminal Law"; St. Pierre, in "Paul et Virginie," etc.; William Godwin, in "Political Justice"; Mary Wollstonecraft, in her "Vindication of the Rights of Women"; Soame Jenyns, in his "Disquisitions"; C. J. Fox, speeches in the House of Commons; Bentham, on the English criminal code in various writings; George Nicholson, on the rights of the extra-human races; Thomas Paine, on the Slave Traffic and "Rights of Man"; Richter, on education; Herder, in "Letters on Humanity"; and Cocchi, on reform of diet.

So far as literature is concerned, it is the peculiar glory of the eighteenth century to have deserved to be entitled the Humanitarian Age.

HOWARD WILLIAMS.

JOHN BURROUGHS AS NATURE- LOVER.

DURING the past few years we have chiefly heard of Mr. John Burroughs as a somewhat irascible champion of the older forms of natural history against the newer school represented by Mr. Thompson Seton, Mr. W. J. Long, and Mr. C. G. D. Roberts, and as author of that very ill-judged book, "Ways of Nature," which is mainly an attempt to belittle the intelligence of animals, and to deny them either reason or individuality. We the more regret that Mr. Burroughs has taken up this attitude in his old age, because we have long known and loved him as the author of some of the most beautiful essays ever written about Nature and the natural life; and to these essays, in the present article, we propose to recur, forgetting for the while the unfortunate controversy which Mr. Burroughs has so unwisely provoked.

These earlier essays may be conveniently classed, according to their subjects, under the heads of Nature and Literature, of which the first-named is by far the more important and characteristic division. As a poet-naturalist, reproducing in graphic touches the charm of outdoor life, and initiating his readers into the mysteries of woodcraft and bird-lore, Burroughs offers many points of resemblance both to Thoreau and Jefferies; there is the same intense watchfulness, the same determined concentration of eye and ear on some particular locality. But Burroughs has none of the mysticism which underlies Jefferies' writings, nor the self-consciousness which some critics have blamed (absurdly

enough) in Thoreau; "the man that forgets himself," he says, "he is the man we like." He does not trouble himself about the mysteries of existence, or the perplexing spiritual problems by which the metaphysician is beset; it is the physical aspect of nature, in its simplest and most unsophisticated form, by which his attention is attracted. His genius shows itself in a robust, healthy, genuine manner of thought, and in a literary style which is at once strong, picturesque, and idiomatic. He is no dilettante man of letters, no ambitious place-hunter, but a single-hearted lover of nature, endowed with all the simplicity and sincerity of Gilbert White, while he possesses also the finer instincts and deeper sympathies of a poet. "I had rather have the care of cattle," he says in one of his essays, "than be the keeper of the great seal of the nation;" and all his writings bear evidence of the same hearty and disinterested spirit; of the powerful brain and the clear eye; of the "sanity" (for this is his dominant characteristic) that preserves a just balance between the powers of the body and the powers of the mind.

"What little literary work I do," he writes in a letter to an American journal, "is entirely contingent on my health. If I am not feeling absolutely well, with a good appetite for my food, a good appetite for sleep, for the open air, for life generally, there is no literary work for me. If my sleep has been broken or insufficient, the day that follows is lost to my pen. What do I do, then, to keep healthy? Lead a sane and simple life; go to bed at nine o'clock, and get up at five in summer, and at six in winter; spend half of each day in the open air; avoid tea and coffee, tobacco, and all stimulating drinks; adhere mainly to a fruit and vegetable diet, and always aim to have something to do which I can do with zest."

However we may regard Burroughs' fanciful assertion that he built into his house on the Hudson the rich autumn days, no less than the quarried limestone, his readers cannot fail to discover that he has written into his literary essays the strength and sanity which are an integral part of his life and character. His writings breathe the very freshness and flavour of the open air and the country-side.

In those essays which are based on reminiscences of his early days, as, for instance, in his "Phases of Farm Life," Burroughs has drawn some delightful pictures of old-fashioned dwelling-houses; of Dutch barns, with hooded doors and huge gables; of scenes of threshing and dairy-work; of visits to the distant market-town across wild upland tracks, when the writer, then a boy, made the journey, as he relates, "perched high on a spring-board, and saw more sights and wonders than I have ever seen on a journey since, or ever expect to see again;" of ploughing, fence-building, and other farm occupations; of flax-growing, hay-harvesting, and sugar-making in the maple-woods in spring. On the other hand, in such essays as "Spring at the Capital," which may be compared with much of Richard Jefferies' "Nature near London," we have some interesting records of Burroughs' residence at Washington, giving proof that the true naturalist always keeps touch with nature, even when he is compelled to dwell in the town. It was not, however, altogether a town-life at this period.

"I was then," he says, "the fortunate and happy lessee of an old place with an acre of ground attached, almost within the shadow of the dome of the Capitol. Behind a high but aged and decrepit board-fence I indulged my rural and unclerical tastes. Inside that gate was a miniature farm, redolent of homely, primitive life, a tumble-down house and stables and implements of agriculture and horticulture, broods of chickens, and growing pumpkins, and a thousand antidotes to the weariness of an artificial life. Outside of it were the marble and iron palaces, the paved and blistering streets, and the high vacant mahogany desk of a Government clerk."

Lastly, in "A River View," and several other essays which deal with his later life at Esopus, he has given us some vivid and graphic sketches of the varied scenery of the Hudson, which at this point is a majestic river, navigated by large steamers—one of the great highways of civilisation, though wild and almost primeval forests stretch back from its bank. Now we see the river "sen-

sitive, tremulous, and palpitating" in the full glory and pomp of summer; now entranced and becalmed in the haze of a mild autumn; now spell-bound and silent in the winter frosts, or ringing with the operations of the annual ice-harvest, when "the scenes and doings of summer are counterfeited upon these crystal plains;" and now again flowing with open current when set free by the wild winds and rains of spring.

Few writers have shown so great an appreciation as Burroughs of the picturesque element and impressive features in the constant march and succession of the four seasons, or have delineated so delicately the ambiguous shades of gradation that divide them. Here is a delightful spring picture (evidently a reminiscence of boyhood) from "A March Chronicle":

"I think any person who has tried it will agree with me about the charm of sugar-making, though he have no tooth for the sweet itself. It is enough that it is the first spring work, and takes one to the woods. The robins are just arriving, and their merry calls ring through the glades. The squirrels are now venturing out, and the woodpeckers and nuthatches run briskly up the trees. The crow begins to caw, with his accustomed heartiness and assurance; and one sees the white rump and golden shafts of the high-hole as he flits about the open woods. Next week, or the week after, it may be time to begin ploughing and other sober work about the farm; but this week we will picnic among the maples, and our camp-fires shall be an incense to spring. Ah, I am there now! I see the woods flooded with sunlight; I smell the dry leaves, and the mould under them just quickened by the warmth; the long-trunked maples in their grey rough liveries stand thickly about; I see the brimming pans and buckets, always on the sunny side of the trees, and hear the musical dropping of the sap; the 'boiling-place' with its delightful camp-features, is just beyond the first line, with its great arch looking to the south-west. The sound of its axe rings through the woods. The huge kettles or broad pans boil and foam, and I ask no other delight than to watch and tend them all day, to dip the sap from the great casks into them, and to replenish the fire with the newly-cut birch and beechwood."

A still more suggestive essay is that on "Autumn Tides," in which Burroughs describes the autumn as in some respects an imitation or parody of the spring, "a

second youth of the year," when the air is again humid, the streams full, the leafage conspicuous, the birds less silent and retiring. "Nature," he says, "is breaking camp, as in spring she was going into camp; the spring yearning and restlessness is represented in one by the increased desire to travel." "For my part," he adds in the same essay, "I find all literary work irksome from April to August; my sympathies run in other channels; the grass grows where meditation walked. As fall approaches, the currents mount to the head again. But my thoughts do not ripen well till after there has been a frost." Winter (if we may judge by the excellence of his writings on that theme) is the season which is especially congenial to Burroughs' temperament, his stern, clear, masculine mind finding its natural spur and stimulant in the keen air, the crisp snow, and the firm, frost-bound earth. "Winter Sunshine" is the title given to one of his most remarkable volumes, and the glories of winter have seldom been better celebrated than in such essays as "The Exhilarations of the Road" and "The Snow-Walkers," from the latter of which the following passage is taken:

"The tendinous part of the mind, so to speak, is more developed in winter; the fleshy, in summer. I should say winter had given the bone and sinews to literature, summer the tissues and blood. The simplicity of winter has a deep moral. The return of Nature, after such a career of splendour and prodigality to habits so simple and austere is not lost either upon the head or the heart. It is the philosopher coming back from the banquet and the wine to a cup of water and a crust of bread.

"And then this beautiful masquerade of the elements—the novel disguises our nearest friend puts on! Here is another rain and another dew, water that will not flow, nor spill, nor receive the taint of an unclean vessel. And, if we see truly, the same old beneficence and willingness to serve lurk beneath all.

"Look up at the miracle of the falling snow—the air a dizzy maze of whirling, eddying flakes, noiselessly transforming the world, the exquisite crystals dropping in ditch and gutter, and disguising in the same suit of spotless livery all objects upon which they fall. How novel and fine the first drifts! The old, dilapidated fence is suddenly

set off with the most fantastic ruffles, scalloped and fluted after an unheard-of fashion ! Looking down a long line of decrepit stonewall, in the trimming of which the wind had fairly run riot, I saw, as for the first time, what a severe yet master artist old Winter is. Ah, a severe artist ! How stern the woods look, dark and cold, and as rigid against the horizon as iron !”

It cannot be said of Burroughs, as Emerson has said of Thoreau, that “though a naturalist, he used neither trap nor gun.” Directly or by implication, he pleads guilty to having borne his share in many a hunting expedition by field and forest, whether in tracking and trapping the fox among the snows of winter, or shooting the grey squirrel in the autumn woods, or “cooning” in the early spring, as when Cuff, the farm-dog, had discovered the whereabouts of a raccoon, “that brief summary of a bear,” in a neighbouring tree. It is, however, not the beasts, but the birds, that are the chief objects of Burroughs’ interest and attachment ; not Wilson, nor Audubon, nor Michelet, nor Hudson himself, could regard the bird-world with a more enthusiastic devotion. A whole volume, “Wake-Robin,” is given up to the discussion of bird-lore ; the title of another, “Birds and Poets,” bears witness to the same partiality for the feathered race ; while a number of scattered essays—“A Bird Medley,” “Birds and Birds,” “Birds-Nesting,” and the like—deal with the same subject. It is noted by Burroughs that the valley of the Hudson, like other water-roads running north and south, forms a great natural highway for the birds in their annual migrations ; so that from his home at Esopus he looks out, as from a post of vantage, on the movements of the various species. In April it is the robin that strikes the prevailing note ; in May the bobolink ; in the summer months the song-sparrow. Much mention is there also of the wood-thrush, and the mocking-bird, the peewee, the chickadee, the phœbe-bird, and a score of others unknown to English eyes and ears, yet made seemingly familiar by such writings as those of Thoreau and Burroughs. There is something

contagious in the enthusiasm with which he records the sight of a long line of swans wending their way northwards high overhead; or of eagles and crows perched on floating blocks of ice; or of a soaring buzzard "placidly riding the vast ærial billows"; or of the rare incursion of multitudes of passenger-pigeons, "making the naked woods suddenly blue, as with fluttering ribbons and scarfs, and vocal as with the voices of children." "The very idea of a bird," he says, "is a symbol and a suggestion to the poet. A bird seems to be at the top of the scale, so vehement and intense is his life—large-brained, large-lunged, hot, ecstatic, his frame charged with buoyancy and his heart with song. The beautiful vagabonds, endowed with every grace, masters of all chimes, and knowing no bounds—how many human aspirations are realised in their free holiday-lives—and how many suggestions to the poet in their flight and song!"

Bees also, and especially the wild bees, claim their due share of attention in Burroughs' open-air studies, the title of one of his volumes, "*Locusts and Wild Honey*," giving an indication of the direction of his tastes, the name carrying with it, as he remarks, "a suggestion of the wild and delectable in nature, of the free and ungarnered harvests which the wilderness everywhere affords to the observing eye and ear." In the essay on "*The Pastoral Bees*" he deals mainly with the domestic apiary, in the "*Idyll of the Honey Bee*" with the more exciting topic of honey-hunting in the wild woods, in which occupation the keen eye and strong nerve—two of Burroughs' characteristic qualities—are indispensable to success. "I have never had any dread of bees," he says, "and am seldom stung by them. I have climbed up into a large chestnut that contained a swarm in one of its cavities and chopped them out with an axe, being obliged at times to pause and brush the bewildered bees from my hands and face, and not been stung once."

Two of the most graceful and idyllic of Burroughs'

essays are those on "Our Rural Divinity" (the cow) and "The Apple." The latter is, I think, the choicest of all his writings, with its pervading sense of mellow humour, its rich, ripe thought, and unfailing felicity of expression. The very flavour of the apple seems to have passed into such passages as the following :

"Noble common fruit, best friend of man and most loved by him, following him like his dog or his cow, wherever he goes. His homestead is not planted till you are planted, your roots intertwine with his ; thriving best where he thrives best, loving the limestone and the frost, the plough and the pruning-knife, you are indeed suggestive of hardy, cheerful industry, and a healthy life in the open air. Temperate, chaste fruit ! you mean neither luxury nor sloth, neither satiety nor indolence, neither enervating heats nor the frigid zones. Uncloying fruit, fruit whose best sauce is the open air, whose finest flavour only he whose taste is sharpened by brisk work or walking knows ; winter fruit, when the fire of life burns brightest ; fruit always a little hyperborean, leaning toward the cold ; bracing, sub-acid, active fruit. I think you must come from the north, you are so frank and honest, so sturdy and appetising. You are stocky and homely like the northern races. Your quality is Saxon. Surely the fiery and impetuous south is not akin to thee. Not spices or olives, or the sumptuous liquid fruits, but the grass, the snow, the grains, the coolness is akin to thee. I think if I could subsist on you, or the like of you, I should never have an intemperate or ignoble thought, never be feverish or despondent. So far as I could absorb or transmute your quality, I should be cheerful, continent, equitable, sweet-blooded, long-lived, and should shed warmth and contentment around."

The essays on literary subjects, though fewer in number than the nature-writings, are most suggestive and valuable contributions to American criticism, and very characteristic of Burroughs' own manner of thought. In "Before Genius" and "Before Beauty" he sets forth his views on the question of literature and art, to the effect that for a full and satisfactory expression of the literary and artistic faculties there is need of a background or substratum of healthy physical force ; literature apart from life is a sickly and unnatural creation without strength or permanence. He insists that the quality which is indispensable to any lasting success

in literature is "the man behind the book." "Good human stock is the main dependence. No great poet ever appeared except from a race of good fighters, good eaters, good sleepers, good breeders. Literature dies with the decay of the *unliterary* element." So, too, with artistic beauty. "Beauty without a rank material basis enfeebles. Woe to any artist who disengages beauty from the wide background of rudeness, darkness, and strength—and disengages her from absolute Nature!" Burroughs' love of wild, vigorous, aboriginal nature is thus seen to form the central point of his critical philosophy, which is further exemplified and pressed home in some remarkably luminous and forcible essays on three typical American authors—Emerson, Thoreau, and Walt Whitman. Emerson, whom Burroughs had studied, as he tells us, when he was himself "a well-grown country youth," is regarded by him with the mixed feelings of an admirer and a critic, admiration of his splendid intellectual qualities being tempered by a sense of his deficiency in bulk, emotion, and massive strength.

He describes Thoreau as "a kind of Emersonian or transcendental red man, going about with a pocket-glass and an herbarium instead of with a bow and a tomahawk." "He went to Nature," he says, "as to an oracle; and though he sometimes, indeed very often, questioned her as a naturalist and a poet, yet there was always another question in his mind." This introspection on the part of Thoreau, together with what Burroughs considers to be a lack of human sympathy, prevents him from regarding his fellow-naturalist as a really great personality, though he yields willing homage to his brilliant genius, his rich vein of thought, and especially to that innate love of wildness with which he himself is so largely endowed. It was, perhaps, to be expected that Burroughs, with his rough, full-blooded temperament, should miss some of the intense charm which an idealist finds in Thoreau's more thrifty philosophy and humanitarian tendencies.

It is in Walt Whitman that he finds the "broad, powerful, opulent, human personality" which he craves as a corrective after the writings of the Emersonian school. "All the works of Whitman," he says, "prose and verse, are embosomed in a sea of emotional humanity, and they float deeper than they show; there is far more in what they necessitate and imply than in what they say." No reader who is acquainted with Burroughs' strong cast of mind, and has noted his entire belief in full and healthy vitality, will be surprised to find him an ardent and enthusiastic admirer of the great poet of American democracy.

On the other hand, his love of wild nature, his keenly observant eye, and instinctive faculty of noting or divining the ways and movements of bird and beast, place him in close affinity with Thoreau and Jefferies, whom he also resembles in the possession of that poetic insight which distinguishes the "poet-naturalist" from the naturalist pure and simple, and gives a literary form and a deeper significance to what would otherwise be a dry record of scientific observation. He differs from these kindred writers by reason of his greater "sanity" or self-possession, but together with this quality he has also the corresponding defects; for while he is saved from falling into the extravagances of thought and expression to which they are liable, his more solid and stable intellect is incapable of rising to the spiritual altitudes to which they sometimes attain. He has produced no volume that is comparable to Thoreau's "Walden" or Jefferies' "Story of My Heart"; but as an essayist on nature and natural history he certainly deserves to be read and remembered, and the secret of his charm lies in the genuine personality that everywhere backs his writings—in his own formula, "the man behind the book."

REVIEWS

"THE MAKING OF THE CRIMINAL."

WE have received from Messrs. Macmillan and Co. a copy of "The Making of the Criminal," by Charles E. B. Russell and L. M. Rigby (3s. 6d. net), and we are sorry that such space as we can afford for this book must be devoted to criticism of one particular passage. On pp. 290 and 291 the authors, in dealing with the Hungarian system of treating juvenile crime, go out of their way to indulge in a particularly rude and spiteful sneer at humanitarians. In the *Humane Review* for April, 1906, there appeared an article on "The Transformation of Young Criminals in Hungary," written by Mr. W. H. Shrubsole, a well-known and much respected authority on Hungarian subjects, who, after giving a summary of the penalties employed in Hungarian reformatories, as detailed in a Blue-Book ("La Lutte contre la Criminalité des Mineurs en Hongrie"), made the following remark: "As all the punishments are here specified, it is obvious that corporal punishment is never practised or even thought of." In this Mr. Shrubsole was mistaken; but the mistake was a very pardonable one, for this reason—that whereas no less than eight penalties are enumerated in the Blue-Book (p. 96), in what has every appearance of being a full list, not one word is said of corporal punishment. More than sixty pages later, however, there is a paragraph (most clumsily detached from its context), in which it is stated that in

certain rare cases, when all other means have failed, recourse may be had to the birch-rod. This later paragraph Mr. Shrubsole overlooked.

Now, we have taken the trouble to look into this matter, and we put it to any fair-minded man, whatever his opinion on corporal punishment—was there any ground whatever in such a case as this for imputing a dishonest motive? Yet this is what Mr. Russell, in pointing out the mistake, thinks fit to say of it:

“It is unfortunate for the reputation of ‘humanitarian’ ethics that so misleading a statement should have been printed in the anti-flogging organ.”

The reference to humanitarian *ethics* can only mean that the error raises suspicions of deliberate misstatement; while the reference to the *Humane Review* as the “anti-flogging organ” gives an impression that the article in question was some official pronouncement. As a matter of fact, the article was simply one contributed (and signed) by an individual writer, for the details of which the writer, and not the editor, was responsible; nor is the *Humane Review* itself an “organ” of anti-flogging or of anything else, but a magazine quite independent of any society.

It is to be regretted that Mr. Russell did not have the courage to advocate flogging openly, instead of attempting thus indirectly to discredit those who differ from him on that point. It would seem to us that it is not the ethics of humanitarians so much as the manners of pro-floggers that are under suspicion.*

* Since the above was written we have received the welcome information from the Dean of the High School at Kassa, that even such corporal punishment as was still permissible in Hungarian reformatories has recently been prohibited by order of the present Minister of Justice—a fact which we commend to the attention of the authors of “The Making of the Criminal.” Mr. Shrubsole’s statement is, after all, the correct one, and Mr. Russell’s the one that needs to be withdrawn.

"THE ETHICS OF DIET."*

Mr. Howard Williams has long been better known to the humanitarian world in name than in person. It is inevitable in all progressive movements that the men of action should be more conspicuous than the men of thought, that those who are to the fore in committee-room or lecture-hall, who are engaged in promoting and carrying out the actual propagandist work, should be recognised by a hundred of the adherents of the new system where the retired student is recognised by one. Yet it is no idle compliment to say that during the last thirty years few individual workers have done more than Howard Williams for the advocacy of humane principles. By word and by pen, in private and in public, in season and out of season, he has been a quiet but indefatigable champion, not of food reform only, but of *all* causes in which justice and freedom are concerned. It is safe to say that thousands upon thousands of readers of London and provincial papers, who have never heard of Howard Williams, have read letters signed "H. W.," or "M.A. Cantab.," and have been the wiser for reading them. It is impossible to estimate precisely the result of work like this; that it has a very considerable influence in the extension of humane ideas may be confidently asserted.

Mr. Williams has always consistently and firmly held the humane or "anti-cruel" aspect of food reform to be the foremost one, and the "national economic," or "anti-waste," view to come second; it being his belief that destitution, with all its frightful sufferings, involving almost every sort of brutality and wretchedness, must be traced ultimately to the slaughter-house. Of the many wrongs inflicted by mankind on the non-human race, it

* "The Ethics of Diet: a Biographical History of the Literature of Humane Dietetics." Manchester: Albert Broadbent; London: Richard J. James. 1s. 1907.

seems to him that the most atrocious are—(1) those perpetrated in *private* slaughter-houses ; (2) the tortures of the secret pseudo-scientific inquisition, commonly but inadequately termed “Vivisection” ; (3) the cruelties for which sportsmen, or “amateur butchers,” as he prefers to call them, are responsible, especially in the destruction of deer and hares. One of his strongest convictions is that the sacred cause of Right and Humaneness would be now far more advanced if there were a fuller persuasion among all humane persons of the importance of more efficient organisation and concentration of energy against the worst forms of cruelty, and if the value of private propagandism and insistence upon the criminality of acquiescing in cruel usages were more generally recognised. We give these details of personal feeling almost in his own words, because such feeling has left its mark very strongly on the “Ethics of Diet,” which is undoubtedly the greatest and most notable of all Howard Williams’s contributions to the literature of humanitarianism.

For the writing of this “Biographical History of the Literature of Humane Dietetics” its author was excellently qualified by the fact that he unites a wide classical knowledge with the newer spirit and enthusiasm of humanity ; he is a student of *Literæ Humaniores* in the truest and fullest sense. A scholar of St. John’s College, Cambridge, he took his M.A. degree in 1861, becoming a convert to the humane diet ten years later, and a member of the Vegetarian Society in 1873.

The “Ethics of Diet” first appeared in the *Dietetic Reformer*, 1877-1882, and was published in book form in 1883. Some of the readers of this article will probably remember the serial publication of the “Ethics” ; to the present writer, then a novice in vegetarianism, it was a matter of great interest and encouragement. For it is evident that in the early stages of the vegetarian movement, when the adherents of the reformed diet are for the most part mere scattered groups, or even isolated units,

in a population of flesh-eaters, one of the great difficulties that beginners have to contend with is that sense of solitariness and lack of fellowship which only strong natures can overcome. It needs much courage to quit the beaten paths and enter on a new mode of living, as many have done or essayed to do, without assured knowledge of the similar experiences of other and earlier pioneers. The out-of-the-way vegetarian tyro is apt to think that he is making a perilous experiment—adventuring, like Columbus and his voyagers, into an unknown ocean from which he may never return—an apprehension which anxious friends and relatives are only too quick to foster. Hence the great value of a book which shows, by a well-selected series of biographies and quotations, the early evolution and the historical continuity of the protest against butchery, and thus proves that, far from being a mere desultory and isolated piece of "sentimentalism," the vegetarian principle is essential to true ethical progress, though only during the present century has it been developed into a definite system. For the service thus rendered, the "Ethics of Diet" has well deserved the appellation of "the text-book of vegetarianism," and the exceptional honour of being translated into Russian by so great a literary and ethical authority as Count Leo Tolstoy, who has spoken of Mr. Williams's work in words of high praise. And now, by the enterprise of the Vegetarian Society, to which all humane dietists owe their thanks, this extremely valuable and important book appears in a cheaper and abridged edition, carefully revised by the author and brought fully up to date. Its reissue is an event of real significance in the annals of humane reform.

We wish to impress on all humane-minded persons, whether vegetarians or not, who may chance to read this review the advisability—we would almost say the duty—of doing all that lies in their power to circulate the "Ethics of Diet." The fault of vegetarian literature as a rule is

that, like other propagandist writings, it is apt to be scrappy and ephemeral, dealing in a cursory though often effective way with such controversial topics as may arise from time to time. Mr. Williams's book, on the contrary, is a classic, a veritable mine of learning, giving us a mass of varied and scholarly information ranging over every period of history, and covering not only the subject of humane dietetics, but the whole sphere of man's relation towards the non-human races. It is invaluable not only to food-reformers, but to all humanitarians who attempt in any way to improve the condition of the lower races.

No one has a right, in these modern days, to call himself "zoophilist" who is not aware of the momentous influences of flesh-eating in its bearing on "zoophily," and it is on this point that Mr. Williams is an authority beyond question. So, too, as regard ethics. It is not merely a *dietetic* problem that the book discusses; it is, as the title rightly indicates, an *ethical* principle of the utmost importance that is at stake. For which reason it is to be hoped that this popular edition of the "Ethics of Diet" will find its way into the hands of all those who are in any degree professors or students of morals; and that we shall not much longer witness the scandal (for it is no less than a scandal) of the existence of a so-called Ethical Movement, with Ethical Societies, Ethical Lectures, Ethical Libraries, and what not, in which almost every question of the day is discussed *except* the one which, as Howard Williams shows, is a matter of daily, personal, and terribly practical significance.

— International —
Arbitration and Peace Association.

OFFICES: 40, OUTER TEMPLE, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

President: HODGSON FRATT. Chairman of Committee: FELIX MOSCHELES.

Among the objects of the Association are the following:

- 1.—To create, educate, and organise public opinion throughout the civilised world in favour of the substitution of **ARBITRATION FOR WAR.**
- 2.—To promote a better understanding and more friendly feeling between the citizens of different nations.
- 3.—To correct erroneous statements in the public press or in Parliament on International questions.

Concord, the monthly journal of the Association, edited by G. H. FERRIS, may be had at the Office, price 1d.; Annual Subscription, 1s. 6d., including postage.

Subscriptions and Donations should be forwarded to

J. FREDK. GREEN, Secretary.

“INDIA.”

(Established 1891.)

Published every Friday. Price 3d., with postage 3½d.

Annual Subscription 10/6 (including postage).

Six Months, “ 6/- “

“INDIA” presents the Indian view of Indian Affairs.

“INDIA” gives a continuous record of all proceedings in Parliament relating to Indian affairs. This record alone suffices to make the journal invaluable for regular perusal and permanent reference. Those who cherish the desire to do their duty by India and our fellow-citizens in that great Empire are under much disadvantage so long as they do not avail themselves of the facilities that are provided by this weekly journal designed to serve that Imperial purpose.

Publishing Offices: 85, PALACE CHAMBERS, WESTMINSTER, S.W.

The Social-Democrat:

A MONTHLY SOCIALIST REVIEW.

PRICE SIXPENCE NET.

Printed and Published by **THE TWENTIETH CENTURY PRESS, Ltd.,**
37a, Clerkenwell Green, London, E.C.

BROTHERHOOD: A Quarterly Magazine.

Designed to help, through the spread of purer, truer thought,
the reconstruction of souls and bodies, and the peaceful evolution of a juster
and happier social order.

Edited by **J. BRUCE WALLACE.**

Post free 1s. 6d. a year. A Sample Copy sent post free to any inquirer on receipt
of post-card.

27, PATERNOSTER SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.

21

THE
NATIONAL ANTI-VIVISECTION SOCIETY.

President: LORD LLANGATTOCK.

Hon. Secretary and Treasurer:
THE HONBLE. STEPHEN COLERIDGE.

Now Ready. Sent Free on Application.

A SUMMARY OF THE EVIDENCE
TAKEN BEFORE THE
ROYAL COMMISSION ON
VIVISECTION

DURING THE FIRST NINE DAYS,

TOGETHER WITH

An Essay on this Evidence

BY

G. G. GREENWOOD, Esq., M.P.

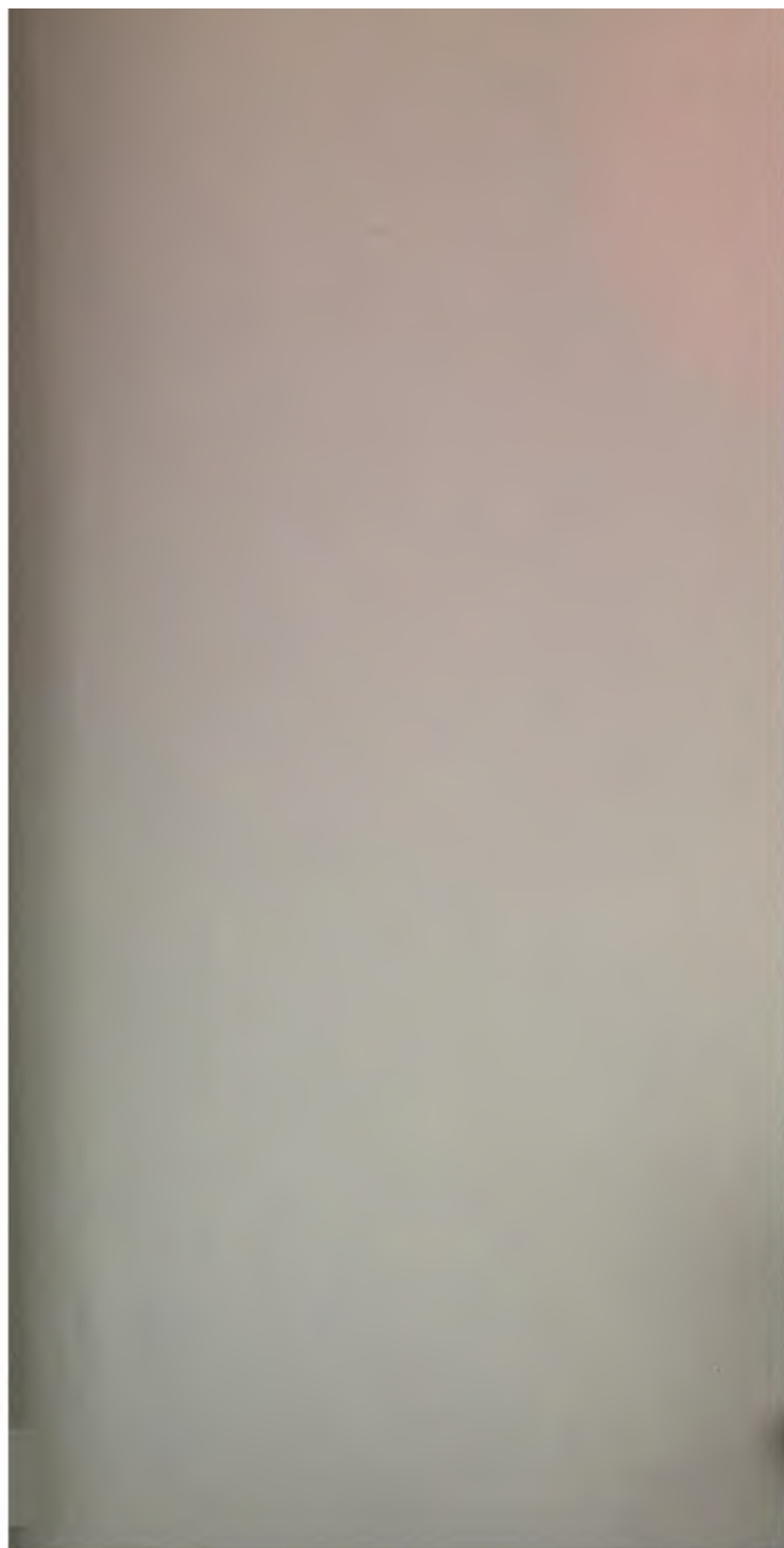
AND SOME

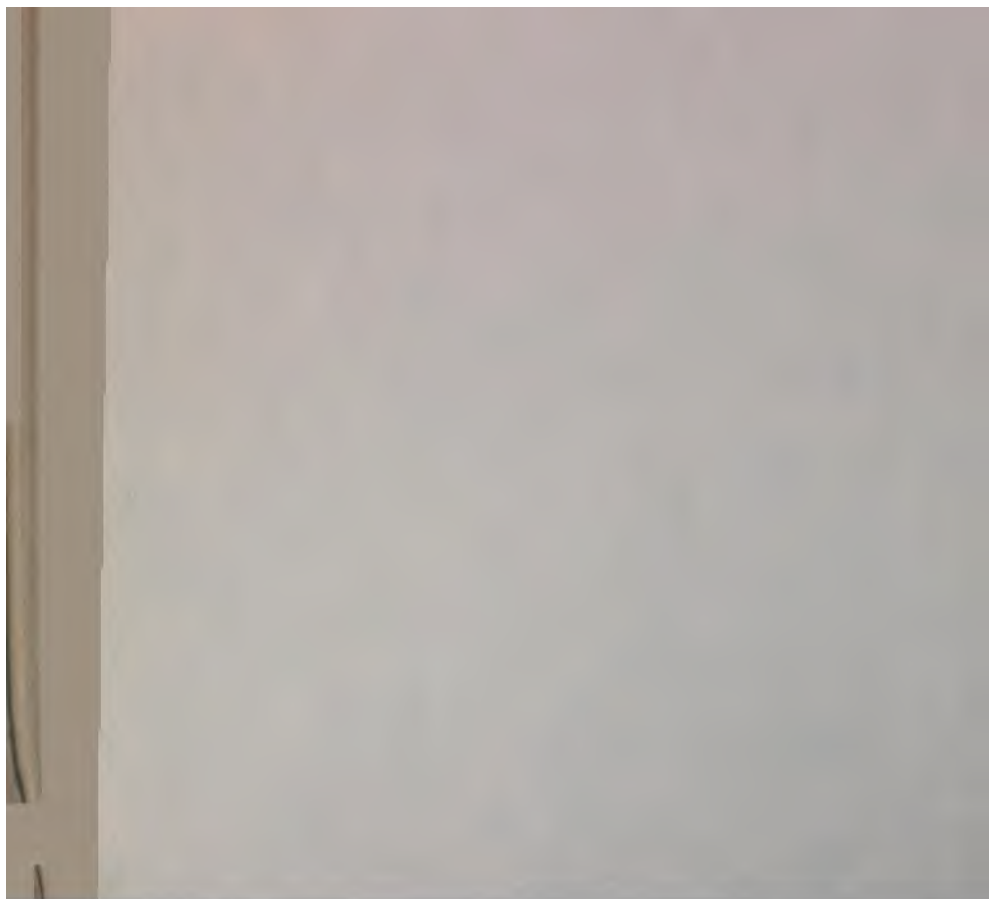
NEWSPAPER REPORTS AND COMMENTS.

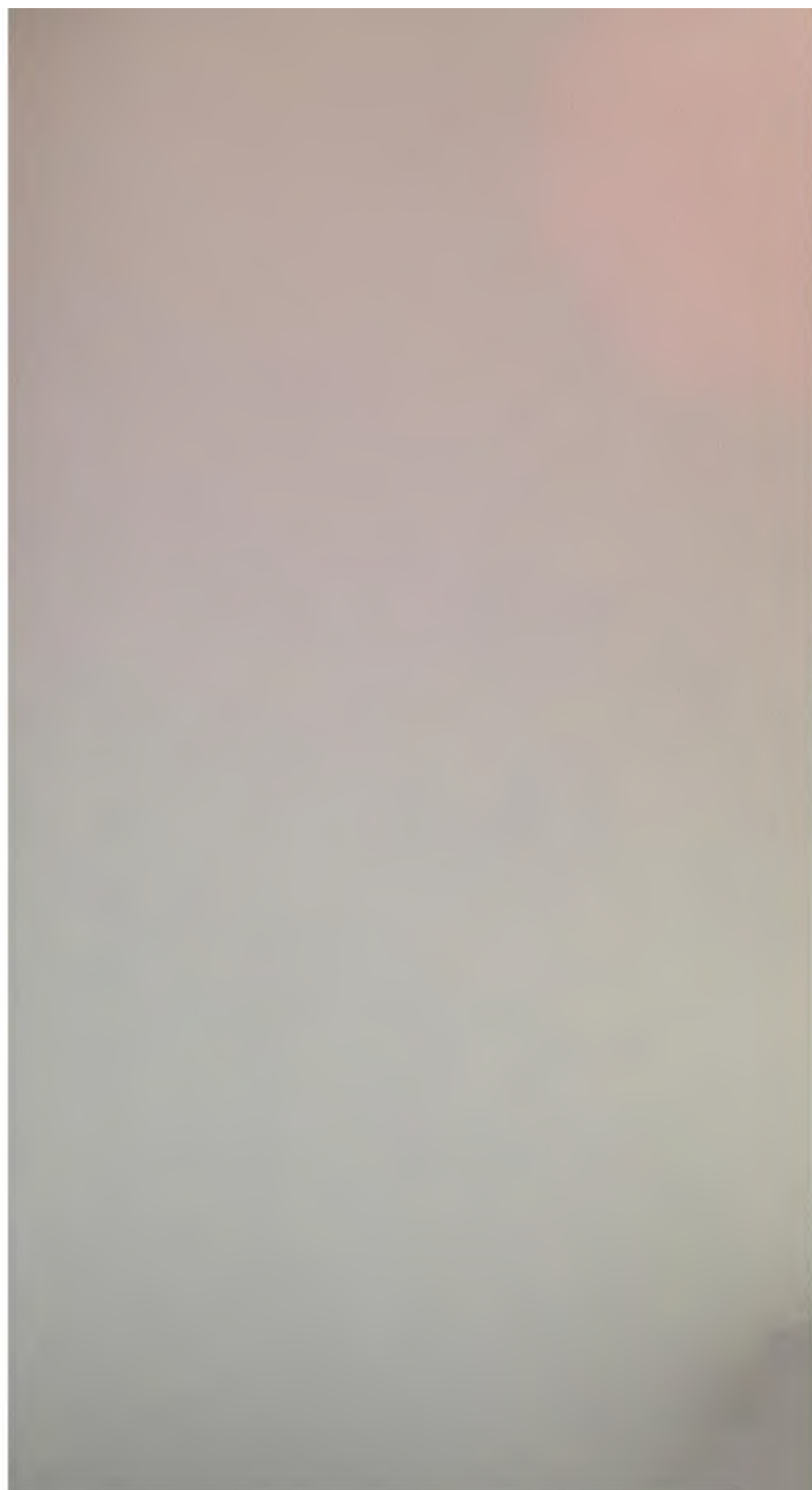
Secretary: ROBERT STEWART,

92, Victoria Street, Westminster, London

Printed by BELLING & SONS, LONDON; GUILDFORD, SURREY.









Stanford University Libraries



3 6105 010 263 213

362.805

H 918

v. 7-8

nos. 25-32

1406-1408

STANFORD UNIVERSITY LIBRARIES
STANFORD AUXILIARY LIBRARY
STANFORD, CALIFORNIA 94305-6004
(415) 723-9201

All books may be recalled after 7 days

DATE DUE

F/T JUN 11 1996

JUN 29 1996 — *ll*

